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"THE PLAINS ACROSS."¹

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

DURING the ten years immediately following the discovery of gold in California, the main-traveled road across the continent was what was known as the Platte River route. Starting from Council Bluffs, Iowa, a town then famous as the "jumping-off place" for California emigrants, the adventurers crossed the Missouri by a rope ferry and clambered up a steep, slippery bank to the site of the modern city of Omaha. The only building of any considerable dimensions in the early fifties was a large, unpainted, barn-like structure, which, we were proudly told, was to be the capitol of the Territory of Nebraska, the Territorial organization of which was authorized by Congress in 1854.

Crossing the Elkhorn during our first day's journey, we soon after struck the Platte, and our long, long tramp across the Great Plains had fairly begun. "Plains" very fairly describes the country lying along the Platte valley; for where the land was not a dead

level, it was an undulating meadow skirting the river and belted along the stream with cottonwoods and willows. Thence the trail followed the river for about two hundred miles, and then, at the junction of the North Fork of the Platte, deflected northward, and, striking the Sweetwater, after crossing the upper waters of the North Fork, followed that beautiful stream through a hilly and picturesque country to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains and over the Great Divide.

The trail from the Rocky Mountains to Salt Lake valley grew more and more difficult as we approached the rocky fastnesses of the Wahsatch range of mountains, that defends the land of the Latter-Day Saints on its eastern border. Leaving the valley and skirting the northern end of Great Salt Lake, the route followed the general course of the Humboldt, crossed the dreadful desert which takes its name from the river, and we finally caught sight once more of civilization

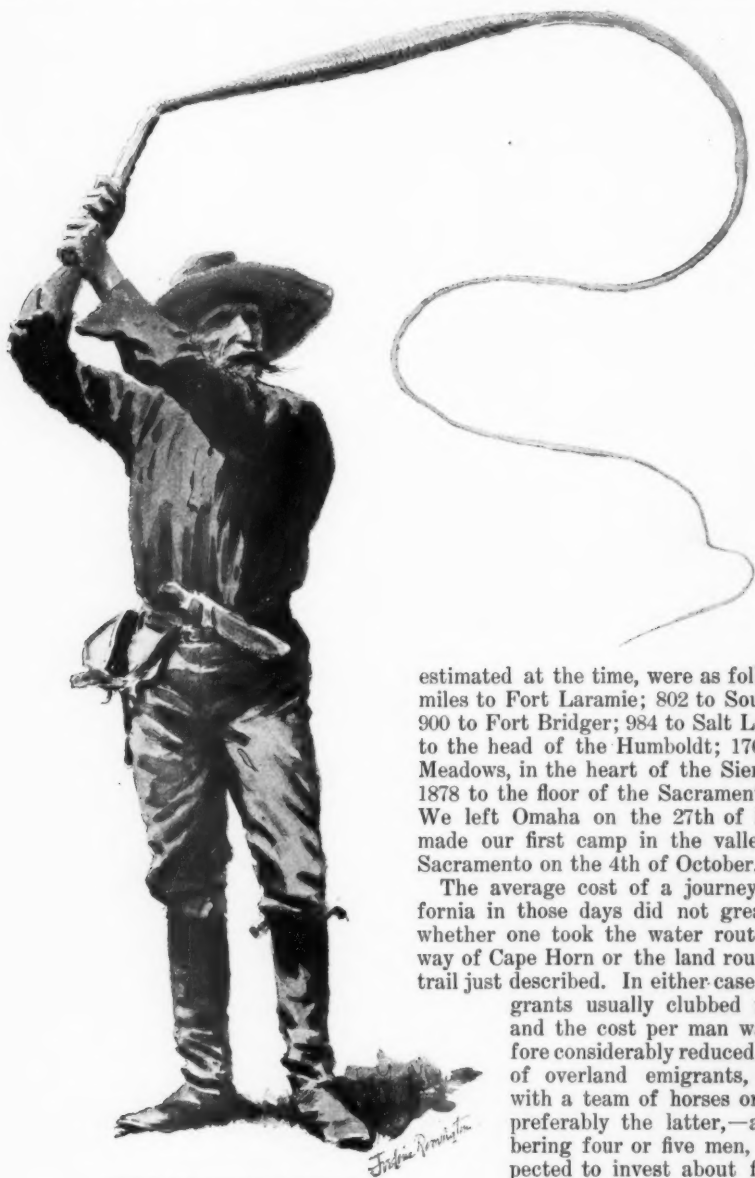
¹ In the rude ballads and songs of the time, the phrase for crossing the plains was "the plains across"; never by any chance did the verse-maker write "across the plains." This form of locution was at once adopted by the plainsmen, who unconsciously drifted into the

use of the more poetic phrase, "the plains across"; and to this day you will find old pioneers scattered among the solitudes of the far Northwest who never admit that they came across the plains; they came the plains across.

in Honey Lake valley, at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada. Here the trail began a toilsome ascent of the gigantic mountain wall, and scaling the roof of the world, as

it seemed to us, slid down into the valley of the Sacramento through the wooded ridges of the Plumas mining region.

The distances from Council Bluffs, roughly



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

A BULL-WHACKER.

The loaded whip was used with two hands and was twenty feet long, or more, in the lash. In some cases it had a horseshoe-nail in the end of the snapper.

estimated at the time, were as follows: 487 miles to Fort Laramie; 802 to South Pass; 900 to Fort Bridger; 984 to Salt Lake; 1340 to the head of the Humboldt; 1767 to Big Meadows, in the heart of the Sierras; and 1878 to the floor of the Sacramento valley. We left Omaha on the 27th of May, and made our first camp in the valley of the Sacramento on the 4th of October.

The average cost of a journey to California in those days did not greatly vary whether one took the water route by the way of Cape Horn or the land route by the trail just described. In either case the emigrants usually clubbed together, and the cost per man was therefore considerably reduced. A party of overland emigrants, supplied with a team of horses or oxen,—preferably the latter,—and numbering four or five men, were expected to invest about five hundred dollars for their outfit. This included the cost of provisions, clothing, tent, wagon, and animals, and a small sum of ready money for

emergencies by the way. The necessities of life were few and simple. The commissariat was slender, and included flour, dried beans, coffee, bacon or "side-meat," and a few small stores—sugar, salt, baking-powder, and the like. In those days the art of canning goods had not been invented, and the only article in that category was the indispensable yeast-powder, without which bread was impossible. The earliest emigrants experimented with hard bread, but soft bread, baked fresh every day, was found more economical and portable, as well as more palatable.

But, after all, beans and coffee were the mainstay of each well-seasoned and well-equipped party. In our own experience, good luck (more than good management) furnished us with enough of these two necessities of life to last us from the Missouri to the Pacific. The coffee, it should be explained, was bought in its green state, and was browned and ground as occasion required. That variety of pork product known as side-meat was a boneless slab from the side of a mast-fed porker, salted and smoked. In western Iowa and Missouri we usually found this meat corded up in piles after it had been cured. Corn-meal, that beloved staff of life on the Western frontier, was an unprofitable addition to the stores of the emigrant. It was not "filling," and its nutriment was out of all proportion to its bulk. Hot flour bread, made into the form of biscuits, and dipped in the "dope," or gravy, made by mixing flour and water with the grease extracted from the fried bacon, was our mainstay.

Does the imagination of the epicure revolt at the suggestion of so rude a dish? To hundreds of thousands of weary emigrants, trudging their way across the continent, spending their days and nights in the open air and breathing an atmosphere bright with ozone, even ruder viands than this were as nectar and ambrosia.

The evolution of cooks, teamsters, woodsmen, and herders from the raw materials of a party of emigrants was one of the interesting features of life on the Great Plains. Here was a little company made up of a variety of experiences and aptitudes. Each man's best faculty in a novel service must be discovered. At the outset, none knew who should drive the oxen, who should do the cooking, or whose ingenuity would be taxed to mend broken wagon or tattered clothing. Gradually, and not altogether without grumbling and objection, each man filled his

own proper place. No matter if the members of the party were college-bred, society men, farmers' sons, or ex-salesmen; each man found his legitimate vocation after a while. The severest critic of another's work was eventually charged with the labor which he had all along declared was not rightly performed by others. By the time the journey was fairly undertaken, the company was manned in every section as completely as if each worker had been assigned to his place in a council of the Fates. It was just and fit that he who had steadily derided the cooking of every other should show the others how cooking should be done; and common consent gave to the best manager of cattle the arduous post of driver. There was no place for drones, of course, for this was a strenuous life. Before the continent had been crossed the master spirits had asserted themselves. It was an evolution of the fittest.

I have said that these assignments to duty were not accomplished without grumbling and objection. Indeed, the division of labor in a party of emigrants was a prolific cause of quarrel. In our own little company of five there were occasional angry debates while the various burdens were being adjusted, but no outbreak ever occurred. We saw not a little fighting in the camps of others who sometimes jogged along the trail in our company, and these bloody fisticuffs were invariably the outcome of disputes over divisions of labor.

I recall one company from southern Illinois made up of an elderly man, his three sons, and a son-in-law. Their fights were many and violent, and, oddly enough, it was the son-in-law who usually sided with the gray-haired sire against his undutiful boys. In a sophisticated condition of society, I dare say, we should have regarded these bouts with something like horror; but I am bound to say that, in the simple savagery of our nearness to nature, we looked on with equanimity, if not amusement, while this happy family fought and mauled one another like wild beasts. They appeared to enjoy the fight, and we never could see that any bad blood was engendered by their frequent battles.

It should not be understood that the length of time required to traverse the distance between the Missouri and the Sacramento was wholly consumed in traveling. Nobody appeared to be in a feverish haste to finish the journey; and it was necessary to make occasional stops on the trail, where

conditions were favorable, for the purpose of resting and refitting. A pleasant camping-place, with wood, water, and grass in plenty, was an invitation to halt and take a rest. This was called a "lay-by," and the halt sometimes lasted several days, during

miles; an uncommonly good day with favorable conditions would give us twenty-five miles. The distances from camping-place to camping-place were usually well known to all wayfarers. By some subtle agency, information (and sometimes misinformation) was dis-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

FRESH BUFFALO MEAT.

which wagon-tires were reset, ox-yokes repaired, clothes mended, and a general clean-up of the entire outfit completed preparatory to another long and uninterrupted drive toward the setting sun. If the stage of the journey immediately before us was an unusually difficult one, the stop was longer and the overhauling more thorough.

A day's march averaged about twenty

seminated along the trail before us and behind us, and we generally knew what sort of camping-place we should find each night, and how far it was from the place of the morning start. So, when we halted for the night, we knew pretty accurately how many miles we had covered in that day's tramp.

Of course riding was out of the question. We had one horse, but he was reserved for

emergencies, and nobody but a shirk would think of crawling into the wagon, loaded down as it was with the necessities of life, unless sickness made it impossible for him to walk. In this way we may be said to have walked all the way from the Missouri to the Sacramento. Much walking makes the human leg a mere affair of skin, bone, and sinew. We used to say that our legs were like chair-posts. But then the exercise was "good for the health." Nobody was ever ill.

Some of the difficulties of the way would appal a teamster used only to the smooth tracks of civilized life. Wagons were hauled through obstructions that seemed to a tyro simply insurmountable. The trail, for a great part of the way after leaving the valley of the Platte and before entering the desert plains of the far interior, was rough and rocky, now climbing steep hills and now dropping abruptly down steeper declivities. Crossing rivers and creeks was often perilous and attended with loss and hardship by the upsetting of wagons and the damage done to stores. At the worst of these crossings we always found companies detained by the stress of circumstances who were engaged in helping one another over the stream. All hands resorted to the process of "doubling up," as many yoke of cattle as were required being drafted from the assembled caravans to "snake across" the various wagons one after another. The cheerfulness with which these emigrants, total strangers to one another, buckled to the work, never leaving it until all were safely over, was beautiful to behold.

We had privately ridiculed an enormous prairie-schooner in one of the larger caravans that we passed at long intervals. It was as big as a small house, and required four yoke of oxen to draw it. When we came to the Malade, a small but very difficult stream beyond the South Pass, we found our big friend, with many other lesser craft, stalled on the banks of the river, puzzled to discover means of crossing. The stream was deep, swift, and narrow, and the banks were steep almost to perpendicularity. Lower down, the creek was a good fording-place for light wagons, but loaded teams like ours would be stalled in the oozy bottom. Finally, the uncouth owner of the great prairie-schooner, with the aid of many yoke of cattle and a large company of men, managed to get his wagon across the stream in such a way that the forward end rested on the farther bank and the hinder end on the hither brink, thus making a safe and

commodious bridge. The wagons were now unloaded, and their contents were carried across on this novel bridge. The lightened wagons were driven across lower down, and, the entire day being spent in this adventure, all hands went into camp on the farther side of the never-to-be-forgotten Malade.

Grass, wood, and water were three necessities of life on the trail. But these were sometimes very difficult to find. Usually one or two of the party went on ahead of the rest and looked out a suitable camping-place where those essentials could be found. Fuel was sometimes absolutely unobtainable, possibly a few dry weeds and stalks being the only combustible thing to be found. In the buffalo region we depended wholly on the buffalo-chips with which the ground was plentifully bestrewn. The dung of the buffalo, some of which had lain there for countless ages, exposed to the action of sun, wind, and rain, became in time a desiccated mass of chewed and digested grass, as light as cork and as dry as tinder. This made a fire like that from charcoal.

There was something impressive to an imaginative mind in striking one of these lonely haunts of the buffalo on a short cut-off from the main-traveled trail. Here was no trace of human activity, and the innumerable signs of herds of buffalo were as undisturbed as they were before a white man trod the plains. A sentimental person might say that the existence of the buffalo, now becoming prehistoric, was a providential dispensation for the coming emigrant across these treeless spaces. The much-despised sage-brush, sure sign of a barren soil, and the far more despised and sticky greasewood, an ill-flavored herb, supplemented the buffalo-chips as we pressed farther to the westward and into the region of alkaline deserts.

Emigrants who were dependent upon open fires for cooking were often in very hard case. We were fortunate in the possession of a small sheet-iron camp-stove, for the heating of which a small amount of fuel was sufficient. This handy little apparatus was lashed to the rear end of the wagon when on the trail, and when it was in use, every sort of our simple cookery could be carried on by it with the most satisfactory results. When we were obliged to camp for the night on wet ground after a rain, the flat-bottomed camp-stove, well heated and light, was moved from place to place inside the tent until the surface on which we must make our bed was fairly dry. Sometimes, however, we camped



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

SEARCHING FOR AN EASY FORD.

down on the damp ground; and sometimes, before we learned the trick of digging a ditch around the tent when signs of rain appeared, we woke to find ourselves lying in puddles of water. In such a case it was better to lie in the water that had been slightly warmed by the heat of one's body than to turn over into a colder stream on the other side. These experiences were novel and interesting; nobody ever suffered seriously from them.

But no wetness, no wind and rain, ever discomposed us as did the mosquitos in the valley of the Platte. I used to think that Lewis and Clark, in the journal of their expedition across the continent in 1804-06, laid too much stress upon the nuisance of the "moschetoes," as they called these pests. I had not then made the acquaintance of the Platte River insect. The mosquitos did not trouble us by day, but at dusk they seemed to rise out of the ground in clouds, filling the air and being taken into the breathing apparatus of sufferers. The cattle were tormented almost to madness, and sleep for us was impossible except by surrounding the camp with "smudges," or low fires built to make smoke without heat. The tent was smoked out before we turned in for the night, and the fly-entrance was carefully secured; but no precaution would exclude all of the winged inquisitors. Two mosquitos in a tent, among five men, were as efficient for mischief as two hundred. After a night of fighting these enemies to sleep, one rose in the morning unrefreshed, jaded, and weary beyond words of description. More than once, after a night of sleepless torment, I went to sleep while walking by the side of the patiently plodding ox-team, stumbling into wakefulness just as I lost consciousness. In such a plight it was good to get on ahead of the teams, when one was at liberty to go, and dropping by the side of the trail, sleep the sleep of the just until the teams came along to wake the weary one. Nobody wore garments that could be soiled or disfigured by dust or mud, and it was a great comfort to those of us who were city-bred to feel that abandon which rough clothing and a community of roughness give to a wayfarer in the wilderness.

In the matter of the necessaries of life, we had times of plenty and times of scarcity. There were places where our cattle were knee-deep in wild, succulent grasses, and there were times when they had nothing but the coarse and wilted sheaves of grass

carried along the trail from the last camp. Flour, coffee, and bacon never failed us; and there were times when we had more fresh meat than we could eat. In the buffalo country, of course, we had the wholesome beef of that then multitudinous animal in every possible variety. In the Rocky Mountain region, antelope, prairie-dogs,¹ black-tail deer, jack-rabbits, and occasionally sage-hens gave us an enjoyable change from our staple diet of bacon and bread. The antelope were very wild and timid, and no one thought of chasing them; they were brought down by stratagem. A bright-colored handkerchief fastened to a ramrod stuck into the ground was a lure which no antelope could resist. A small drove of these inquisitive creatures would circle distantly round and round the strange flag; but ever drawing nearer, sometimes pausing as if to discuss among themselves what that thing could possibly be, they would certainly come at last within gunshot of the patient hunter lying flat on the ground; a rifle-ball would bring down one of the herd, and the rest would disappear as if the earth had swallowed them.

In the heart of the buffalo country the buffaloes were an insufferable nuisance. Vast herds were moving across our trail from south to north, trampling the moist and grassy soil into a black paste, and so polluting the streams and springs that drinking-water was often difficult to obtain. The vastness of some of these droves was most impressive, in spite of the calamitous ruin they left behind them. As far as the eye could reach, the surface of the earth was a heaving mass of animal life; the ground seemed to be covered with a brown mantle of fur. As we advanced along the trail, the droves would quietly separate to our right and left, leaving a lane along which we traveled with herds on each side of us. From an eminence, looking backward and forward, one could see that we were completely hemmed in before and behind; and the space left for us by the buffalo moved along with us. They never in the least incommoded us by any hostile action; all they asked, apparently, was to be let alone.

A great herd of buffalo, moving rapidly, made a sound like a muffled roar of thunder; and when such an army struck a stream of water, the silvery flood was instantaneously transformed into a turbid tide. If a few scattered buffalo were cantering away from dreaded man, not one of them could resist

¹ A species of marmot, delicate of flesh and feeding on vegetable products.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

A LANE THROUGH THE BUFFALO HERD.

the temptation to fall and roll in a buffalo "wallow," if one chanced in his way. A bare spot of ground on which the buffalo have rolled is a wallow, and, once bare, it is kept so for ages. The buffalo is not the clumsy animal he looks in captivity or in pictures. It is a fleet horse that can overtake him; and to see him drop into a wallow while on a keen run, roll over and over two or three times, and skip to his feet and away with his comrades with the nimbleness of a kitten, is a sight to be remembered.

In the early fifties the buffalo country embraced nearly the whole of what is now the State of Nebraska. We killed our first buffalo at the mouth of Wood River, ten days from the Missouri, and I do not remember that we saw any after passing Fort Laramie. In those days it did not seem possible that the buffalo could ever be exterminated. But white men and Indians were alike moved by a spirit of destruction; they killed for the mere sake of killing. At several places along the rivers we saw heaps of skeletons of buffalo at the foot of bluffs over which they had been driven by the Indians to indiscriminate and needless slaughter. We passed countless numbers of carcasses left by reckless white butchers, untouched save by the coyote and the wolf of the night. One morning, just after moving out of camp, we came to the camping-place of a party of emigrants who had abandoned one of their wagons, and from it had made a big bonfire in which were slowly roasting the carcasses of four mighty buffalo from which the choice parts only had been removed. It is needless now to waste sentiment over the extermination of the buffalo. He can never be replaced, and we may solace ourselves with the reflection that the extinction of the big game greatly helped to solve the Indian problem. No game, no wild Indian.

Our last glimpse of civilization was "Grand Island City," a village of six or eight houses, on the Platte, in what is now Hall County, Nebraska. This was on the 6th of June, and a few days before we had passed through Columbus, another paper city. Columbus boasted an inn, a blacksmith-shop, and a trading-post. The passage of the Loup at that place was accomplished by means of a rope ferry, for which service the ferryman, before landing us on a sand-bar near the farther bank of the stream, exacted a fee of a dollar and a half for each team; the cattle were swum across. The tide of travel was so great that we were obliged to wait all day for our turn to cross. I asked the proprietor

of the ferry if he had had any touch of the California fever. With a twinkle of his eye he surveyed his ferry and his smithy, and said: "Wal, I allow this yere is Californy enough for me."

Our trail, after leaving the last settlements, was strewn with lame and abandoned cattle and the discarded material of those who had preceded us. As large companies passed on, they found their burdens lightened by the needful consumption of food-supplies; wagons were left along the trail, and the next comers helped themselves to such parts as they needed, or fancied they needed. I knew of more than one such thrifty party who picked up and mended a broken wagon, only to find, later on, that they had encumbered themselves with something that they did not want. Queer-looking contrivances for mining, worn-out clothing, and even valuable tools, were plentifully scattered along the trail. Everybody seemed to be stripping for the conflict with the rude forces of nature that was to come when we reached the heart of the continent. It was our habit to gather fuel from the flotsam and jetsam of the plains; but it often happened, in spite of this forethought, that the only fuel to be found in an otherwise excellent camping-place would be a few handfuls of dry grass, a cluster of dead weeds, or a clump of the ill-smelling grease-wood.

Although we traveled a part of the time through what was known as a hostile Indian country, we were never molested by the red men. Friendly Indians came into our camps to beg, to pilfer, or to sell buckskins and moccasins. Before us and behind us were several attacks upon caravans, the victims usually being few in number and unprepared for a skirmish. But while we were in the region deemed dangerous from Indians we massed in with other companies of emigrants, so that we were seldom less than one hundred and fifty strong; a regular watch was kept by night, and the wagons were parked in a circle which could be used as a defense in case of an attack. The Sioux and the Cheyennes were on the war-path, but their field of action was far to the north of our trail. The "Goshoots," as they were called, committed the depredations of which we heard many terrifying tales. The proper title for that tribe, as we afterward learned, was Gosiutes; they were a branch of the Utah Indians. As soon as the amalgamated caravans were fairly clear of the hostile territory they resumed their individuality,



HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

MOONLIGHT IN THE WESTERN DESERT.

each company moving on at such a distance from those behind and before as would preclude the possibility of rivalry at the places for drinking and feeding cattle.

In the regions where alkali was abundant it was difficult to find streams that were not more or less impregnated with the dreadful stuff. In some places the shallow ponds formed by springs were dark brown in color and fairly burning to the taste with alkali. In others the limpid liquid, which looked harmless enough, tasted so strongly of the alkali that it was dangerous for the cattle to drink of it. Around some of the alkaline ponds we saw multitudes of small animals that had been poisoned by drinking at the margin. Usually our cattle shunned the more noxious of these deadly reservoirs; but sometimes their frantic thirst urged them to drink of the waters less impregnated with alkali, and the result was that, in the course of weeks, the whole interior economy of a poor creature would become so corrupted with the poison that it would stagger along for a brief space and then lie down to rise no more. It was also impossible to prevent the cattle from nibbling at the bunch-grass into which alkaline dust had been blown; and in this way they got the poison into their stomachs.

We had a camp pet, a mongrel dog, a large yellow creature, affectionate of disposition, and a most vigilant sentinel at night. He came to us on the Platte River trail, having apparently lost his master; and a faithful and lovable friend he proved to be. As he selected me for his special guardian, I found it necessary to shoe him when we were in the alkali region, the stuff having so penetrated the soft parts of his feet that he could not walk without pain. With thick, soft buckskin I made Pete (for that was his name) a set of moccasins, and having greased his feet with bacon fat, a sovereign remedy for alkali poison, I sewed on his novel coverings. Instead of wagging his tail with gratitude, Pete deliberately lay down on the ground, and with his teeth tore off his moccasins, licked his well-greased feet, and limped along the trail barefoot.

Another pet was a little steer with a crumpled horn, Tiger by name, but dog-like by nature. He, too, was a personal friend of mine, and, when unyoked, he would follow me about the camp with all the affectionateness that Pete could show. Poor Tige managed to absorb enough alkali to lay him low very soon after we reached the wholesome heights of the Sierra Nevada, but

while he was with us he was our most devoted servant. He never shirked his share of the load, and in the most trying crises of our wearisome journey he was always patient, gentle, and hard-working. He was extravagantly fond of sugar, and if I held out my hand with a few grains of it in the palm, he would canter up to the yoke from afar with great cheerfulness. On the desert, where food and water were not to be had except as we carried them in the wagon, Tige refused to eat the wilted grass brought from the last green spot; but, one day, resting his nose on my shoulder, as I sat on the wagon-tongue taking my spare noonday luncheon, he fancied the dish, and with his big red tongue he calmly licked up my portion of stewed beans.

In the course of weeks, the camp, wherever it might be pitched, took on the semblance of a home. The tent was our house; the rude cooking- and eating-apparatus and the comfortable bedding were our household furniture, and the live stock about us was our movable property. Except in the most trying and difficult straits, evening found us busy with household cares and amusements. Our neighbors were changeable, it is true, but we often found new and pleasant acquaintances, and sometimes old friends from whom we had been separated for weeks would trundle up and camp near us. In a party that joined forces with us and accompanied us from the Upper Platte to the Sacramento there was a fiddle,—it would be a misnomer to call it a violin, as played by the owner,—and in our camp was a flute. Occasionally we were joined by other fiddles and by big, manly voices. The favorite song-book on the trail was "Old Put's Songster," a copy of which has been preserved with pious care in the library of the Society of California Pioneers. It was in this classic that was to be found the celebrated ballad of "Joe Bowers," a name subsequently immortalized by Bret Harte in one of his poems. The opening stanza of the ballad ran thus:

My name it is Joe Bowers, I've got a brother
Ike;

I came from old Missouri, yes, all the way from
Pike.

I'll tell you why I left thar, and how I came to
roam,
And leave my poor old mammy, so far away from
home.

Pike County, Missouri, was so numerously represented on the trail that year that every Missourian was known as a Pike. Ar-



OLD FORT BRIDGER, EAST OF SALT LAKE CITY.

kansas, too, had a large share in the migration, and it was safe to say that at least one half of those we met on the way across the continent were either Pikes or Pukes: by this last epithet were the Arkansians cheerfully known. Pike County emigrants were blessed with children, and their big prairie-schooners were overflowing with white-headed tots in assorted sizes. On one Missouri wagon we saw this tender plaint:

O Missouri, O Missouri, I much regret to see
You so much altered for the worse from what
you used to be.
Time was when all the people were all happy and
content,
But now they are so very poor, scarce one can
get a cent.

Death, as well as life and song, was on the trail. In the summer of 1850 there was an outbreak of cholera which spread all along the territory now known as Wyoming. The graves of the fallen were to be seen dotting the plains, usually defended from prowling beasts by sections of wagon-tires driven into the earth over the mounds that covered the forsaken dead. In our own time we assisted at more than one funeral, generally that of a feeble woman, or an infant child, borne down by the hardships of the journey. In one or two instances, where affection had conquered many obstacles, we saw large cairns made to mark the graves of loved ones, built of stones that had been brought from a considerable distance. The north side of Independence Rock plunges perpendicularly into the ground, and along its foot appeared to have been a choice burial-ground. On the smooth face of the rock were painted, or rudely chiseled, the epitaphs of many who slept with the great precipice for their colossal headstone.

Independence Rock, on the Sweetwater (one of the affluents of the North Platte), was a landmark to which we had looked forward with exceeding longing, inasmuch as it marked one of the long stages of the journey. The rock is a huge ledge, several acres in extent, nearly level on top and inaccessible on all sides but one. Chimney

Platte. It is a tall, chimney-shaped mass, over two hundred feet in height, and visible for a long distance before it is reached. Laramie Peak, about forty miles west of Fort Laramie, was seen, sharp and well defined against the sky, seventy miles away; it is one of the salient peaks of the Rockies. Naturally, however, we regarded with the greatest interest the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. In one respect the pass was a disappointment. The trail ran westward over a broad and gradually ascending route, with the mountains retiring discreetly to a considerable distance on each side.

The peaks of the loftiest and most distant ranges discernible from the pass were those of the Wind River Mountains, far to the north and west. They were sharp and needle-like against the tender azure of the sky, and their thin blue sides were laced with snow. On each side of the route, which in the pass had all the appearance of a wide boulevard (if I may use an urban illustration here), the scenery was rich and varied. Openings amid the undulating forests were lordly parks, and winding cañons gleaming with creeks and rivers lent a pleasing brightness to the scene. One could almost fancy he saw orchards and meadows scattered through the hills and valleys in the middle distance. It was hard to realize that this was a primitive wilderness as yet untrodden by the white man's foot.

It was here, in July, that we did realize how far "up above the world so high" we were. The rarefied air was invigorating, and accelerated heart-beats, as we climbed, gave token of a thinness of the atmosphere we had never known before. The nights were very cold, and a bucket of water left outside the tent would be found well skimmed with ice in the morning. What kept the mosquitos alive was to us incomprehensible. They did not trouble us at night, but they were seen drifting about during the day. At a short distance up one of the hillsides of the pass, we climbed to a snow-bank and had some boyish fun at snowballing; and fluttering over the coarse, granulated snow was an immense cloud of yellow butterflies. Butterflies, mosquitos, and snow—a curious com-

bination for the delectation of the emigrant tenderfoot.

One of the famous landmarks to which we had looked forward with great interest was the Devil's Gate of the Rockies, through which we passed before beginning the climb of the backbone of the continent. It was a far more impressive spectacle than the pass. The gate is double, and through one of its tall, black portals murmurs the Sweetwater on its way to join the North Platte. The trail lies through the other fissure, trail and stream being only a few hundred rods apart.

In the South Pass we gazed with a certain awe upon Pacific Spring, a memorable bit of water that marked the dividing of the ways. It was a few yards to the south of the trail, a mossy spring welling out of a rocky chasm and flowing southward. Fifteen or twenty feet from the fountain, a spur of rock separated the rivulet, so that a part flowed to the eastward and eventually found its way into the Sweetwater and thence into the Platte, the Missouri, the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico, and the rude Atlantic. The other half of the stream flowed westward and slipped down into a woody cañon, where it found one of the affluents of the Big Sandy, and thence into Green River, the Colorado, and the Gulf of California, and was finally absorbed in the Pacific Ocean.

Another memorable object of natural scenery in this region was the fantastic formation known as Ancient Ruins Bluffs. A lofty structure, apparently of stone and marble, lifts itself from the plain through which Green River winds its way. The material is sandstone and indurated clay, which the winds and the whirling sands have wrought into an impressive monument of castles, turrets, donjon-keeps, parapets, towers, and frowning walls. These airy structures are several hundred feet high, and at a distance it is difficult to believe that they are not the work of men's hands. The natural disposition of young folks is to climb any impressive cliff or mountain; but these enchanted castles offer no sign of vantage by which even the most expert can find a way to the soaring battlements above. Point of Rocks, on Sulphur Creek, in what is now the western part of Wyoming, was another mighty agglomeration of spires and turrets, reminding one of a castellated city rather than a single group of rocks, wind-worn and ragged. Near Fort Bridger, farther along the trail to the westward, we saw a very curious formation of basaltic rock. The crystals were hexagonal in form, dark-

colored, and varying in size from a sixteenth of an inch, and even smaller, to eighteen inches in diameter. It was wonderful to see how in the minute interstices between the larger columns the fragile crystals had insinuated themselves.

At Fort Bridger we had a slight taste of civilized life, though we were yet on the savage frontier. Here were four companies of dragoons with all the paraphernalia of war, to say nothing of women, dogs, and sheep. Here was a large and well-stocked store kept by an army sutler, where one could buy pretty much anything that civilized people really need. One man's want manifested itself in a hand of tobacco; for another nothing short of a handful of raisins would suffice, and a third hankered for a stick of red-and-white candy. Here, too, we got our first newspaper since leaving the Missouri. It was "The Valley Tan," published in Salt Lake City, and then more than two weeks old. No matter, it was a newspaper. The first domestic manufacture introduced into the Mormon settlement was that of leather; and to that was given the distinctive title of "valley tan," it being tanned in the valley. As other articles were made by the isolated people, each was called "valley tan" to distinguish it from the imported sample; and, very naturally, the first newspaper was given the same name.

Two days from Fort Bridger we entered Echo Cañon, one of the most delightful spots which I remember on the long, long trail. The cañon is about twenty miles long, and could be readily traversed in a single day; but we loitered through it, so that we were more than two days in its charmed fastnesses. On each side of the route the cliffs tower to a great height, marked with columnar formations and clouded with red, white, yellow, and drab, like some ancient wall of brick and stone. The crests of these towers are crowned with verdure, and here and there are trees and vines that line the cañon and climb upward to the flying buttresses of the rocky walls. A delicious stream of water crosses and recrosses the trail; and while we were in the cañon, grass and fuel were abundant. To make our comfort complete, great quantities of wild berries hung invitingly from the bushes by the sides of the way. Silvery rivulets fell from the walls of the cañon, and wild vines and flowers in great variety bloomed against the buttresses and donjon-keeps of the formations through which we threaded our way.

Crossing the Weber, we entered one more



FROM AN OLD SKETCH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

FIRST VIEW OF SALT LAKE FROM A MOUNTAIN PASS.

cañon, and suddenly, one afternoon, emerging from the mouth of Emigrant Cañon, we looked down upon one of the fairest scenes on which the eye of man has ever gazed—the Great Salt Lake valley. It was like a jewel set in the heart of the continent. Deep below us, stretching north and south, was the level floor of the valley. Far to the westward rose a wall of mountains, purple, pink, and blue in the distance. Nearer sparkled the azure waters of the Great Salt Lake, and in the lush greenness of the valley was the sylvan city of the Latter-Day Saints. The city was embowered in trees, as if it were a congeries of farms spread over a large space, a few tall buildings rising here and there to denote that this was indeed a city in the midst of the wilderness. The descent to the floor of the valley was steep and dangerous. Looking fearfully over the parapet of rock that guarded one side of the narrow trail, we saw more than once the mangled wrecks of unfortunate emigrants—wagons, cattle, and impedimenta heaped in wild confusion and ruin far down in the rocky ravines.

There were no welcoming embassies to meet us; no brass-band and municipal delegation came out to escort us into the city of the Latter-Day Saints. Two low-browed men, surly and unwelcoming, told us where we could camp in the ragged suburbs of the city, that particular open space being named Emigrant Square, for the benefit of such as we; but Emigrant Square was not sufficient to hold us all. Camps rose in the fields and vacant lots all about us, and it was evident that our company was not longed for by the Saints. Before us there had been a few invasions of the long-enjoyed privacy of the Mormon settlement. The scattered drops of the overland migration had been resolved into a shower. The tide had risen. It was an inundation.

Two or three days sufficed us for a stay at Salt Lake City. The Saints took every opportunity to let us see that we were not welcome, and frequent thefts of cattle and horses at night, among our neighbors, warned us that it would be well to "light out" as soon as possible. For the Mormons it should be said that the irruption of emigrants was certainly undesirable. There was no downright lawlessness, but the campers were not careful to avoid giving offense to the citizens. At that time the city was supplied by water from the mountains, the clear, cool streams flowing through the streets in open channels lined with gravel and kept scrupulously clean, so that one could drink

from any place without fear of taking in base matter; and these watercourses were let in or shut off at the boundary of each man's lot at his own pleasure. The newcomers, with their innumerable herds of cattle, were untidy in a settlement where animals were not allowed at large, and where the watercourses were kept pure by strict regulations with heavy penalties attached.

While we stayed, the Mormon women flocked around the camps peddling fresh vegetables and milk, in exchange for which they always asked for tea, never for cash unless the coveted herb was not to be had. A goodly supply of excellent fresh vegetables could be bought for a single "drawin' of tea," a measure too vague for the masculine understanding. The fresh provisions which we found so plentiful were a luxury to men long used to the spare diet of the plains, and the poor women who brought them to camp were generously treated. For the most part, these women had a washed-out and faded look; they never ventured upon any light talk with us; their sad appearance was in their mild dickering as well as in their forlorn garb.

The route from the city of the Saints lay around the northern end of the lake, but, in order to reach the road to Bear River, we were obliged to cross a few fenced fields, and this involved long parleys with surly owners. We passed through a string of small towns on our way up to the main-traveled trail, the last of these being Box Elder, now known as Brigham City. Box Elder was a settlement of about three hundred people, and boasted a post-office, a blacksmith's shop, a trading-post, and a brewery. At this last-named establishment we bought some fresh yeast, which served us a good turn in bread-making for many a day thereafter. We bought new flour in Salt Lake City at a fair price, having skimmed ourselves on that article for some time on account of the exorbitant cost of it at the trading-posts on the trail. At Fort Bridger, flour was thirty-five dollars a barrel, and bacon was one dollar a pound. But the Mormons could sometimes ask big prices for what they had to sell. At the crossing of Bear River the ferryman demanded three dollars for each team carried across the stream, the cattle being swum over even at that price. We went on ten miles up the river, where we found a good crossing and saved our money.

Two days after leaving Box Elder we left the valley and struck Deep Creek, one of

the numerous streams in that forbidding land, which "run well for a season," and then sink into the sandy, barren ground. Here we passed into what is now Idaho, Pilot Springs and Stony Creek being the first water we found beyond the present boundary-line. The trail over the Goose Creek Mountains was very difficult and stony, but the beauty of the view somewhat compensated for the labors of the climb. The surface of the earth seemed tossed up into a tumult of waves that had stiffened as it rose and fell. Winding among the peaks were belts of forest and undergrowth, lush and rich in color, but far away from our trail, which led through broken plains and steep valleys.

No dweller on the sea-coast can realize the exceeding clearness of the atmosphere in these great altitudes. Mountains that we knew to be at least one hundred miles away seemed to be within easy walking distance. Two of our number, while we were lying by one day, set out to explore a snow-field apparently two miles off. They were gone nearly all day, and reported the field to be about twenty miles from camp.

At the City of Rocks, in what is now Cassia County, Idaho, we learned the particulars of a so-called "Indian massacre" that had taken place on the trail ahead of us, and had caused great alarm among the emigrants. As was apt to be the case, white men were the aggressors, and the red men were goaded to attack. Five white men were killed, and when we reached their camping-place, a day or two later, we came upon the wrecks of their wagons, punctured with bullet-holes and stained with blood.

We were now approaching the edge of the Great Desert, which, stretching from the Bitter Root Mountains, in northern Idaho, to the southern boundary of Arizona, interposed for many years a barrier that was supposed to be impassable to the hardy emigrant. Now came long night marches and dreary days spent in traversing a region intolerable with dust, heat, rocky trails, and sideling hills. After leaving the Sink of the Humboldt the trail ran westward over a vast chaos of split boulders, broken stones, and powdery soil. Crossing occasional bluffs and wearily traversing winding cañons, the emigrants toiled on their way, hoping for rest and refreshment at some of the springs whose names had been given us, but whose actual condition belied their reputation. At Antelope Springs, for example, we found only a confused mass of mud and mire

packed with splintered rock and befouled by droves of cattle that had preceded us.

Sage-brush offered us fuel, and, dipping up water by the spoonful, we secured enough to make a pot of coffee; but our poor animals could only sniff thirstily of the wet ground and swallow their disappointment. Twenty miles away were Rabbit-hole Springs, where water was always to be had, and a night drive took us there. Mounting a rocky ridge, we plunged down on the farther side about midnight, and, to our great surprise, found that we had driven into an encampment of weary emigrants who had pitched their tents directly on the trail and on both sides thereof. In the twinkling of an eye, confusion dire and inextricable reigned. The angry campers swarmed out of their tents like wasps, repelling the invaders with hard words. But, advising them never to camp on a trail again, we gathered up our herds and wagons and swept on down the defile that led to the long, sandy plain on whose farther edge were the much-desired springs.

It was a clear, starlight night, and the trail was over a plateau, the sandy surface of which was undulating and springy. It was an ideal road for an ideal night. Passing ahead of the train, one could fancy, in the deadly stillness of the mysterious desert, shut in by darkness and the billowy sand, that he was a lost man, a mere waif on the great ocean of those "unexplored regions" which we have seen marked on ancient maps. The stillness was so utter that my faithful Pete, who followed at my heels, frightened by its deadliness, would occasionally trot up to my side, whining in his loneliness, and, reassured by a kindly word, drop back to his place in the rear-guard. Darkness, silence, and unfathomable mystery covered the Great Desert.

Rabbit-hole Springs did not disappoint us with a scant supply of water. A dry, rounded hilltop, covered with a baked crust of earth, rose by the side of the trail, and on its summit was a group of wells, sunk in square holes, with rude steps leading down thereto. The precious fluid was plentiful and good; we and all our cattle drank and were abundantly refreshed.

Camping at four o'clock in the morning, we had a short rest, and then pressed on over a rocky ridge, below which stretched another long and undulating plain, torrid in the blinding heat, and at noon giving us the spectacle of an extraordinary mirage. The long caravans ahead of us seemed to carry on their wagon-tops shadowy duplicates of

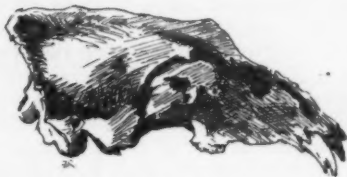
each vehicle; and on the top of these, which had their wheels in the air, were other ghostly teams driven through the hazy atmosphere, their wheels on the wheels of those below. It was an astonishing and most unusual sight. Far to the westward and northward, the ranges of hills were punctuated with needle-like summits that pierced the sky. The peaks, flaming in red and blue, looked like masses of heated metal turned out to cool on the arid waste.

The last day's drive in the desert was the hardest of all. Twenty miles lay between us and the Honey Lake valley. It was to be traveled in the night; and as the numerous trains and caravans swept down into the plain from the point of rocks on which I was sitting, waiting for our wagons to come up, it was pathetic to note the intentness with which this multitude of home-seekers and gold-seekers set their faces westward. There was no haste, no fussy anxiety, but the vast multitude of men, women, and children who had left all behind them to look for a new life in an unknown land trooped silently down into the desert waste. The setting sun bathed the plain in golden radiance, and eastward the rocky pinnacles of the ranges through which we had toiled were glorified with purple, gold, and crimson. It was a sight to be remembered—as beautiful as a dream, hiding a wilderness as cruel as death.

Honey Lake belied the sweetness of its name. It was a small sheet of muddy water, but emptying into it was a sparkling river, or creek, known as Susan's River, which, meandering through an emerald valley and watering many a meadow, gave unwonted beauty to a scene the like of which had not been gazed upon by the toil-worn plainsmen for many a day. Here, too, we got our first glimpse of the Sierra Nevada. It was a majestic sight. The pale green of the lower hills broke against the dark olive that defined the base of the pine-clad foot-hills. Above, and broken by many a densely shadowed gulch and ravine, rose the high Sierra, bald with rocks and slides in places, and bristling with sharp, snowy peaks that were lifted to the skies.

After the privation and poverty of the desert, the wild abundance of the forests of the Sierra was luxury indescribable. We camped by crystal waterfalls with rank and succulent grasses all about us; overhead were the spreading branches of noble pines, and our camp-fires were heaped with an extravagance of fuel. But we soon found how hard it was to climb the mountain-range;

and when, after a day's solid rest and comfort, we reached the crest of the ridge, we saw that the trail pitched almost perpendicularly over the sharp backbone of the Sierra. Two or three trees that grew by the place where the track led to the brink were



THE SKULL OF A GRIZZLY BEAR.

scarred and worn nearly through by ropes that had been wound around them to let down the heavy wagons into the abyss below. The cattle were taken out of the teams and driven down through the undergrowth of thickets; and then, making a rope fast to the rear axle of each wagon, one wagon at a time was carefully lowered down the steep declivity.

That arduous labor over, we passed through the "Devil's Corral" and camped in Mountain Meadows, a very paradise of a spot, in which it seemed as if we were surrounded by every luxury imaginable, albeit we had nothing but what uncultivated nature gave us. Here we left our faithful Tige; the poor little steer died in the midst of plenty. Pressing on, we passed through mining settlements of queer names and no names, and, late in September, making the summit of Chaparral Hill, the Sacramento valley burst upon our view.

The vale of the new Eldorado was tawny and gold with sear grass and wild oats. In the distance rose the misty mountain wall of the Coast Range; nearer a heroic outline of noble peaks broke the yellow abundance of the valley's floor. This was the group known as Sutter's Buttes, near the base of which was Nye's Ranch (now Marysville), the goal of our long tramp. Dogtown, Inskip, and a little host of other mining hamlets, claimed our attention briefly as we swept down into the noble valley, on whose farther edge, by the historic Yuba, we found our last camp.

Here we met the wave of migration that earlier broke on the shores of the Pacific. In the winter of 1849-50 two hundred and fifty vessels sailed for San Francisco from the ports of the Atlantic States; and their multitudes of men were reinforced by other multitudes from other lands. In a single

year the population of the nascent State was augmented by an influx of more than one hundred thousand persons, arriving by sea and by land. We were late, but behind us toiled other thousands, some of whom, blockaded in the snow-bound mountains, paid

dearly for their tardiness in starting on their way to the Golden Land. They were never missed in the final make-up of the State. For without Territorial tutelage, full-orbed and panoplied in Freedom, California sprang into Statehood.

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

BY MABEL EARLE.

THE long spring rains had lulled the world,
And all the winds were low.
Far out above the shadowed hills
The stars were fading slow.
An hour before the Easter dawn
He found me weeping so.

I could not bear to watch the stars;
I knelt beside my bed,
Nor heard the lifting of my latch,
Nor sound of any tread,
Till in the dark I felt His hand—
His hand upon my head.

I heard His voice, but what He said
No man can ever know.
My heart grew still beneath the Face
That vanquished death and woe.
It was an hour before the dawn,
And all the winds were low.



MY GOLF.

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS,

Author of "The Four-masted Cat-boat," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FANNY Y. CORY.

I AM naturally very nervous. All my friends say that I lack repose, that I am too strenuous. "Take up golf, old man," said one. "It is what you need. It will keep you out in the open, it will teach you the value of deliberation, and it will cure your nervousness, and give you a repose of manner that you can get in no other way."

I am spending the summer in the country, and although there is no course near us, the country-side is full of natural advantages for the pursuit of the game, and I determined to take it up.

I did not care to go to the expense of a

whole outfit, as I might not like the game after I had learned it, but the next time I went down to New York I bought a driver, thinking to practise repose with it.

I bought a particularly stout one that cost me five dollars, as I figured that if I put a little more into the purchase price I'd gain in the end. But now I'm sorry that I did not buy a very cheap one, because then, when I had tripped up the old gentleman in the Fourth Avenue car on my way to the Grand Central, it would have broken the club, and that would have ended my golf. But the stick was stout, and the old gentleman fell and broke his leg

instead, and also dropped a bottle of wine that he was taking home, having just received it from a returning sea-captain.

He told me that he did not mind the break in his leg, because he had broken it before in the same place, and he knew just how long it would take to mend it, and he needed a rest from business cares, anyway, which he never would have taken if he had not been forced to it in some such way; but he was all broken up over the spilt wine, as it was a very rare vintage, and he never expected to receive any more.

I apologized all I could and offered to put him up at any hospital he might select, but he would n't hear of it, and as the wine was priceless, there was nothing left for me to do except to feel miserable and show it plainly, which I did.

He was an old golfer himself, and after I had helped him out of the car (and lost my train by so doing) he showed me the proper way to hold my stick so that I should n't trip up anybody else. The pleasantest part of my golf experience was while we were waiting for an ambulance—for I had telephoned for one at my own expense. We sat on the curbstone, and he would n't hear of my accompanying him; said he believed in the rigor of the game, like Sarah Battle, and he ought

to have seen that I was a beginner and kept out of the way of my club.

He was so entertaining that I was really sorry when the ambulance came and he rolled off toward his home.

As for me, I had missed the last train for the day, so there was nothing to do but to put up overnight at a hotel, and that with dinner and breakfast cost me four dollars more. So far, the game had come to nine dollars, and I had yet to make my first inning.

I will hastily pass over the broken car window on the way up in the train next morning. I might have pushed an umbrella or a cane through it, and I contend that it was not because it was a golf-stick, but because I lacked repose, that I did break the glass. Of course I had to settle with the conductor, but I think that three dollars was too much to charge me for the glass. The car was ventilated after I had opened the window in this artificial way, and thousands rose up and called me blessed in different parts of the car, for, needless to say, the car was warm and the other windows were too tightly wedged to open, even with superhuman efforts. I should like to recommend to the Consolidated Company a judicious use of golf-sticks on their windows; then there would not be so much smothered profanity



"HE WAS AN OLD GOLFER HIMSELF."

on the part of men, and overstrained muscles on the part of women who foolishly attempt the impossible.

I hold that the London way is preferable to ours. There you know that the bus windows cannot be opened, that they were manufactured shut; but in this country you know that a car window may be opened in a perfectly normal way under proper conditions. The fact that the conditions never are proper, coupled with the knowledge that the

windows were meant to open, is what makes travel in summer in America so absolutely unendurable.

But I digress.

I was unable to do any golfing after I had reached my abiding-place in the country, as I found in the mail an order for a Christmas story, and as it was July the affair cried haste and kept me busy all day. But next morning I awoke early, aware that the golf fever had seized me, and I was up before any one else in the house, as every one else knew, for my lack of repose caused me to express my exuberance of spirits in merry roundelays—that is, they were merry to me, but disastrous to the dozers.

My youngest son soon joined me, and was delighted at my request that he act as my caddy. He prepared my tee—I had had coffee in bed: I never take exercise with stomach empty.

I adjusted the ball, gazed earnestly at the object I desired to approximate, swung my club in the air, made several false starts in the most approved fashion, and then I let drive.

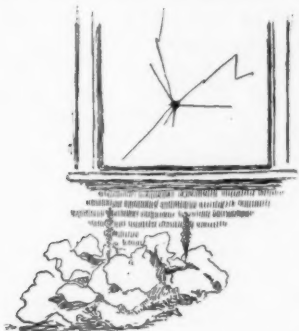
My next-door neighbor, a wealthy gentleman from New York, was awakened by the crash of glass, and came running down-stairs in his pajamas. I tried to cultivate repose as I reflected that I had disturbed him, and while cultivating it I went over to see just what damage I had inflicted. I had put quite a curve on the ball, for it was fifty feet to the left of its intended destination.

I walked over and gazed at the ten-dollar opening I had made in his plate-glass window. My son was overjoyed both at the crash and at the jagged opening. That is youth. I felt no joy.

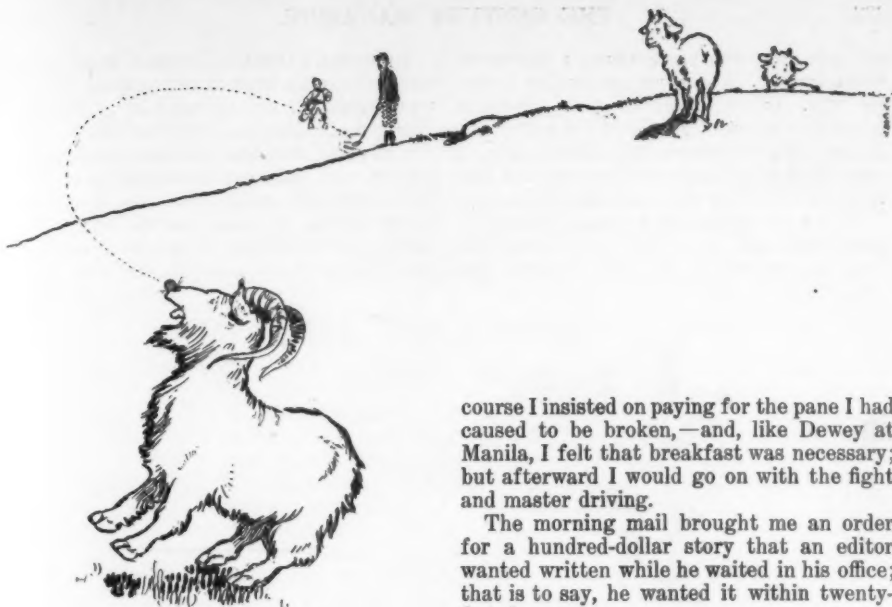
My neighbor was not gazing at the opening I had effected, but at a little faience vase which had tried in its ineffectual way to stop the rapid progress of the ball.

Even as the old gentleman of two days before had overlooked the damage to his leg, but had grieved at the spilt wine, so my friend could have overlooked the broken glass, but the vase was an heirloom and virtually priceless.

Here let me stop long enough to ask why it is that people will load up their summer houses with priceless treasures. I never yet bought anything that was priceless; in fact, I always insist on having the price plainly marked. And when people give me priceless things I do not put them in my summer house. I go even further than that. The place where I spend my winters I regard



"I LET DRIVE."



"MY SON SAW HIM DROP."

simply as a house of detention until I can return to my summer place, so I never load it up with priceless treasures; therefore at no season of the year could such an accident have befallen me as I had caused to fall upon my neighbor.

He would not hear of my buying him another vase,—he is a little deaf,—and I was glad he would not, nor did I raise my voice. My golfing had cost me enough already, and when I buy faience I want it for myself.

But he was somewhat sarcastic at my expense, and that I did not like. I like sarcasm to be prepaid, although I like to do the shipping myself. He said that I was not cut out for an athlete, and that at my time of life if I did want to take up games of skill I'd better go out to the Bad Lands, that could n't be damaged, or to the Desert of Sahara. Altogether he made me feel very sorry that I had not bought a putter instead of a driver. Putting is wholly innocuous and innocent. Those who made a name for themselves in the late sixties at croquet, as I did, should be able to putt with ease, while driving of all kinds is and always has been dangerous and difficult.

Still, there is too much of the sportsman in my make-up to allow me to submit tamely to setbacks. It was now breakfast-time, and I had had a little ten-dollar practice,—for of

course I insisted on paying for the pane I had caused to be broken,—and, like Dewey at Manila, I felt that breakfast was necessary; but afterward I would go on with the fight and master driving.

The morning mail brought me an order for a hundred-dollar story that an editor wanted written while he waited in his office; that is to say, he wanted it within twenty-four hours.

I generally pay immediate heed to such orders, because I think that editors who take the trouble to order things in this world, where so much is forced upon the unwilling, ought to be encouraged; but the golfing fever was on me, and after breakfast, instead of going into my workroom, I secured my son once more and sallied forth to try a little more driving.

This time I went farther from the haunts of men, and took up my station in a very wild field full of shrubs and weeds, and, as I supposed, containing nothing valuable—certainly no vases or rare wines.

I have heard people say that they found it hard to hit the ball squarely; that they generally dug up earth, or chipped slices of gutta-percha from the cross-hatched sphere, or fanned the circumambient air. But my troubles were of a different nature. I hit the ball every time I strove to, and the first time I hit it in that field I seemed to conceal it in a lusty whortleberry-bush some fifty feet distant.

My son and I consumed nearly the whole of a pleasant morning looking for that ball. We visited every bush and shrub that was big enough to harbor a ball, but we could not find it, and at last, after several hours' search, I reluctantly gave up and sent my boy home after another one. While he was gone I threw myself down upon the grass to rest, and I found the ball, or, to speak more accurately, my hip found it. And it was n't

ten feet from the place where I had stood when driving. I can account for this in only one way. When people lose their way in the great woods they circle round and round, and at last bring up where they started from. I dare say that lost balls do the same, and that this one was on its way back when I found it.

While yet my son was gone, I placed the new-found ball on a little tee of my own making, and with a strength born of long

I did not know that he was highly valuable, but small boys have a way of picking up information, and my son told me that Mr. Hermance, a gentleman farmer and a neighbor of mine, who had just gone into the industry, had paid one thousand dollars for this miserable animal that was now worth no more than its wool and its hide and its carcass would bring. It did not interest me to recall, as I did immediately, that I had



"LOOKING FOR THAT BALL."

waiting I whirled my club through the soft July air and smote the ball.

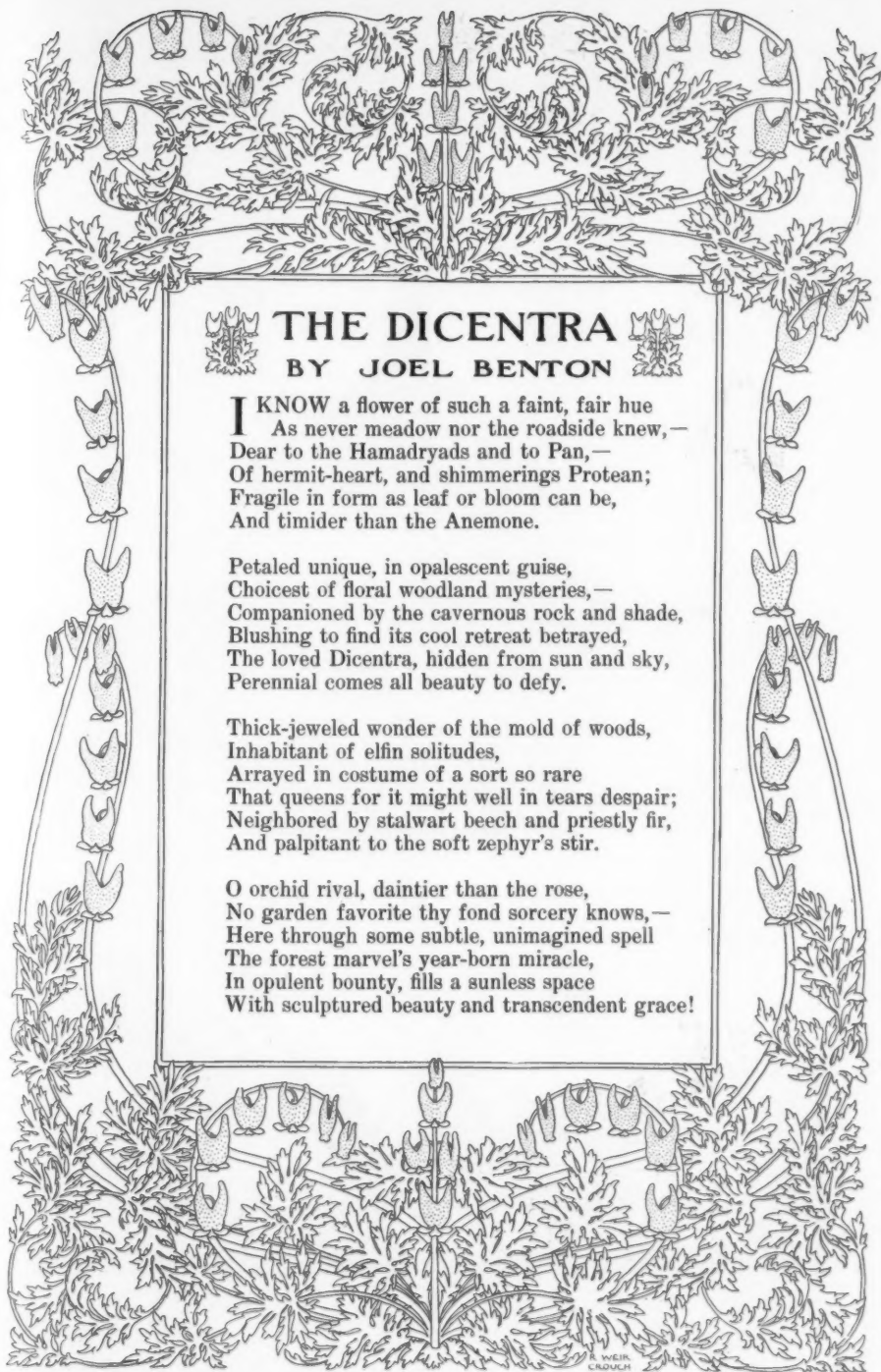
Will somebody tell me why farmers in New England should raise Angora goats, and if so, why they select wild and scrubby pastures to raise them? I am told that it is a profitable industry, and that in a few years, instead of the cattle upon a thousand hills, it will be the thousand Angoras on a single hill, so prolific and so useful are they. But they are inimical to golf, and hard as their heads are, they are not so hard as a ball driven by a strong man with a five-dollar club.

There were little kids in that field not worth more than twenty-five dollars apiece, and they went scot-free after my terrible drive. They bleated and leaped and cropped the rank herbage, all unaware of the fact that the father of the herd, imported from Turkey, had been laid low by a golf-ball. My son saw him drop, and my son found the ball on the ground in front of him.

read in an afternoon paper that Angora leather made the best golf-bags in the market. I did not care to buy a golf-bag just then.

I decide quickly. I took the next train for New York and proceeded to get insured for one thousand dollars in favor of Mr. Hermance. Then I registered an oath to play no outdoor games more dangerous than puss-in-the-corner.

Then I returned to my summer home to write the story that the editor was waiting for so patiently, and nothing better coming into my head, I wrote up my experiences at golf under the foregoing title. While they were not written by an expert golfer, they should hold much of interest to the average beginner, and if the reading of them shall save to the world a few pieces of faience, a few rare vintages, a few legs, and a few Angora rams and other cattle, I shall not have written in vain.



THE DICENTRA

BY JOEL BENTON

I KNOW a flower of such a faint, fair hue
As never meadow nor the roadside knew,—
Dear to the Hamadryads and to Pan,—
Of hermit-heart, and shimmerings Protean;
Fragile in form as leaf or bloom can be,
And timider than the Anemone.

Petaled unique, in opalescent guise,
Choicest of floral woodland mysteries,—
Companioned by the cavernous rock and shade,
Blushing to find its cool retreat betrayed,
The loved Dicentra, hidden from sun and sky,
Perennial comes all beauty to defy.

Thick-jeweled wonder of the mold of woods,
Inhabitant of elfin solitudes,
Arrayed in costume of a sort so rare
That queens for it might well in tears despair;
Neighbored by stalwart beech and priestly fir,
And palpitant to the soft zephyr's stir.

O orchid rival, daintier than the rose,
No garden favorite thy fond sorcery knows,—
Here through some subtle, unimagined spell
The forest marvel's year-born miracle,
In opulent bounty, fills a sunless space
With sculptured beauty and transcendent grace!



AUSTRIAN.
GERMAN.
AUSTRIAN.
ENGLISH.
GERMAN.
ITALIAN.

MOORISH.
GERMAN.
GERMAN.

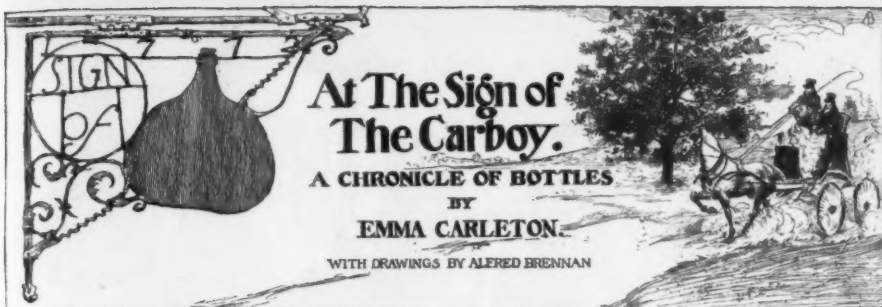
MOORISH.
PERSIAN.

MOORISH.
OLD ITALIAN.

SPANISH.
GERMAN.
FRENCH.

SCOTCH.
MODERN ITALIAN.
GERMAN.

BOTTLES OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES.



IN all the ages of all the world's arts and crafts there has been nothing achieved more beautiful, more artistic, or more fascinating than the creation of glass vessels; and yet the serious proposition that the glass bottle is an object to inspire earnest appreciation and enthusiastic admiration has been generally received with scant respect and reluctant credulity. It is not, however, for the art children of glorious old Egypt and enchanting Venice to succumb lightly to uninitiated detraction. The pursuit termed "bottle-collecting" must be acknowledged as distinct and original in pleasure to the eye and delectation to the "inward eye," and with a few time-tested credentials the bottle may speedily ingratiate itself.

From fabric alone the bottle claims prestige as of noble origin: high scientific authority has placed glass, in value to mankind, above that precious metal, gold. For humanity's needs and progress glass has done what gold could never do, and in beauty—power—in captivating color, in rare grace of form, and in splendid luster—glass is incomparable. Oriental stuffs charm by glow or delicacy of hue; time-aged metals give delight by glory in tone or reflection; old china has its effective eloquence of lovely, mellowed light; but in glass alone is found the very heart and core of color, beautiful translucence. In ancient Venice the *phiolarius*, or maker of glass vessels, and other workers in this exquisite material were often granted exalted rank, it being justly esteemed a

rare and intellectual occupation to evolve from such dull and commonplace ingredients as alkali-dust and sand the clear and ethereal substance of which bottles are fashioned. The early Venetian glass-workers, in ceremonial processions to celebrate the doge's election, attracted and delighted the eyes of the populace by exhibitions of beautiful vials, scent-bottles, and decanters. Spiritual forces, too, have not been voiceless concerning the high purpose of this most refined and elegant trade: the legend yet lives among devout latter-day glass-makers that the great St. Peter was the original inventor of cathedral glass.

The bottle has always been beloved and honored of art. In innumerable old prints and paintings it is shown with notable frequency. Not merely is presented what may be termed the bottle rampant, or the bottle in action, in the foreground, as depicted in representations of feasts, revels, or orgies, — betrothals, weddings, and christenings, — but the bottle couchant, the bottle in the

background, of value as a touch of homely domestic detail, or as a choice bit of artistic accessory. A collection of unique bottles—a cabinet for the mind's eye—may be gathered from the genre-paintings of the old Dutch and Flemish artists.

With these great masters of art the bottle was almost a brush-autograph, so often does it appear: now the single quaint bottle in the open casement, or the bottle in groups and rows on window-ledge against the leaded panes; again in clusters hung against the wall, or



JAPANESE BOTTLE. BLUE GLASS, DECORATED IN GOLD AND ENAMEL.



ROSE-WATER BOTTLE.
PERSIAN.

AMERICAN.

AMERICAN.

SPANISH.

SCOTCH.

SCOTCH.

WINE-BOTTLE.
PERSIAN.

in niches sunk in the shadowy fireplaces. Bottles show in long rank and file on chimney-shelves, or peer from deep nooks over old arched doorways; they gleam through half-open closet doors, or are visible among old books on curious high shelves near the ceiling. A girl in church, at early mass, on the way to the fields, has a water-bottle beside her as she kneels in the pew; and even "Death, the Friend," is represented with a bottle hanging beneath the folds of his robe. Other schools of painting, too, through a long procession of years, have found the bottle lend itself happily to the portrayal of a wide range of human interests: it figures effectively in still-life studies, in the artist's studio, in old apothecary-shops,

in antiquarian dens, or in the armorer's workshop; in biblical, ecclesiastical, and historical paintings; in landscape and other nature scenes.

The outdoor bottle has a long, pictorial history: the traveler's bottle; the harquebusier's flask; the Austrian mountaineer's bottle; the Alsatian pilgrim's bottle, swung from her side in a beautiful netted bag; the laborer's bottle, hung from his donkey's neck or half hidden beside the haycock; the gleaner's bottle, dangling on his back as he plods homeward. In the fifteenth century hunting-horns were fashioned of glass, and the feet or pedestals of ancient civic gold and silver drinking-cups were modeled as bottles.

Among the chosen themes of Oriental art



OLD DUTCH PAINTED AND GILDED BOTTLES.

OLD HOLLAND GIN-BOTTLES.

A GROUP OF DUTCH BOTTLES.



SHOWING ICE-CHAMBER,
CAPRI.

SPANISH.

OLD ENGLISH.

AUSTRIAN.

HUNGARIAN.

HUNGARIAN.

are the water-carrier's bottle, in many odd and beautiful designs, the sherbet-dealer's bottle, and the familiar narghile, or bottle-pipe. Equally interesting, no doubt, would be the bottle in literary art; but it would entice too far afield. Dr. Johnson and his intellectual contemporaries are seldom represented unflanked by certain sturdy old black bottles; and in the well-known picture, "A Literary Party at Sir Joshua Reynolds's," appear several beautiful bottles and three ornamental old decanters.

Throughout the whole wide and captivating realm of collections, be it conceded, there is probably no other curio-quest so thoroughly "caviar to the general" as the collection of bottles; hence it is an open

secret that the unique pursuit is flippantly and humorously regarded by a large and misguided majority of otherwise reasonable beings. By these uncomprehending onlookers, the bottle-collection, in interest and artistic value, is classed somewhere near that old-time childish diversion, the button-string; and fond friends, who generously make over to the bottle-lover all their own lightly held bottle-shapes of beauty or comely ugliness, never fail to garnish the gift with many "odd quirks and remnants of wit" at his expense. Even the old-bottle dealer, unmasked, stands revealed merely a financial sympathizer, and, after a trade is closed, facetiously offers the insatiate bottle-collector free use of his shakily old push-cart and his horse's straw



SNUFF-BOTTLE.

SCHNAPPS-BOTTLE.

GIN-BOTTLE.

GIN-BOTTLE.

SNUFF-BOTTLE.

GIN-BOTTLES.

SCHNAPPS-BOTTLE.

A GROUP OF DUTCH BOTTLES.

hat for the more convenient and disguised conveyance homeward of the newly acquired and embarrassing heaps of bottle-treasure.

Bottle-washers, too, in the old-bottle shops have their hilarious fling at the collector; jocosely and seriously they persist in the belief that, on the sly, somewhere, the bottle-collector is manager of a large and prosperous professional sideboard; and unremittingly they press upon him, in jest and in earnest, ornate sets of bottles and decanters adapted to this interesting but invisible public refreshment establishment. Otherwise they hold his taste in bottles at low estimate, and insist in audible undertones that odd bottles or "bottles without mates ain't no good," and "a person must be cracked to pay out good money fer them fool furrin bottles what can't set up."

To the humor-view of the bottle-quest, however, the bottle-lover can afford to be lenient, since, to his own breast, he is at times unquestionably droll. The most astonishing as well as "the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek"; therefore the reckless, short-sighted, extravagant collector who finds himself on the street-cars accompanied by a huge, fragile, misshapen, suspicious-looking bundle, and without the

necessary car-fare left in his pockets, must needs debate thoughtfully whether he is not, after all, at least one tenth as absurd as he temporarily suspects himself to be.

On close and serious analysis, the chief charm of the bottle will be found to lie in its heterogeneity; for surely nothing fashioned by man so nearly resembles mankind in point of numbers, dissimilarity, character, and association. Bottles are "as varied as nature herself," and as illimitable in interest. In the pursuit of artistic "beds and tables, stools and candlesticks," the enthusiast may halt occasionally; but the realm of bottledom allures ever onward—a boundless "Land of the Glittering Plain." Bottles are, further, inexhaustible by reason of their fancied perishableness.

The accepted fragility of the bottlesurrounds it with a world-wide, peculiar, and unparalleled care; hence it is singularly and tantalizingly numerous and long-lived. The boy who tosses hundreds of bottles through the air to the man at the washing-tank, in the second-hand bottle-shop, will testify that they are seldom sure of being able, between them, to break one bottle a day.

Fascinating in variety, the bottle is also attractive by unlimited individuality. This



AN "APOSTLE" OR "MONK" BOTTLE.



HUNGARIAN.

VENETIAN.

SPANISH.

ITALIAN.

ITALIAN WITH ICE-CHAMBER.

ITALIAN OIL-AND-VINEGAR CRUET.

ENGLISH.



EARLY AMERICAN BOTTLES.

one captures by a lovely flashing color; that one, perhaps, by its queer little misshapen neck; and the other by its unique flavor of age or foreign birth. Curious, indeed, are the foreign bottles; the collector may journey to accumulate these beautiful treasures for his cabinet, or they will accommodately cross land and sea to his hand. Bottles have daring dispositions and lead adventurous lives; beyond tea-pots or pitchers do they seek out and experience comedy, romance, and tragedy. A treasured bit of a bright bottle from France was once tossed up on the wave at the feet of a bottle-lover idly musing on a New Jersey beach. From overseas came this spherical bottle in dainty silken network; and a Spanish scutcheon imprints the seal of that symmetrical pale-green jug. By a stately, bediamonded, tall, clear bottle from Malaga stands an alluring peacock-blue bottle wearing the bell and ribbon of Paris. Graceful Chianti flasks, large and small, may be collected by the dozen, as they deserve

to be. No two Chianti bottles are exactly alike, even in color; and they are all artistically charming in their long, irregular necks, globular shapes, and bubbled texture. Six of the same size will differ surprisingly in minor details of design. The same is true of the old-fashioned, high-shouldered, black-green Holland bottle and of the flat-sided, portly Rhine jug, in all tones of glowing red, its glass fabric resembling hammered brass. The crudely applied handles of the Rhine jugs are also interesting studies in dissimilarity. Doubly German is the little Rhine jug, as ruby-red glass is declared to be a German discovery.

Notably far beyond the bottles of interesting design and lovely tint which the average collector acquires in the old-bottle shops, at the hands of importers, from old corner cupboards, old garrets, or old apothecary-shops, are the bewitching and bewilderingly beautiful bottles, ancient and modern, accumulated, precious bit by precious bit, on



FANTASIES IN GLASS.



CABINET OF A BOTTLE-COLLECTOR.

personal pilgrimages in odd corners of the Old World. Such collections contain objects of art, pure and simple, in all variety of perfected quality, form, and color. In the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, are treasured nearly three hundred vessels of rare Venetian glass, including a large number of exquisite bottles and vials, the gift of Mr. James Jackson Jarves twenty years ago; and in a few private collections in New York are massed many bottle-forms of superb grace and beauty. From a bottle-cabinet of such character the bottle-history of the world might readily and graphically be set forth.

In these brilliant and elegant types of bottle-making in all times and countries, the cunning artificer has expressed in glass, as if in arrested, crystallized strains of prismatic music, many ethereal, dainty, graceful, refined, quaint, and subtle fancies. From Germany and Holland come the snuff-bottles, in shapes drolly comfortable; the grotesque schnapps-bottles; the slim or burly gin-bottles, suggesting a sturdy burgomaster and his pretty young frau—squat, flattened old Dutch bottles, admirably painted and gilded. They bear decorations of national import, such as distinguished coats of arms, tavern festivals with inscriptions of hearty good cheer, and spirited naval battles surrounding medallion portraits of mustachioed admirals of the old Dutch school.

Akin in slender grace are the Persian rose-water bottle, the vase-shaped Scottish bottle, and the twisted Venetian types, while the early American flacons and the Persian wine-bottles exhibit community of taste in that artistic fourth dimension, shapely rotundity. One common, yet deviated, intention in outline also allies the small English and Spanish vials, the twin bottles for oil and vinegar of France, Spain, and Italy being similarly alike in type and varied in detail, suggesting the rare double tear-bottles of the Assyrians.

Well may the bottle-skeptic who came to scoff remain to admire such enchanting diversity of artistic achievement in glass, the lightness and delicacy of "metal" united to wonderful purity and brilliance of hue. No choice in interest lies between this blue Japanese bottle, richly enameled in gold, and the unique Greek, Moorish, and Hungarian bottles. An admirable defiance of artistic precedence, also, may be recognized in the curious, long-spouted Spanish wine-carriers and in the oddly constructed, ice-chambered bottles of Italy. The Austrian flasks, in outline and in warlike figure-decoration, suggest themselves possible remote ancestors of the

early American patriotic flask. The "old Venetian spirit" survives in the preservation of rare beauty-expression in this incomparably beautiful material. Merely the old Italian carboy, with its quaint latticework throat, and the tallest of tall modern Italian bottles, straw-netted and tasseled, in permissible paraphrase, "leave a vision of Venice in the eye for days."

High toward the head on the roll of artistic beauty must be placed the straw-wrapped or husk-covered bottles. To the lover of basketware these basket-woven bottles breathe forth a duplex charm; they are often red and blue silken-tasseled, and have little straw stoppers attached by tiny straw cords. Of many attractive forms and sizes are they, ranging from the little Parisian basket-woven, pale-green perfume-flask, past the wide-mesh-covered clear or golden crackle bottle, to the tall blue-green Austrian bottle in coarse husks, or the large, imposing, willow-cased carboy, akin to the treasured "Carlavero's Bottle," which gave Charles Dickens such a world of pain and pleasure. The craftsmen of ancient Egypt covered glass bottles with wickerwork and with papyrus-stalks. Such bottles are still used in Egypt under the name of "damadjan." The more prosaic English word "demijohn" is doubtless a philological cousin of the Egyptian papyrus-covered bottle. The French say "dame-jeanne,"—"Lady Jane,"—a pretty name for a demijohn. Damagan, a town in Khorasan, Persia, was once famous for its artistic glass-works.

Beautiful crackle-glass comes to the collector's cabinet from the sixteenth century, and is a wonderful result effected by plunging the half-blown bottle into cold water, and then reheating it to hold together its partly shattered fabric. Unique among foreign-born acquisitions are the bottles of Bordeaux, being mere graduated series of pale- or deep-green flattened bubbles, ranging from two to four, five, and six bubbles.

In early American glassware the history of our national art progress has been written. Choice and precious indeed are the crude blue-green and brown amber bottles made early in the nineteenth century—the portrait bottles bearing busts of Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, De Witt Clinton, Zachary Taylor, Kossuth, and Jenny Lind. Local decorative subjects on many lines of idea were treated by the first American bottle-makers; and the most exquisite Venetian bottle cannot outrank in value, to a patriotic American collector, the primitive old flasks

ornamented with Indians, masonic emblems, the eagle, stars, flags, log cabins, cannon, and steamships, or such outdoor themes as the seasons, birds, fruits, trees, sheaves of wheat, the fisherman, deer, the gunner and his hounds, and the first bicycle. The earliest American railway, with a car drawn by a horse, is historically celebrated on a glass flask, as well as the bold Pike's Peak pilgrim, with his staff and bundle.

Glass in fabric is so beautiful that even grotesque designs cannot entirely rob it of charm; hence the "fantasies in glass" come fitly into collections. Among foreign bottle-curios are found Buddha bottles, dragons, sea-horses, ships, gondolas, fountains, violins, whales, and lion bottles; bottles with horizontal stories or perpendicular divisions; and glass jugs with horns or whistles in the handles. American curio-bottles show a wide but more practical range, expressing national jocosity in such shapes as cigars, pistols, monuments, eggs, boxing-gloves, bird-cages, canteens, lanterns, scallop-shells, shoes, slippers, roller-skates, barrels, castles, snails, birch-bark logs, cones, pyramids, figures of Uncle Sam, Santa Claus, and the like.

Bottle-marks are an interesting bypath in bottle-study, and are valuable for bottle-identification. Blown in bottles and flasks are innumerable trade-marks; many of these are curious, such as foreign shields, flags, and other heraldic designs, monograms in script and print, antlers, beehives, flower-baskets, old-time two-wheeled ox-carts, a lyre, a counting-house safe, a mortar and pestle, the full moon and the word "moonshine," a mortar with a bird perched on its edge, and a myriad other symbols of commercial ownership.

The health history of the American race for a century is registered in the old drug-bottles, all in such bad, bubbly green glass that it becomes good to the eye by mere force of superior inferiority. Old perfume-bottles and the quaint toilet-sets of our grandmothers' and great-grandmothers' day have, also, great charm and interest. From these and other bottles of association stretches away a long and delightful vista: old heirloom decanters and carafes, and family fruit-jars of fine and simple outlines; a rare net-meshed purple glass camphor-bottle, which came over from England in 1790, in a new ship, with Grandmother Mary Haynes, then a girl of eighteen, now more precious to its owner than could be that royal-gold bottle embedded with one hundred and seventy-six cameos, treasured in the Green Vaults of Dresden. Priceless, too, the bride's

old Bohemian bottle of other days, in rose-color and gilt, still faintly redolent of neroli-water; the little violet-hued scent-bottle, memorable of the great-aunt who danced with Lafayette; the quaint old, ridged, dark-blue vinegar-bottle of colonial days; the half-pint green amber hunting-flask of Uncle John Watson, born in Trenton, New Jersey, during the Revolutionary War; and the British wine-bottle, flaked with the beautiful iridescence of time and exposure, unearthed in digging over old Harlem battle-field.

Unrivalled among the mistakes in modern bottle-history, no doubt, stands the "apostle bottle," or "monk bottle," a plump red amber bottle decorated with the figures of six monks, represented standing in Gothic archways, engaged in various devotional exercises. This bottle was designed to please the Catholic clergy, but so signally fell short of its intention that it was financially a failure also. The old-fashioned soda-water or "pop" bottle—modeled after the ancient amphora for wine or oil, with a pointed base—is choice for its deep-blue or sea-green coloring, and is further to be cherished for the sake of genial Handy Andy, who described it as a bottle without a bottom.

Bottles, as congenial esthetic companions, gravitate into fit arrangement upon close acquaintance, as easily and readily as familiar friends around a hearth in studio or library. In numerous company, a collection should be disposed on the shelves of glass-cabinets, lighted by an adjacent window, to bring into play the exquisite color-melodies resulting from juxtaposition. An unused doorway, also, may be fitted with shelves to receive the luminous overflow of the cabinets; and bottle-shelves adjusted across a double or single window in a "den" make a decorative bottle-scheme of recognized effectiveness. Under the shelves of floor- or window-cabinets, on tiny hooks, bottles, large or small, may be suspended by wire loops—a safe and satisfactory method of utilizing space and assisting in the desired distribution of brilliant tint and tone.

Considered singly or blended in a collection, the bottle, antique, beautiful, or curious, proves itself to have great resources for entertainment and artistic gratification. In all phases it opens a wide and absorbing field. In old Venice, at the period of its highest supremacy, glass-making was characterized as the "necromancer's art." Time and change have not robbed it of power; its magic "to bind the material captive to the intellectual" is still wondrous and vital.

AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH ALEXANDER II.

BY A WITNESS OF HIS ASSASSINATION.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF THE LATE MME. HORTENSE RHEA.



IN my five years' sojourn in Russia I played at least fifty different parts. I was at my best in characters that require dash, vivacity. Long before I thought of studying English, I was called upon to play an American, a charming woman, but full of eccentricities. Two or three days before the performance, the comedian M. Raynard asked me why I did not play it with an accent, as the part had made a great hit in Paris on that account. Although I had never done anything of the kind, I tried it. The effect was amazing, and that part which, played as it was written, would have been, if not altogether insignificant, still not of great importance, became the prominent one of the play. This proves that success often depends upon a mere trifle.

As we played only four times a week, the intervening days between the performances were generally devoted to giving dinners or attending them. At those dinners we met not only the company, but celebrated people in the world of letters and of the nobility. Every day, from four to six, each actress held a sort of "at home." These receptions gave rise to little coteries, which were not without piquancy. Each had her followers, and on the day of her benefit these followers outdid one another in showing their appreciation of the object of their special admiration. Not only magnificent bouquets were thrown at her feet, but most costly presents of silverware, gold, and diamonds were lavished upon her; for the Russians are, without exception, the most generous people living.

But, of all, a farewell benefit is one of the most interesting sights one can witness. One is entitled to it after twenty-five years' service. The beneficiary receives a pension from the crown, and the emperor usually decorates him as a token of esteem and appreciation. I had the good fortune of being pres-

ent at the one tendered to Mme. Lagrange, the ingénue, who, although forty-five years of age and a grandmother, had retained all the freshness and sweetness of youth. She was petite, blonde, with laughing eyes, and an expression of innocence and ingenuousness so fascinating that it had made her keep her position in spite of years and intrigues. Mme. Lagrange came to Russia when she was twenty years old, and the czar had for her such regard, esteem, and admiration that when he met her on his morning walks he used to say, "I shall be lucky to-day; I have seen my good angel." And she was an angel of goodness, virtue, and devotion.

If the stage needed any defense, such a woman would be sufficient proof that it is not what narrow-minded mortals think it—a place of perdition. The woman whose principles are bad will be a disgrace to a throne as well as to a hovel; the one with a pure and virtuous soul will retain it unsullied in any condition of life. The stage may elevate the mind, but it can never degrade it.

I can say in all sincerity that the five years spent in Russia were among the happiest of my life. Why then leave this paradise? Because a land disturbed by politics is not safe. Long before the emperor's assassination the city was a prey to nihilism. Every day searches were made, streets were turned up, mines discovered that would have blown up whole squares had they not been checked in time. At the theaters candles were placed in the halls, in case the gas should be suddenly extinguished by superior order. When the czar came to the performance we all trembled, lest something might occur. His assassination was the sad climax that justified our fears.

The Emperor Alexander II was one of the most amiable men to meet. He came to the theater twice a week. I met him for the first time while playing *Marion Delorme* in the "Comtesse de Santerre." Between the acts he came on the stage, and I was in-

troduced to him by Baron Küster. He told me that the play pleased him more than twenty years before, when he had seen it rendered by Mme. Allan. This was very flattering, as Mme. Allan was one of the greatest actresses of her day. He went on talking of plays and players for at least ten minutes, and left me, saying, "I will not detain you any longer, mademoiselle. The public may become impatient waiting for its *Marion*."

In spite of his noble bearing and his dignified mien, the czar did not inspire one with awe, but with respect and love. That he was thoroughly good and magnanimous, one could feel. The night after the attack on his life by Solovieff, he came on the stage and gave, I may say, a humorous account of the unsuccessful attempt, and as an overzealous member of the company exclaimed, "Oh, Sire, no mercy for such a wretch!" a rather severe look of reproach, which we all noticed, was his only answer. A word of pity or intercession would have been more welcome to his generous heart, especially from a woman.

Knowing his fondness for comedy, we all tried, in order to secure his presence, to find a comedy for our benefit. The last one I gave was "La Boule." How he enjoyed it! All the best comedians were in the cast. He came on the stage and expressed his delight in the kindest terms. He congratulated me on my success, and said: "Vous êtes toujours charmante, mademoiselle, mais ce soir plus que jamais." Those were the last words addressed to me by him who, a few days later, was to fall a victim to the murderous plots of the nihilists.

Shall I ever forget it? It was on a Sunday, about two o'clock. We were rehearsing a new play. Some of us were in the green-room when the emperor passed, escorted by his Cossacks. We were standing at the window, and with a smile he gave us the military salute we knew so well. He had hardly turned the corner when we heard an explosion. We looked at one another, and the same thought crossed each mind—an attempt on the emperor's life! We rushed out, and arrived at the corner of the street just in time to see, two hundred yards from us, the explosion of the second bomb, which proved to be the fatal one. The first had killed two Cossacks. While they were arresting the assassin, the czar, deaf to the entreaties of his coachman, who wanted to drive on with all speed, came out of his

carriage to say a word of sympathy to his dying soldiers. He took their hands, and addressing their murderer, he said: "Wretch, see what you have done in your blind fury!" After a last look of pity at his faithful servants, he was about to reënter his carriage, when a man, standing at the door, dropped another bomb, which he had kept concealed in his handkerchief, and that one not only killed the nihilist himself, but mortally wounded the emperor. In a moment the street, before deserted, was crowded with people coming from every direction. Sleighs were going to and fro, and all we heard was: "Thank God, the emperor lives!" His carriage being damaged, he was placed in a sleigh and driven to the palace, where he expired a few hours later. His legs had been shattered.

On the following day his son was proclaimed emperor. No sight could have been more heartrending than that of the young czar and his lovely wife returning in gala dress from the Winter Palace, where the new emperor had just taken the oath. On their way to the Palace Annitchkoff, while people cheered them, and tears were running down the pale cheeks of the newly made czarina, the emperor was motioning the crowd to keep silent.

The body of the emperor lay in state at the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul in the fortress on the Neva, where he was buried a week later. Thousands of all ranks, including all the members of the court theater, paid, during that week, a visit to the fortress, and were allowed a last look at the remains of him who was only a few days before the czar and all-powerful ruler of all the Russias.

After the fatal event the theater was closed, but we were obliged to remain in St. Petersburg until the end of the season. My contemplated change was now decided. I spoke of it to a friend of mine, M. Pierre Corvin, author of "Les Danicheff." He suggested that I study English, and if I were successful, to try my fortune in America. But why study English? Why not return to Paris? Because, like the Americans, I am too independent. I had had some experience before going to Russia. I knew that in Paris, without strong influence, doors do not open. I left St. Petersburg for London, where I went determined to renew, in another country and in another language, the success I had achieved in Russia.

RECENT DISCOVERIES CONCERNING THE BUDDHA.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF HIS BIRTHPLACE AND ONE OF THE BURIAL-PLACES OF HIS ASHES.

BY T. W. RHYS DAVIDS.



IT seems strange that the recent discoveries mentioned in the title—in some respects the most important archaeological discoveries yet made in India—have attracted so little attention in Europe and America. But this was almost inevitable, at least till now. One of the discoverers published his results in a monograph in "The Archaeological Survey Reports of Northern India," a few copies of which may have reached Europe. The other published his in the "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," which has no circulation outside the few members of that learned society. No account has yet appeared, either in Europe or America, intended to appeal to the increasing number of the cultivated public interested in such matters.

Having now visited the sites myself, and obtained, through the kindness of Mr. Peppé, copies of the only existing photographs, none of which has yet been published, I venture to think that the time has arrived when such an account can be given. I purpose to set out, as clearly and briefly as possible, first, why the discoveries had not been made before; secondly, how they were at last made, and what has been found; and, in the third place, to point out a few of the most important results of the discoveries.

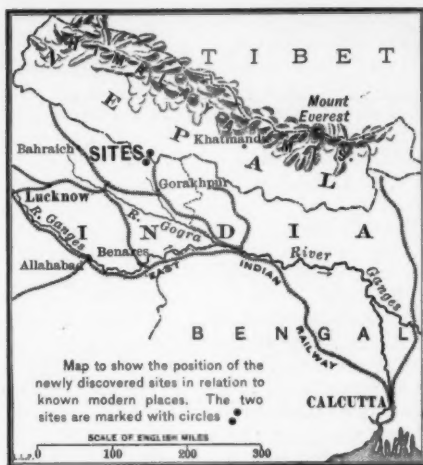
Why were these discoveries, on or close to British territory, so long delayed? The names of the places were known, but the clue to the identification of the sites had been lost. This happened in two ways.

The standard account of the last few months of the life of the great Indian thinker and reformer is contained in the "Book of the Great Decease," a kind of Buddhist gospel composed by his disciples a generation or two after the teacher's death. This strange and touching ancient document, translated by the present writer now twenty years ago, describes the last journey of the Buddha from Rajagaha, about ten miles south of the

Ganges, at the point where Patna now stands, to Kusinârâ, more than one hundred miles north-northwest of that spot, and on the southern slopes of the Himalaya range.

The old man, then eighty years of age, had been accustomed to journey, in the dry seasons, from place to place, holding conversational meetings at the villages where he halted on the way. Once more, for the last time, he set out on such a tour. It was a well-observed rule in the order of "mendicants" that he had founded for the members to keep themselves, as far as possible, in such bodily health as would facilitate the mental self-culture they aimed at. Such details as are available tend to show how high was the average length of life among them. But the inroads of age cannot be resisted. The stages in the master's journeyings became shorter, the rests much longer. The names of seventeen halting-places are given; and we are told that, after a long rest at Vesâlî, three months were occupied by the remainder of the tour. But this book had become unknown in India, for the view of life that we now call Buddhism gradually lost its adherents in India, and was finally extinguished in fire and blood in the course of the Mohammedan invasion. The few contemptuous references to the great reformer, found by the discoveries of Sanskrit literature in the medieval writings of the priests, are so vague that the eminent Sanskritist Horace Hayman Wilson believed him to be nothing more real than a sun-myth. The books of the Buddhists had then long since been lost in India. Missionaries or refugees had carried them to Ceylon, Nepal, and other adjacent countries; and their very existence was unknown to European scholars.

Archæological employers in India were compelled, therefore, as regards the oldest (that is, the Buddhist) monuments, to rely on second-hand authorities. And they made use chiefly of the travels in India, in the seventh century A.D., of the Buddhist pilgrim Yuang Tshang, translated under the generous patronage of the French govern-



ment by a French savant, M. Stanislas Julien, in 1857.

These travels threw a flood of light on the ancient geography of India; but they were especially difficult to follow in regard precisely to the sites of the birth, cremation, and burial of the Buddha, for these all lay in the Tarai, the belt of jungle on the lower slopes, and on the level ground at the foot, of the Himalaya Mountains.

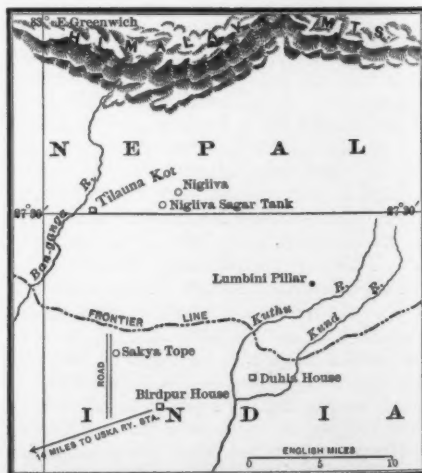
I have drawn from my notes a rough map which will explain their position. No better one is obtainable, as surveying is not permitted over the frontier, and the Nepalese have no maps. The whole of this district, from the southernmost slopes of the Himalayas downward, was a wilderness when the pilgrim visited the holy places,—had been, indeed, a wilderness for centuries before his time,—and remained so till a few years ago. The modern explorer, in endeavoring to trace out the route of the pilgrim of old, found it difficult to follow his account of his devious path. Authorities differed accordingly in their interpretations of his statements, and of those of other Chinese pilgrims afterward translated. The solution of the problem of the Buddha's place of burial—or rather, as we shall see, of one of the eight different places where the ashes from his funeral pyre were buried—came in another and quite unexpected way.

The tract in question—the Tarai—had been utilized by the government of India to reward its supporters. Half of it, down to about fifteen miles south of the mountains, was ceded, after the Mutiny, to the government of Nepal. The other and smaller half

had been granted, mostly before the Mutiny, in large lots, to certain Europeans who had done good service, under the condition that the grantees should, within a reasonable time, clear the jungle away and bring the land under cultivation. The boundary between the ceded district and the English territory is a purely artificial one. The line is marked only by a narrow strip of neutral ground, about thirty feet broad, and, at intervals of about a mile, by pillars of rough masonry. The largest and oldest of the grants, immediately to the south of this boundary-line, is the Birdpur estate, the property of the Gibbon and Peppé families. The road from the last railway-station, at Uska terminus, runs for fifteen miles through the estate, and ends abruptly in a paddy-field, opposite No. 44 of the boundary pillars. The Nepalese approve not of roads. So there it stops.

But half a mile before it stops, in English territory, therefore, and on the Birdpur estate, there are several ruins—almost too ruined, indeed, to deserve the name, being mere mounds covered with vegetation. Bricks, however, peep out on them and around them. They are certainly, therefore, the sites of what once had been buildings of some kind. And they must have been ancient buildings, for the bricks are of that size—fifteen or sixteen inches long by ten inches broad and three inches thick—which is the unfailing evidence of great antiquity.

In 1897 Mr. William Peppé, one of the resident partners and managers of the estate,



MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE LUMBINI PILLAR.

dug a deep trench across the top of the largest of these mounds. He discovered that it was a solid tumulus, built, in concentric circles, of these huge bricks throughout. It was therefore one of the stupas, solid domes, often of extraordinary size, which, in pre-Buddhist and Buddhist times, were erected as memorials of the famous dead. Everywhere throughout the world burial cairns or tumuli are found, and are regarded as prehistoric. But they are of earth, or of earth and stones, not of brick; and they are of no great height and are usually long. It is only in India that the further step has been taken to build them of brick in bell-shaped domes, fifty, a hundred, two hundred, or even three hundred feet high. It was especially the Buddhists who built them. Placed as they are on rising ground or on the tops of hills, they still form a striking feature in the landscape of Buddhist countries. In ancient times, covered throughout with white cement, ornamented at the base with pillars and with the well-known Buddhist rails, and finished off at the summit with the so-called Buddhist tee, rising like the cross at the summit of the dome of St. Paul's, they must have been objects of surpassing beauty. The dome of St. Paul's, as seen from Waterloo Bridge, whence the church itself is hidden from view, and only the beautiful form of the dome is visible against the sky, gives to one who has not seen the Buddhist stupas the idea of what they must really have been like.

During the next year Mr. Peppé dug a well ten feet square down into the center of this ruined stupa. After removing eighteen feet of the solid brickwork, a huge slab of stone was discovered. On clearing it out he found it to be the cover of a great stone box. The cover was broken into four pieces; but it fitted so perfectly into a groove round the sides of the coffer that the pieces held firmly together, and could be removed without injury to the contents of the box.

This coffer is itself a remarkable object. It weighs about fourteen hundredweight, has been hollowed out, at vast cost and labor, from a solid block of sandstone, and must

have been brought from a long distance, as there is no sandstone anywhere near.

Inside this massive and costly coffer were three stone urns or vases, a stone box like a jewel-casket, and a crystal bowl, all intact, together with fragments of what had been wooden vessels of the same kind. The four stone vessels were all of steatite, or soapstone, and had been carefully turned in a lathe, the marks of which were still visible. The bowl of crystal was exquisitely worked, and had a closely fitting lid of the same substance, the handle

being carved to represent a fish. The lid lay separately on the floor of the coffer, possibly shaken off by the same earthquake that had broken the solid lid of the coffer itself.

In the vases were fragments of bone, a quantity of dust and fine ash, several hundred small jewels exquisitely carved in car-

nelian, shell, amethyst, topaz, garnet, coral, and crystal, and quantities of stars, flowers, and other minute objects in silver and gold. The jewels were as fresh and clear as on the day when they had been deposited in the coffer. The silver was tarnished and dull, the gold still bright. Many of these minute objects were pierced for threading, and portions of silver wire were found in the coffer and in the vases.

Now, according to the Pali literature of the fifth century B.C., women of high rank were clothed from the waist downward, and wore over the breast an elaborate ornament called *pilandhana*, arranged in patterns that covered nearly the whole front of the body. On the oldest sculptures hitherto found—those of the third century B.C.—bas-reliefs representing goddesses or the women of the wealthier classes give examples of this ornament. There can be little doubt, especially in light of the evidence that will immediately be shown, that the greater part, if not the whole, of this treasure of delicate jewelry had been, not separate jewels, but combined on silver wire to form such necklaces or breastplates. They must therefore have been the gift of the women of the community by whom this ancient monument was erected.



PILLAR IN THE LUMBINĠ GARDEN.

But when? by whom? in whose honor? There is no evidence of age save the size of the bricks. No coins were found. Some of the pieces of gold bear emblems like some of those on the most ancient coins. But no coin has been found exactly like any single piece, and the same emblems may very well have been used for ornaments and for coins. We should only have known, in the vaguest way, that this was an important and ancient monument, if it had not been for a few letters inscribed on one of the steatite urns.

These letters—the oldest yet found in India—are thirty-seven in number, and record, in an ancient dialect of the Pali language:

This place of deposit for the remains of Buddha, the August One, is that of the Sākya, the brethren of the Distinguished One, in association with their sisters and with the wives of their sons.

Simple as this short record is, the words are fraught with meaning. It seems to imply that there were other places of deposit belonging to other people. Now, the "Book of the Great Decease" states that, after the cremation of the Buddha, the ashes were distributed in eight portions to the neighboring king of Magadha and the seven free clans, including the Sākya, who occupied the adjoining country. Each of these claimed the portion allotted to them on the ground of their relationship with the Buddha, and undertook to put up a stupa, or cairn, and to establish a festival in honor of the great deceased. It is quite in harmony with this, the most ancient account we have, that the Sākya speak, in their inscription, of "This place of deposit," and lay stress on the fact that they were "the brethren of the Distinguished One."

It will easily be understood that the kings of the two neighboring monarchies of Kosala and Magadha, then rapidly rising in power, did not like the free republics, such as that of the Sākya. Three years before the Buddha's death the king of Kosala had swooped down upon the Sākya, destroyed their city at Kapilavastu with great slaughter, and driven the remnant of the people away. It was not previously known where they had settled. The site investigated by Mr. Peppé is almost certainly the place,—the new Kapilavastu,—the old one being at or close to Tilauna Kot, an ancient and ruined town marked on the map, page 838. We can only imagine the feelings with which they, in all the bitterness of defeat, of the loss of their independence and of their ancient home,

put up, as the chief ornament of their new settlement, this monument to the greatest of their clan.

But the full significance of this curious discovery will more clearly appear in connection with the other, which we must now very briefly describe.

The most ancient inscriptions hitherto found in India had been the famous edicts of the Buddhist emperor Asoka. In these he inculcates on his subjects the special virtues of the Buddhist laymen: obedience to parents; kindness to children, friends, and animals; self-control and generosity; and, above all, complete toleration. It is, I believe, unique in the history of the world to find such things the subject of royal edicts. Some years ago rumors had reached the British territory of another Asoka pillar in the Nepalese Tarai. But no foreigners are allowed without special permission in Nepal, and it was not till 1895 that arrangements were made for an English archaeological officer to go over the border to inspect it. The inscription was found to record the fact that Asoka, in the twenty-first year of his reign, had visited the spot—Nigilva (marked on the map)—to pay his respects at the stupa of Konagamana, one of those previous teachers whose follower the Buddha gave himself out to be.

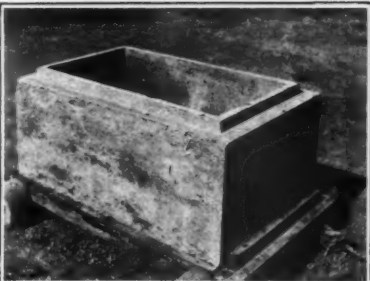
Now, the Chinese pilgrims, in their accounts of the sacred sites, mention this place. They describe it as being a few miles only from Kapilavastu, where the Buddha's parents had lived, and where he spent his youth. Here therefore was a plain indication of the long-lost site of that city.

There was no time, however, for further investigations then. In the next cold season the archaeologist Dr. Führer, returning to work, found the Nepalese governor encamped close by another pillar. The existence of this one had also been known for years, as it had been frequently seen by English sportsmen. Medieval inscriptions, visible on it above the ground, had even been copied out. But the present was the first opportunity that had occurred for this pillar to be excavated with a view of ascertaining whether it also was an Asoka pillar. The Nepalese willingly dug it out, and, some three feet below the surface, a beautifully cut inscription in five lines of Asoka letters, and in the local dialect of Pali, was found upon it. The meaning is:

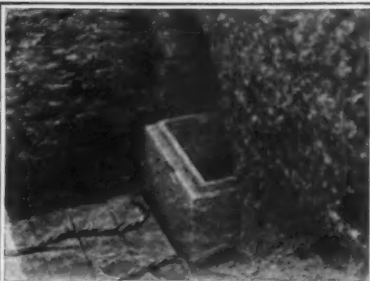
Devānam Piya Piyadassi [epithets of Asoka] came himself in his twenty-first year and paid rev-



THE SĀKYA STUPA, SHOWING MR. PEPPÉ'S EXCAVATIONS.



BUDDHA'S SARCOPHAGUS.



THE SARCOPHAGUS IN THE CAVE.



VASES FROM THE SĀKYA STUPA.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

ASOKA RAIL, AND A MOHUNT WITH FOLLOWER.

erence here. And he put up a stone pillar, with a stone horse on it, on the ground that the Buddha, the Sākya sage, was born here. And the village Lummini, since the Exalted One was born there, is hereby relieved of its tax of one-eighth share of the produce.

The word translated "horse" is doubtful in meaning. The pillar is at the base of a small hill, on which is a shrine erected in honor of the local deity Rummin Dei, the goddess of Lummini. In 1897 two civilians, Mr. Hoey and Mr. Lupton, on a flying visit to the spot, obtained access to the shrine. They found that it contained a recumbent figure of Mahā Māyā, the Buddha's mother, represented in bas-relief as just having given birth to the future teacher.

As is well known, the earliest Buddhist books only once incidentally mention the Lumbinī garden. But the commentators relate that when, after the fashion of the country, she had started toward her mother's house to be confined there, the pains came upon her on the way. She took refuge in a small public garden called Lumbini, the common property of the two clans, her father's and her husband's. It was there that the

babe was born. The spot where the pillar now stands must have been pointed out in the third century B.C. to Asoka as that garden. There, all through the centuries, though the great teacher and his teaching have long been forgotten, the villagers, worshipping they know not what, have retained in their village shrine the evidence of the respect in which the teacher's mother came, in the third or fourth century of Buddhism, to be held by his later followers.

I did not see the shrine and the images myself when I had the good fortune to visit the place in January of 1900. The key had been mislaid. But Mr. Mukherji, a Brahman in the temporary employ of the Archaeological Survey, subsequently obtained access to the little room, below the level of the courtyard outside, where the bas-relief, half buried below the floor, is still visible in the dim religious light. It is clear that the original floor lies still farther down, and it is much to be desired that it should be properly excavated.

The old bathing-pond lies close to the pillar, and there are the remains of its ancient stone facing. On the other side of the

shrine are four small cairns now buried in the jungle. The whole site should be completely and carefully explored. It is at the present moment occupied by a lama from Tibet, but the existing building was put up by a Hindu who is supposed to have settled there since the district has been reclaimed.

The discoveries already made here and by Mr. Peppé definitely fix, for the first time, the position of the district occupied in the sixth century B.C. by the Sākya clan. Up to about twenty miles north of the present arbitrary boundary-line between English and Nepalese territory it is an absolutely level plain, covered in recent years with rice-fields. The huts in which the peasantry live are not scattered over the plain, but are gathered together in villages four or five miles apart. There are a dozen places within fifteen miles of the Lumbini pillar where unmistakable signs of ancient buildings are visible from afar over the surrounding country. There are about the same number of ancient sites on the English side of the border. It is probable that the Sākya land extended over all this district, and included also the lower slopes or spurs of the Himalaya range. The whole of it had been abandoned as jungle until quite recent times. The monuments are undisturbed, except by earthquake and natural decay. There can be little doubt that further exploration will bring to light the other sites mentioned in the books and further inscriptions of the very early date of that on the Peppé vase.

It is exceedingly likely that some will be discovered which are older still. For it has recently been proved that an alphabet, introduced from Babylon or founded on Babylonian script, was in general use in India, for inscriptions and short communications, at least as early as the seventh century B.C. The letters on the Peppé vase are closely related to, and some of them identical with, those on the Moabite stone, the discovery of which, on the borders of Palestine, made so great a sensation only a few years ago. This strange and interesting fact gives fresh support to the hypothesis, now rapidly gaining adherents, that all the forms of writing in the world may eventually come to be traced back to the inventive genius of that white race, older than the Semites, older than the Aryans, whose blood flows in the veins of the modern Chinese.

But we need not venture into discussions which will occupy students of the early history of mankind. These discoveries reveal a very high state of culture in the Sākya

country in the sixth and probably in the seventh century B.C. It had been hitherto supposed that all buildings in India in that time were of wood. We now know that brick was also extensively used, at least for public or communal buildings.

The costly and accurately fitting stonework of the coffer, the lathe-turned steatite vases, the delicate and beautiful jewelry, and the exquisite workmanship of the crystal bowl, are evidence of the stage then attained, among the Sākya, in the higher mechanical arts. This stage necessarily presupposes a long course of previous development. Artistic facility of this kind is not produced in a generation, not in a century.

But, after all, far the most striking and important piece of evidence is the purpose for which this monument was built. Let us think for a moment what it means. Even if built now it would be a magnificent mausoleum. At that time, under those conditions, it must have been, to say the least, a remarkable effort. And it was a communal effort. The freeholders of the clan probably built it themselves. There were no bricklayers then to be hired for money. The women were in sympathy with the movement; they gave of their best; and their help was freely acknowledged, and put forward as of importance, in the few words of the inscription. The man whom the clan, men and women alike, thus honored was neither famous warrior, nor powerful king, nor wealthy benefactor. He was not even a great preacher or a popular political leader. He was a thinker, a man who, in earnest about the ultimate problems of life, wandered about from place to place and taught, in conversations only, his views on ethical self-culture, his theory of emancipation through self-mastery. He was a sort of Socrates, only his opinions went much further. The one hundred and eighty-six "Dialogues of the Buddha" that have survived in the shape given to them by his disciples show that his views of life ignored the current hypothesis of God and the soul, and were entirely incompatible, in other points also, with the priestcraft and the popular superstitions of the day. Is this the sort of man usually honored by the community, even now?

It is to be hoped that the Indian government will at once either undertake or encourage further excavations on both sides of the present boundary-line in this Sākya country, where the results obtained have been important and interesting, and where, therefore, further search is full of promise.



RAILWAY-STATION AT CHESTER HILL.

THE BEAUTIFYING OF VILLAGE AND TOWN

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUERIN

ONE of the most hopeful chapters in the record of American progress toward the ideals of a higher civilization is that which tells of the development of a more beautiful life for the people at large. The love of the beautiful probably exists in every human being, and, in some shape, strives for expression. To unfetter it, to give it the means of intelligent utterance—that is one of the great aims of civilization. In the movement toward this end the unit is found in the embellishment of the home and of home life. Here its expression—at least within the walls—is an affair of the individual or of the family alone, except in so far as it is shared with friends and guests. This is a vast field in itself, and to our achievements therein the myriads of beautiful homes throughout the length and breadth of the land bear witness. But the moment we step without our doors what we do begins to concern others, and thereby we enter more or less into relations with the world at large. As a rule, every person shapes his home surroundings, without and within the house, chiefly to suit himself. But in external conditions he usually begins to be governed by the motive of winning public approval, the desire to please the

sentiment of the community in which he lives. One has a sense that others are affected by what he does there, though perhaps he is not aware of it. But in some fashion, while following his own preferences and standards of taste, often perhaps with curious results, there are certain social standards to which he is likely to conform. There are few who deliberately choose to offend public sentiment in these things; the shortcomings usually proceed from indolence, ignorance, or perhaps a perverted taste that deems the bad to be good. But, wherever a social standard in these things has been set, the average citizen is likely to conform to it.

It is with the growth of these standards that we have to do, the progress of the movement that is giving attractiveness to villages and towns, lending them beauty and charm, and making life therein more worth the living; that is spreading out through the lonely countryside and enriching and beautifying life there; and that is bringing touches of nature into the desert hearts of great cities. Many are the ways in which this spirit is making itself felt: in more beautiful home surroundings; in better architectural standards, domestic, mercantile, and public; in better-kept highways, improved paving, good sidewalks, etc.; in the beautifying of public places, creating parks and playgrounds, planting shade-trees in town and country, protecting scenes of cherished beauty and setting them apart for public en-

joyment; and in organizing associations for accomplishing some of these ends through voluntary effort, and inducing action on the part of municipalities, etc., toward effecting other improvements of perhaps more comprehensive character.

The beginning of the new century has witnessed a vast sum of achievements in these directions. Hundreds of communities in all parts of the country have responded to the movement, and are growing beautifully and intelligently. In many instances the transformation has been wonderful. It is not a matter of training a new generation in habits of good taste. Right precept and example are usually sufficient to induce

prompt improvement. And the impulse makes itself simultaneously felt along various coördinate lines of effort. In some of the newest and crudest communities, which seem hopelessly involved in raw ugliness, the response is often the most alert. When I first visited the capital of a certain State beyond the Mississippi, nothing could have been more depressing than the impression which it made. Every street was a wide slough of mud in wet weather, and was suffocating with dust when dry. The entire city had a correspondingly slouchy, unkempt, and vulgar appearance. Ten years later I found a wonderful change: the streets all well and smoothly paved, good buildings



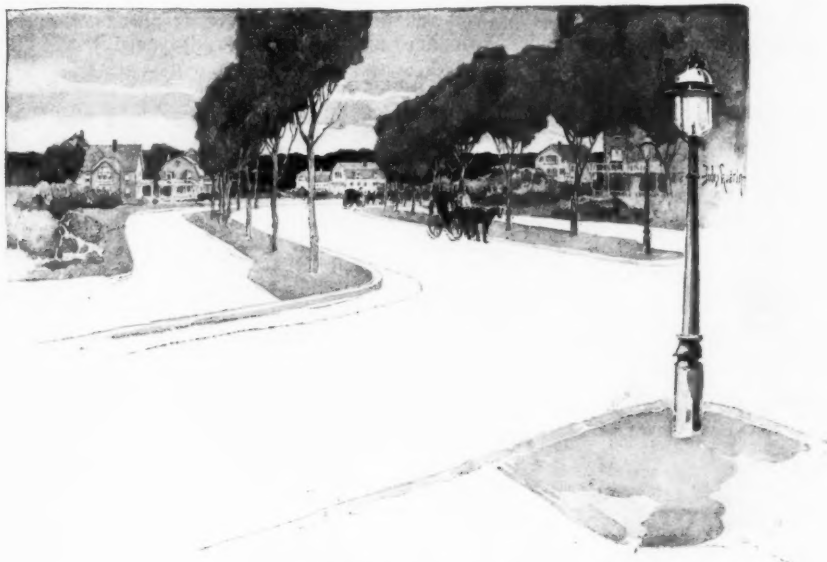
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

A COMMONPLACE VILLAGE STREET.

on every hand, pleasant and tasteful homes the rule, the whole city well groomed in appearance, and the seat of a genuine civilization.

Perhaps no better term for characterizing the general tendency expressed in this movement can be found than that of "civic beauty." Under this designation would be embraced all the aspects of the striving for the beautiful in our daily surroundings—the beauty that relates to citizenship, from the activities of the individual in making his home a harmonious element in a beautiful

young lady—Miss Mary Gross Hopkins, who later became Mrs. J. Z. Goodrich—to organize a society to make the town a beautiful one, the expressed purpose being to encourage the civic spirit by preserving the historic associations of the place and in various ways awakening a sense of pride in the community. That the most intensely practical side of a thing is found in the ideal is exemplified in the history of this society. Its ideal was civic beauty; and the beauty that hard-headed, matter-of-fact persons are so apt to scoff at, asking, "What is it all



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

A WELL-ORDERED VILLAGE STREET.

community, to the various forms of collective activity that work to weld the beauty of parts, as expressed in homes, in streets, in schools, in shops, in industries, in churches, in civic edifices, into one beautifully ordered whole. Beginning humbly at the countryside with "village improvement," and enlisting nature's gentle art at the outset, its influence has spread over the land, its wholesome breath has wafted sweet new life into cities, and it has grown to be "civic improvement."

Almost half a century has passed since the movement took organized form in a little mountain town in western Massachusetts. Stockbridge was a right shabby-looking country town in those days of 1853, and a sense of its shabbiness prompted a refined

worth?" soon turned into hard dollars and cents for the whole region. Clothed with beauty as with a garment, the fame of the town spread abroad as a place well worth living in. Every dollar expended for beauty has brought thousands back; vast wealth has sought the region, and given golden values to pastoral acres and rocky hillsides. Close by, in response to this spirit, the town of Lenox has become a world-famous pleasure-resort, and the country round about is filled with palaces. Civic beauty and prosperity are convertible terms. The example of Stockbridge speedily became contagious, and made a garden of many a Massachusetts town.

This pioneer organization of its kind became the Laurel Hill Village Improve-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.
WAYSIDE, SHOWING TANGLE OF BUSHES.

ment Society of Stockbridge, from the fact that a beautiful hill of that name, given by a public-spirited family as a pleasure-ground for the people in 1834, was transferred by the town into the keeping of the association. The annual meetings of the society on this hill are famous festival occasions, and the park has been made worthy of the trust.

Important civic improvements were undertaken at the start. Streets and sidewalks were improved and neatly maintained; examples early set soon made general a high standard in the care of house-grounds; the

town was induced to establish water-works and to light the streets. The society coöperated with the railway company and paid half the cost of a tasteful station, and of enlarging the station grounds to a spacious and beautiful garden. The old Indian burying-ground was preserved and marked with a picturesque and simple monument of unhewn granite, inscribed to "The Friends of our Fathers."

Such a collective public spirit naturally promoted public-spirited beneficence in individuals. Stockbridge was the home of the celebrated Field family. Cyrus W. Field gave ten thousand dollars for a park, and fifty-eight acres of beautiful land. His brother, David Dudley Field, erected on the common a clock-tower with chimes, and left in his will a fund of five thousand dollars, partly for its maintenance and partly for keeping the cemetery in order. The

influence of the society has done much to promote enlightened action on the part of the town in favor of public improvements. To this influence are due the fine public library and the drinking-fountain in front, and the collection of historical relics, including the writing-table of Jonathan Edwards, who was long the pastor there; also the village casino, and monuments to soldiers of the Civil War and of the Revolution. The constitution of this society has served as a model in the organization of many similar improvement associations throughout the country. The



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

CELEBRATION AT MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA.

objects are stated to be to improve and ornament the streets and public grounds of Stockbridge by planting and cultivating trees, cleaning and repairing sidewalks, and doing such other acts as shall tend to improve and beautify the village. The direction of activities resides with the executive committee. The planting or protection of a tree under direction of the committee, or the annual payment of one dollar or its equivalent in labor, entitles a person to membership; but any child under fourteen years is eligible on payment of twenty-five cents or its equivalent in labor. Twenty-five dollars down, or three annual payments of ten dollars, entitle one to life-membership.

Much as has been done by such organizations, the future of like activities seems destined to achieve vastly greater results. There is a National League of Improvement Associations, with headquarters in Springfield, Ohio, which appears to have done considerable effective work in spreading an interest in the movement. And now that the federated women's clubs of the country are giving their attention to the work as a feature of the "social service" activities that they are entering upon, we may look for systematized efforts that cannot fail to yield rich and abundant fruit. The women's clubs of the country, in other beneficent works of which they have made a feature, have shown great energy, intelligence, and sagacity. In this field they may be expected to make an enduring mark. Since the movement originated with a woman, and women have generally played a leading part in these improvement organizations, it seems particularly appropriate that the organized women of the country should take the work definitely in hand.

An important question is: How can such work be made most effective—productive of the best results, and enduring? Probably in every case of the organization of such a society the work has been worth the while; something has been accomplished, and even when the organization has had only a brief existence, something definite usually has been the outcome. Moreover, the aims and ideals may have found other vehicles for effectiveness. For instance, a certain society in a New England town did effective work for several years. But the town rapidly grew into a city, and the population lost much of the old-time social solidarity, for everybody no longer knew his neighbors. Probably the society might have adapted its methods to the changed conditions, but it did not.

However, the work done was permanent: the grounds of railway-stations had been beautified, and the company continued that work; a standard of taste had been established in the care of house-grounds, where shabbiness had been the rule, and this standard prevailed so generally as to give a new character to the community; the town had been induced to establish a new cemetery; and a public disposition toward improvement had been so promoted that when, some years later, a system of parks and playgrounds was proposed, it was easy to induce the young city to enter upon it.

To the success of such work the fundamental principles should be held clearly in view, the aims should be definitely understood, and the most practical methods for their realization should be adopted. The question of who does the work is one of primary importance. So far as possible, the coöperation of all classes—the "leading citizens" and the workers—should be sought. It should be kept free from the suspicion of cliques, or of working for any particular or sectional interest. The latter has been a stumbling-block for such associations when formed in sections of cities; in some instances they have been known to work for local public improvements at the cost of the whole community and against the interest of other sections, and have degenerated into instrumentalities for selfish, if not corrupt, politics. The highest motives of public spirit should be professed and adhered to. It is also important that both sexes should engage in the work. Women have more leisure for such tasks, and show an intentness and directness of purpose that give great capacity for working to definite ends. On the other hand, especially when public actions are desired, the fact that men are engaged in the work is likely to have weight in its favor.

First in order in activities of this kind comes cleanliness. Clean streets and public places, clean private premises—with these secured, the first great transformation in the community takes place. When nuisance-breeding rubbish-heaps are cleared away, and vacant lots covered with all sorts of litter are cleaned up, everybody notes the improvement and is interested in seeing it maintained. Orderliness, of course, goes hand in hand with cleanliness. The latter cannot be secured without good order. And with good order there is an aspect of neatness that commands popular respect. It pleases the public eye. Nearly everybody

will desist from throwing rubbish into a well-kept place, and from scattering torn-up paper or other litter in a clean street. Public sentiment is easily cultivated in favor of public cleanliness and order. A notable instance of its growth is to be found in the agitation against spitting in public places since it was determined that the practice was a danger to public health. The posting of notices with regulations against it, and the frequent discussion of the subject in the press, have made a strong impression upon public sentiment, and in consequence the offense is not practised to anything like the same extent in communities where there has been such agitation.

Good streets and sidewalks, clean and smooth, are among the best tokens of advanced civilization. Cleanliness means health, and smoothness means the economy of energy,—human, animal, and mechanical,—which is equivalent to economy of money. Every little unevenness of surface presents a corresponding push against energy expended, amounting to enormous aggregates of wasted force in the course of a day. For instance, there is probably less fatigue from walking three miles over a smooth sidewalk, say of artificial stone, than from one mile over an uneven walk of stone or brick.

The final aim is the achievement of beauty. To this cleanliness and order lead. Without them there can be no real civic beauty. They stand at the base of it, and give the good surfaces and true lines from which beauty is developed. But cleanliness and order are not sufficient in themselves. While they lead to beauty, they stop far short of it when made the final aim. Indeed, at times they become antagonistic to beauty. There are certain forms of beauty, for instance, which, when unappreciated by the undeveloped taste, are considered unbeautiful, and are held in abhorrence. Perhaps the most familiar example is found in the typical rural wayside, grown up spontaneously with brush and briar, and presenting a charming tangle of wild luxuriance that ever delights the eye—common bushes of all kinds: elder and wild rose, Virginia creeper, clematis, blackberries and raspberries, and hundreds of other beautiful things. But all this means untidiness, and nothing more, to the eye untrained to beauty.

So every few years a sprucing-up fit seizes the town authorities, and a gang of men sallies forth armed with bush-scythes, and mows everything down, leaving the road-margins a roughly naked arid waste. No

good at all has been accomplished by this, and the money and energy expended might profitably have been employed in making good roads.

Neatness and order always command our respect; but carried no further they may remain very unsympathetic, as, for instance, in the impression made by a plain and immaculate house standing austere in an expanse of smoothly shaven lawns unrelieved by trees and shrubbery, or even flower-beds. This is bareness, which is something quite different from simplicity. The latter is ever a desirable quality. It often confers beauty with the help of nothing but a few shade-trees or of some well-disposed masses of shrubbery.

In all work of civic improvement it is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the attainment of what is truly beautiful should be constantly held in view. It is not sufficient to shape things according to what we ourselves may deem beautiful. Personal standards are apt to differ greatly in such things. There are probably few persons of good taste who have not at some time admired some things which they later found very ugly. But there are certain standards of beauty that are commonly agreed upon by persons of recognized good taste. The best thing, therefore, is to ascertain what these standards are, and then to conform to them. It would be difficult to say just what constitutes absolute beauty; but it appears to be derived from certain relations and proportions between elements of form, line, mass, color, etc.—the mode of their disposition meaning the difference between harmonious and discordant effect, as in music.

Custom does much to set the popular standard in such matters. Perhaps for the great majority of persons a thing seems beautiful because it is commonly held to be such. Passing fashions do much to establish such standards, and while they are responsible for much that is false, they often leave a residuum of the good and the permanent. But there are certain things that always seem beautiful, regardless of transitory standards—things like the simple beauty of a flower, or the subtle and perhaps intricate charm of landscape qualities. The beauty of such things rests upon eternal verities.

Organized effort can do much toward educating public taste in appreciating the beautiful. One of the most effective means is to ascertain the best literature upon the subject, and recommend for general reading that which presents in interesting and popu-

lar shape good standards in things like domestic architecture, the improvement of house-grounds, the adornment of streets and public places, etc. It would not be difficult to make out a list of such works, and it would be of great service if public libraries would make a feature of a collection of the kind. In such a way there may be inculcated in an intelligent community the principles from which it might be learned what is beautiful and what is ugly, and the reasons why they are so, illustrated by corresponding examples. And it would often be practicable to indicate existing object-lessons, both as to the good and the bad.

To keep the interest alive in organized work of the kind, it is essential to be able to point to practical results achieved, and to hold out various desirable things to be definitely aimed at. The community should be interested by some definite advance made each year—certain tangible objects accomplished, and certain inviting ends to be looked forward to. And the public should be impressed with the practical advantages derived from such activities—how they actually pay in dollars and cents by increasing the attractiveness of a place, and consequently the value of property, as well as in adding to the beauty of existence and making life richer and fuller.

There is probably no better way to sustain popular interest, and make virtually the whole community participate in the work of an association organized for such objects, than to follow the example set by the parent organization of American local improvement associations, and make the annual reunion of the society the occasion of a great public summer festival. The annual dinner at Ashfield, Massachusetts, likewise illustrates the possibilities of such an event. The fact that a group of celebrated men have made Ashfield their summer home has rendered this gathering an occasion of national interest; the great newspapers of the country always take pains to give reports of what is said and done, and the fame of the little mountain town is spread throughout the land.

Such a summer festival can be made exceedingly attractive. As the "old home day" it would be the occasion for children of the town living in distant parts to return to the scenes of their youth and renew the cherished associations. There are usually some of these who have grown rich in the world's goods, and such an occasion would encourage them to contribute to objects of public improvement. Pains should be taken to keep track, as far as possible, of natives

of the town living at a distance, and they should be annually reminded of the occasion and invited to participate. In similar ways the interest of summer residents could be enlisted, and they would also be induced to contribute to such public-spirited objects. In fact, summer residents are often a mainstay for objects of local improvement, the maintenance of public libraries, etc. Great attractiveness can be given to such festivals. Not only would they keep active the public interest in works of improvement, but the proceeds of the various forms of entertainment that may be devised should furnish perhaps the chief means for carrying on such works.

Delightful festal features may be devised for an occasion of the kind. Not only can it be made the great local day of the summer for games, dances, dinners, and outdoor festivities of various kinds, many of which can severally be made to contribute to the financial returns for the objects in view, but there is usually some local feature—such as a river or lake—that may be made the scene of some picturesque celebration. An example of what might be done in many places is furnished in the beautiful illuminated boat parade that takes place every summer in various New England towns, all the boats on the river participating. Enchanting effects can be obtained in general illuminations. And quite in keeping with the objects of such movements for local improvement and adornment would be the taking of special pains to secure artistic results in schemes of festival decoration in honor of the day. One of the most notable instances in this direction is that of the important celebration that took place at Manchester-by-the-Sea, on Cape Ann, a few years ago. Instead of resorting to the conventional and commonplace forms of decoration, that usually are limited to monotonous drapings of national flags and red, white, and blue streamers about various mottos and crudely painted shields, etc., the matter of decoration was intrusted to the artist Mr. Ross Turner, who had given special attention to such problems. The result was a harmonious scheme, with predominant colors of the kind best adapted to a richly decorative effect. Altogether, an annual festival such as has been suggested, with pains taken to make it a generally attractive and, so far as possible, a picturesque occasion, furnishes probably one of the very best means to assure a permanent interest in the spirit of public improvement for a rural community or a town of moderate size, if not for a city of considerable rank.



LITTLE STORIES.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "François," "Circumstance," etc.

III. TWO MEN.

"These ought ye to do, and not to leave the others undone."

A PALE young man sat down on a bench in the park behind the reservoir on Forty-second street. He put a torn bag of tools under the bench.

A small, red-faced man came behind him. He stooped to steal the bag.

The pale man turned, and said in a slow, tired way: "Drop that. It ain't worth stealing."

The ruddy man said: "Not if you 're lookin'."

The pale man set the bag at his feet, and said:

"It 's a poor business you 're in."

"You don't look as if yours was any better." He sat down. "What 's your callin'?"

"I 'm an iron-worker; bridge-work."

"Don't look strong enough."

"That 's so. I 'm just out of Bellevue Hospital; got hurt three months ago."

"I 'm just out of hospital, too," he grinned.

"What hospital?"

"Sing Sing."

"What? Jail?"

"Yes; not bad in winter, either. There 's a society helps a fellow after you quit that hospital. Gives you good clothes, too."

"Clothes? Is that so?"

"Gets you work—"

"Work—good God! I wish they 'd get me some."

"You ain't bad enough. Go and grab somethin'. Get a short sentence; first crime. Come out, and get looked after by nice ladies."

"My God!"

"Did n't they do nothin' for you when you got out of that hospital?"

"No! Why the devil should they? I 'm only an honest mechanic. Are you goin'?"

He felt his loneliness.

"Yes; I 've got to go after that job. It 'll give me time to look about me. Gosh! but you look bad! Good-by."

The ruddy man rose, looked back, jingled the few coins in his pocket, hesitated, and walked away whistling.

The pale man sat still on the bench, staring down at the ragged bag of tools at his feet.





LITERARY VALUES.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

I.



THE day inevitably comes to every writer when he must take his place amid the silent throngs of the past, when no new work from his pen can call attention to him afresh, when the partiality of his friends no longer counts, when his friends and admirers are themselves gathered to the same silent throng, when the spirit of the day in which he wrote has given place to the spirit of another and a different day. How, oh, how will it fare with him then? How is it going to fare with Lowell and Longfellow and Whittier and Emerson and all the rest of them? How has it fared with so many names in the past, that were, in their own day, on all men's tongues? Of the names just mentioned, Whittier and Emerson drew more from the spirit of the times in which they lived, shared more in a particular movement of thought and morals, than the other two, and to that extent are they in danger of dropping out and losing their vogue. The fashions of this world pass away, fashions in thought, in style, in humor, in morals, as well as in anything else.

As men strip for a race, so must an author strip for this race with time. All that is purely local and accidental in him will only impede him; all that is put on or assumed will impede him—his affectations, his insincerities, his imitations; only what is vital and real in him, or subdued to the proper harmony and proportion, will count. A malformed giant will not in this race keep pace with the lesser but better-built stripling. How many more learned and ponderous

tomes has Gilbert White's little book left behind! Mere novelty, how short-lived is that! Every age will have its own novelties. Every age will have its own hobbies and hobbyists, its own clowns, its own follies and fashions and infatuations. What every age will not have in the same measure is sanity, proportion, health, penetration, simplicity. The strained and overwrought, the fantastic and far-fetched, are sure to drop out. Every pronounced style, like Carlyle's, is sure to suffer. The obscurities and affectations of some recent English poets and novelists are certain to drag them down. Browning, with his sudden leaps and stops, and all that Italian rubbish, is fearfully handicapped.

Such a poet as George Meredith, for whose meaning, much of the time, one must grope as in a fog or in the dark, can he weather the ages? Will he clarify with time? In Browning we look through a clear glass, but one twisted and contorted; in Meredith it is the same glass with the addition of a film of smoke or mud.

Things do not endure in this world without a certain singleness and continence. Trees do not grow and stand upright without a certain balance and proportion. A man does not live out half his days without a certain simplicity of life. Excesses, irregularities, violences, kill him. It is the same with books; they, too, are under the same law; they hold the gift of life on the same terms. Only an honest book can live; only absolute sincerity can stand the test of time. Any selfish or secondary motives vitiate a work of art, as they vitiate a religious life. Indeed, I doubt if we fully appreciate the literary value of the staple, fundamental human virtues and

qualities—probity, directness, simplicity, sincerity, love. There is just as much room and need for the exercise of these qualities in the making of a book as in the building of a house, or in a business career. How conspicuous they are in all the enduring books—in Bunyan, in Walton, in Defoe, in the Bible! It is they that keep alive such a book as "Two Years Before the Mast," which Stevenson pronounced the best sea-story in the language, as it undoubtedly is. None of Stevenson's books have quite this probity and singleness of purpose, or show this effacement of the writer by the man. It might be said that our interest in such books is not literary at all, but purely human, like our interest in "Robinson Crusoe," or in life and things themselves. But the experience itself of a sailor's life would be to most of us very prosy and distasteful. Hence there is something in the record, something in the man behind the record, that colored his pages, and that is the source of our interest. This personal element, this flavor of character, is the salt of literature. Without it, the page is savorless.

II.

It is curious what an uncertain and seemingly capricious thing literary value is. How often it refuses to appear when diligently sought for, labored for, prayed for; and then comes without call to some simple soul that never gave it a thought. Learning cannot compass it, rhetoric cannot compass it, study cannot compass it. Mere wealth of language is entirely inadequate. It is like religion: often those who have it most have it least, and those who have it least have it most. In the works of the great composers—Gibbon, De Quincey, Macaulay—it is a conscious, deliberate product. Then, in other works, the very absence of the literary motive and interest gives an esthetic pleasure.

One is surprised to read the remark of the "Saturday Review" on the lately published letters of Whitman,—letters that have no extrinsic literary value whatever, not one word of style,—namely, that few books are so well calculated to "purge the soul of nonsense"; or the remark of the fastidious Henry James on the same subject, that, with all their enormities of the common, the letters are positively delightful. Here, again, the source of our interest is undoubtedly in the personal revelation—the type of man we see through the letters, and not any wit or wisdom lodged in the letters themselves.

One reader seeks religious or moral values alone in the works he reads; another seeks scientific or philosophical values; another, artistic and literary values; others, again, purely human values. No one, I think, would read Scott or Dickens for purely artistic values, while, on the other hand, it seems to me that one would go to Mr. James or to Mr. Howells for little else. One might read Froude with pleasure who had little confidence in him as a historian, but one could hardly read Freeman under the same circumstances.

I suppose one comes to like plain literature as he comes to like plain clothes, plain manners, simple living. What grows with us is the taste for the genuine, the real. The less a writer's style takes thought of itself, the better we like it. The less his dress, his equipage, his house, concern themselves about appearances, the more we are pleased with them. Let the purpose be entirely serious, and let the seriousness be pushed till it suggests the heroic; that is what we crave as we grow older and tire of the vanities and shams of the world.

To have literary value is not necessarily to suggest books or literature; it is to possess a certain genuineness and seriousness that is like the validity of real things. See how much better literature Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg is than the more elaborate and scholarly address of Everett on the same occasion. General Grant's "Memoirs" have a higher literary value than those of any other general in our Civil War, mainly because of the greater simplicity, seriousness, and directness of the personality they reveal. There is no more vanity and make-believe in the book than there was in the man. Any touch of the elemental, of the veracity and singleness of the natural forces, gives value to a man's utterances, and Lincoln and Grant were undoubtedly the two most elemental men brought out by the war. The literary value of the Bible, doubtless, arises largely from its elemental character. The utterances of simple, unlettered men—farmers, sailors, soldiers—often have great force and impressiveness from the same cause; there are in them the virtue and seriousness of real things. One great danger of schools, colleges, libraries, is that they tend to kill or to overlay this elemental quality in a man—to make the poet speak from his culture instead of from his heart. "To speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and insouciance of the movement of animals and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in

the woods and grass by the roadside, is the flawless triumph of art," and who so likely to do this as the simple, unbookish man? Hence Sainte-Beuve says the peasant always has style.

In fiction the literary value resides in several different things, as the characterization, the action, the plot, and the style, sometimes more in one, sometimes more in another. In Scott, for instance, it is found in the characters and the action; the style is commonplace. In George Eliot the action, the dramatic power, is the weakest factor. In Mr. Howells we care very little for the people, but the art, the style, is a perpetual delight. In Hawthorne our pleasure, again, is more evenly distributed. In Poe the plot and the style interest us. In Dickens it is the character and the action. The novelist has many strings to his bow, and he can get along very well without style, but what can the poet, the historian, the essayist, the critic, do without style—that is, without that vital, intimate, personal relation between the man and his language which seems to be the secret of style? The true poet makes the words his own; he fills them with his own quality, though they be the common property of all. This is why language, in the hands of the born writer, is not the mere garment of thought, not even a perfectly adjusted and transparent garment, as a French writer puts it. It is a garment only as the body is the garment of the soul. This is why a writer with a style loses so much in a translation, while with the ordinary composer translation is little more than a change of garments.

I should say that the literary value of the modern French writers and critics resides more in their style than in anything else, while with the German it resides least in the style; in the English it resides in both thought and style. The French fall below the English in lyric poetry, because, while the Frenchman has more vanity, he has less egoism, and hence less power to make the universe speak through him. The solitude of the lyric is too much for his intensely social nature, while he excels in the light dramatic forms for this very reason. He has more power of intellectual metamorphosis.

III.

LITERATURE abounds in attempts to define literature. One of the most strenuous and thoroughgoing definitions I have seen has lately been published by one of our college

professors; it is a most determined attempt to corral the whole subject. "Nothing belongs to real literature," says the professor, "unless it consists of written words that constitute a carrying statement which makes sense, arranged rhythmically, euphoniously, and harmoniously, and so chosen as to connote an adequate number of ideas and things, the suggestion of which will call up in the reader sustained emotions which do not produce undue tension, and in which the element of pleasure predominates, on the whole, over that of pain. Practically," the writer goes on to say, "every word of this description should be kept in our minds, so that we may consciously apply it as a test to any piece of writing about the literary character of which we are in doubt."

Fancy a reader, in his quest for the real article, going about with this drag-net of a paragraph in his mind. Will the definition or description bear turning around upon itself? Is it a good sample of literary art? The exactness and literalness of science are seldom permissible in literature. That a definition of anything may have literary value it must possess a certain indirect and imaginative character, as when Carlyle defined poetry as the heroic of speech. Contrast with the above John Morley's definition of literature: "All the books—and they are not so many—where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form." This is much better literature, because the language is much more flexible and imaginative. It imparts more warmth to the mind; it is more suggestive, while as a literary touchstone it is just as available.

Good literature may be a much simpler thing than our teachers would lead us to believe. The prattle of a child may have rare literary value. The little Parisian girl who, when asked by a lady the price of the trinkets she offered for sale, replied, "Judge for yourself, madam; I have tasted no food since yesterday," expressed herself with consummate art. If she had said simply, "Whatever your ladyship pleases to give," her reply would have been graceful, but commonplace. By the personal turn which she gave it, she added almost a lyrical touch. When Thackeray changed the title of one of his novels from "Scenes from Town Life," or some such title, to "Vanity Fair," he achieved a stroke of art.

One trouble with all definitions of literature is that they proceed upon the theory that literature is a definite something that

may be determined by definite tests like gold or silver, whereas it is more like life or nature itself. It is not so much something as the visible manifestation of something; it assumes infinite forms, and is of infinite degrees of potency. There is great literature, and there is feeble and commonplace literature: a romance by Hawthorne and a novel by Haggard; a poem by Tennyson and a poem by Tupper; an essay by Emerson and an essay by Foster—all literature, all touching the emotions and the imagination with varying degrees of power, and yet separated by a gulf. There are no degrees of excellence in gold or silver, but there are all degrees of excellence in literature. How hard it is to tell what makes a true poem, a lasting poem! When one asks himself what it is, how many things arise, how hard to narrow the list down to a few things! Is it beauty? Then what is beauty? One meets with beautiful poems every day that he never thinks of or recurs to again. It is certain that without one thing there is no real poetry—genuine passion. The fire came down out of heaven and consumed Elisha's offering because Elisha was sincere. Plan and build your poem never so deftly, mankind will not permanently care for it unless it has genuine feeling. It must be impassioned.

The genus Literature includes many species, as novels, poems, essays, histories, etc., but our business with them all is about the same—they are books that we read for their own sake. We read the papers for the news, we read a work of science for the facts and the conclusions, but a work of literature is an end in and of itself. We read it for the pleasure and the stimulus it affords us apart from any other consideration. It exhibits such a play of mind and emotion upon the facts of life and nature as results in our own mental and spiritual enrichment and edification.

Another thing is true of the best literature: we cannot separate our pleasure and profit in the subject-matter from our pleasure and profit in the personality of the writer. We do not know whether it is Hawthorne himself that we most delight in, or his style and the characters and the action of his romance. One thing is quite certain: where there is no distinct personal flavor to the page, no stamp of a new individual force, we soon tire of it. The savor of every true literary production comes from the man himself. Hence, without attempting a formal definition of literature, one may say that the literary quality seems to arise from a certain vital relation of the

writer with the subject-matter. It is *his* subject; it blends with the very texture of his mind; his relation to it is primary and personal, not secondary and mechanical. The secret is not in any prescribed arrangement of the words: it is in the quality of mind or spirit that warms the words and shines through them. A good book, says Milton, is the precious life-blood of a master spirit. Unless there is blood in it, unless the vital currents of a rare spirit flow through it and vivify it, it has not the gift of life.

In all good literature we have a sense of touching something alive and real. The writer uses words not as tools or appliances; they are more like his hand or his eye or his ear—the living, palpable body of his thought, the incarnation of his spirit.

The true writer always establishes intimate and personal relations with his reader. He comes forth, he is not concealed; he is immanent in his words, we feel him, our spirits touch his spirit.

If a writer have not a distinct quality and flavor of his own, he can make no contribution to literature. He may write faultless English; that will not save him. He must write vital English; his sentences must bud and sprout out of himself, as the plants and trees out of the soil.

A successful utterance always has value, always has truth, though in its purely intellectual aspects it may not correspond with the truth as we see it. I cannot accept all of Ruskin's views upon our civilization or all of Tolsto's upon art, yet I see that they speak the truth as it defines itself to their minds and feelings. A counter-statement may be equally true. The struggle for existence goes on in the ideal world as well as in the real. The strongest mind, the fittest statement, survives for the time being. That a system of philosophy or religion perishes or is laid aside is not because it is not or was not true, but because it is not true to the new minds and under the new conditions. It no longer expresses what the world thinks and feels. It is outgrown. Was not Calvinism true to our fathers? It is no longer true to us, because we were born at a later day in the world. With regard to truths of science, we may say, once a truth always a truth, because the world of fact and of things is always under the same law, but the truth of sentiments and emotions changes with changing minds and hearts. The tree of life, unlike all other trees, bears different fruit to each generation. What our fathers found nourishing and satisfying in religion,

in art, in philosophy, we find tasteless and stale. Every gospel has its day. The moral and intellectual horizon of the race is perpetually changing.

IV.

In our modern democratic communities the moral sense is no doubt higher than it was in the earlier ages, while the artistic or esthetic sense is lower. In the Athenian the artistic sense was far above the moral; in the Puritan the reverse was the case. The Latin races seem to have a greater genius for art than the Teutonic, while the latter excel in virtue. In this country, good taste exists in streaks and spots, or sporadically here and there. There does not seem to be enough to go around, or the supply is intermittent. One writer has it and another has it not, or one has it to-day and not to-morrow; one moment he writes with grace and simplicity, the next he falls into crudenesses or affectations. There is not enough leaven to leaven the whole lump. Some of our most eminent literary men, like Lowell and Dr. Holmes, are guilty of occasional lapses from good taste, and probably in the work of none of them do we see the thorough ripening and mellowing of taste that mark the productions of the older and more centralized European communities. One of our college presidents, writing upon a serious ethical subject, allows himself such rhetoric as this: "Experiment and inference are the hook and line by which Science fishes the dry formulas out of the fluid fact. Art, on the other hand, undertakes to stock the stream with choice specimens of her own breeding and selection." We can hardly say of such metaphors what Sainte-Beuve said of Montaigne's, namely, that they are of the kind that are never "detached from the thought," but that they "seize it in its very center, in its interior, and join and bind it."

V.

THE keener appreciation in Europe of literature as a fine art is no doubt the main reason why Poe is looked upon over there as our most noteworthy poet. Poe certainly had a more consummate art than any other American singer, and his productions are more completely the outcome of that art. They are literary feats. "The Raven" was as deliberately planned and wrought out as is any piece of mechanism. Its inspiration is verbal and technical. "The truest poetry is most feigning," says *Touchstone*, and this is mainly the conception of poetry that pre-

vails in European literary circles. Poe's poetry is artistic feigning, like good acting. It is to that extent disinterested. He does not speak for himself, but for the artistic spirit. He has never been popular in this country, for the reason that art, as such, is far less appreciated here than abroad. The stress of life here is upon the moral and intellectual elements much more than upon the esthetic. We demand a message of the poet, or that he shall teach us how to live. Poe had no message but that of art; he made no contribution to our stock of moral ideas; he made no appeal to the conscience or manhood of the race; he did not touch the great common workaday mind of our people. He is more akin to the Latin than to the Anglo-Saxon. Hence his deepest impression seems to have been made upon the French mind.

In all our New England poets the voice of humanity, of patriotism, of religious ideas, of strenuous moral purpose, speaks. Art is subordinated to various human passions and emotions. In Poe alone are these emotions subordinated to art. In Poe alone is the effort mainly a verbal and technical one. In him alone is the man lost in the artist. It is impossible not to feel this kind of mastery in him. No other American poet approaches him in this respect, in that unfettered creative technical power. In ease, in splendor, in audacity, he is like a bird. One may understand and admire him and not be touched by him. To be moved to anything but admiration is foreign to pure art. Would one make meat and drink of it? Our reading is selfish, we seek our own, we are drawn to the book that is going our way. Can we appreciate beyond our own personal tastes and needs? Can we see the excellence of the impersonal and the disinterested? We want to be touched in some personal and intimate way; but art touches us in a general and impersonal way. No one could take to himself Shakspeare, or Milton's "Thyrsis," or Keats's odes as directed especially to his own personal wants and aspirations. We forget ourselves in reading these things, and share for the time the sentiment of pure art, which lives in the universal. How crude the art of Whittier compared with that of Poe, and yet Whittier has touched and moved his countrymen, and Poe has not. There is much more of the substance of character, of patriotism, of strenuous New England life, in the one than in the other. "Snow-Bound" is a metrical transcript from experience; not a creation of the imagination, but a touched-

up copy from the memory. We cannot say this of "The Bells" or "The Raven," or of the work of Milton or Keats or Tennyson. Whittier sings what he feels; it all has a root in his own experience. The great poet feigns the emotion and makes it real to us.

We complain of much current verse that it has no feeling. The trouble is not that the poets feign, but that the feigning is feeble; it begets no emotion in us. It simulates, but does not stimulate.

It is not Wordsworth's art that makes him great; it is his profound poetic emotion when in the presence of simple, common things. Tennyson's art, or Swinburne's art, is much finer, but the poetic emotion back of it is less profound and elemental.

Emerson's art is crude, but the stress of his poetic emotion is great; the song is burdened with profound meanings to our moral and spiritual nature. Poe has no such burden; there is not one crumb of the bread of life in him, but there is plenty of the elixir of the imagination.

This passion for art, so characteristic of the Old World, is seen in its full force in such a writer as Flaubert. Flaubert was a devotee of the doctrine of art for art's sake. He cared nothing for mere authors, but only for "writers"; the work must be the conscious and deliberate product of the author's literary and inventive powers, and in no way involve his character, temperament, or personality. The more it was written, the more it savored of deliberate plan and purpose,—in other words, the less it was the product of fate, race, or of anything local, individual, inevitable,—the more it pleased him. Art, and not nature, was his aspiration. And this view has more currency in Europe than in this country. In some extreme cases it becomes what one may fairly call the art disease. Baudelaire, for instance, as quoted by Tolstoi, expressed a preference for a painted woman's face over one showing its natural color, "and for metal trees and a theatrical imitation of water, rather than real trees and real water." Thus does an overweening passion for art degenerate into a love for the artificial for its own sake. In the cultivation of letters there seems always to be a danger that we will come to value things, not for their own sake, but for the literary effects that may be wrought out of them. The great artist, I take it, is primarily in love with life and things, and not with art. On these terms alone is his work fresh and stimulating and filled with good arterial blood.

VI.

TEACHING literature is like teaching religion. You can give only the dry bones of the matter in either case. But the dry bones of theology are not religion, and the dry bones of rhetoric are not literature. The flesh-and-blood reality is alone of value, and this cannot be taught, it must be felt and experienced.

The class in literature studies an author's sentence-structure and paragraphing, and doubtless could tell the author more about it than he knows himself. The probabilities are that he never thought a moment about his sentence-structure or his paragraphing. He has thought only of his subject-matter and how to express himself clearly and forcibly; the structure of his sentences takes care of itself. From every art certain rules and principles may be deduced, but the intelligent apprehension of those rules and principles no more leads to mastery in that art, or even helps to mastery in it, than a knowledge of the anatomy and the vital processes of the stomach helps a man to digest his dinner, or than the knowledge of the gunsmith helps make a good marksman. In other words, the science of any art is of little use to him who would practise that art. To be a fiddler you must fiddle and see others fiddle; to be a painter you must paint and study the paintings of others; to be a writer you must write and familiarize yourself with the works of the best authors. Studying an author from the outside by bringing the light of rhetoric to bear upon him is of little profit. We must get inside of him, and we can only get inside of him through sympathy and appreciation. There is only one way to teach literature, only one vital way, and that is by reading it. The laboratory way may give one the dry bones of the subject, but not the living thing itself. If the teacher, by his own living voice and an occasional word of comment, can bring out the soul of a work, he may help the student's appreciation of it, he may, in a measure, impart to him his own larger and more intelligent appreciation of it. And that is a true service.

Young men and young women actually go to college to take a course in Shakspeare or Chaucer or Dante or the Arthurian legends. The course becomes a mere knowledge course. My own first acquaintance with Milton was through an exercise in grammar. We parsed "Paradise Lost." Much of the current college study of Shakspeare is little

better than parsing him. The class falls upon the text like hens upon a bone in winter: no meaning of word or phrase escapes them, every line is literally picked to pieces; but of the poet himself, of that which makes him what he is, how much do they get? Very little, I fear. They have had an intellectual exercise and not an emotional experience. They have added to their knowledge, but have not taken a step in culture. To dig into the roots and origins of the great poets is like digging into the roots of an oak or a maple, the better to increase your appreciation of the beauty of the tree. There stands the tree in all its summer glory; will you really know it any better after you have laid bare every root and rootlet? There stand Homer, Dante, Chaucer, Shakspeare. Read them, give yourself to them, and master them if you are man enough. The poets are not to be analyzed, they are to be enjoyed; they are not to be studied, but to be loved; they are not for knowledge, but for culture—to enhance our appreciation of life and our mastery over its elements. All the mere facts about a poet's work are as chaff compared with the appreciation of one fine line or fine sentence. Why study a great poet at all after the manner of the dissecting-room? Why not rather seek to make the acquaintance of his living soul and to feel its power?

The mere study of words, too,—of their origins and history, or of the relation of your own language to some other,—how little that avails! As little as a knowledge of the making and tempering of a sword would help a man to be a good swordsman. What avails in literature is a quick and delicate sense of the life and individuality of words—a sense

Practised like a blind man's touch,

or like a musician's ear, so that the magic of the true style is at once seized and appreci-

ated. "Is there any taste in the white of an egg?" No more is there in much merely correct writing. There is the use of language as the vehicle of knowledge, and there is the use of it as an instrument of the imagination. In Wordsworth's line,

The last to parley with the setting sun;

in Whitman's sentence,

Oh, waves, I have fingered every shore with you;

in Emerson's description of an Indian-summer day, "the day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the wide, warm fields"—in these and such as these we see the imaginative use of words.

Most of the Homeric and Dantean and Shaksperian scholarship is the mere dust of time that has accumulated upon these names. In the course of years it will accumulate upon Tennyson, and then we shall have Tennysonian scholars and learned dissertations upon some insignificant detail of his work. Think of the Shaksperiana with which literature is burdened! It is mostly mere shop litter and dust. In certain moods I think one may be pardoned for feeling that Shakspeare is fast becoming a curse to the human race. Of mere talk about him, it seems, there is to be no end. He has been the host of more literary parasites probably than any other name in history. He is edited and reedited as if a cubit could be added to his stature by marginal notes and comments. On the contrary, the result is, for the most part, like a mere growth of underbrush that obscures the forest trees. The reader's attention is being constantly diverted from the main matter—he is being whipped in the face by insignificant twigs. Criticism may prune away what obscures a great author, but what shall we say when it obstructs the view of him by a multitude of unimportant questions?





A FRIEND OF THE FIELDS.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING TO JOHN BURROUGHS (BORN APRIL 3, 1837).

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

OLD neighbor of the fields, "Good day!"
"Good morrow!" too, upon the way.
Boon fellow of the forest folk,
Close confidant of reverend oak,
Oh, be it long till your "Good-by!"
To friendships of the earth and sky.

Stay with us yet a long, sweet while;
Go on with Life another mile:
Here is the Blue Jay with his brag,
And here your friend, the faithful Crag;
Here stays your sister the Bright Stream
To sing her dream into your dream.
Yes, all your old, firm friends abide
This side the silent Dark Divide—
All the meek things that love the ground,
And live their days without a sound;
All the shy tenantry that fill
The holes and shelters of the hill;
And all the bright quick things that fly
Under the cavern of the sky.

You find the friendships of the glen
More constant than the oaths of men.
Yet bear another while with towns,
The push of crowds, the praise of clowns:
Stay yet a little longer—stay
To tell us what the blackbirds say;
To hear the cricket wind his horn,
And call back summer to the corn;
To watch the dauntless butterfly
Sail the green field, her nether sky;
To hear, when mountain darkness falls,
The owl's word in his windy halls.

Stay yet a little longer here
To bind the yellow of the year;
To hoard the beauty of the rose;
To spread the gossip of the crows;
To watch the wild geese shake the sedge,
And split the sky with moving wedge;
To eavesdrop at the muskrat's door
For bulletins of weather lore;

To tell us by what craft the bees
Heap honey in communal trees,
And by what sure theodolite
They gage the angles of their flight.

Still preach to us uncheerful men
The sunny gospel of the wren;
And tell us for another while
Of Earth's serene, sustaining smile.
Bear with us till you must be gone
To speak with White and Audubon.

THE SONG OF THE TOAD.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

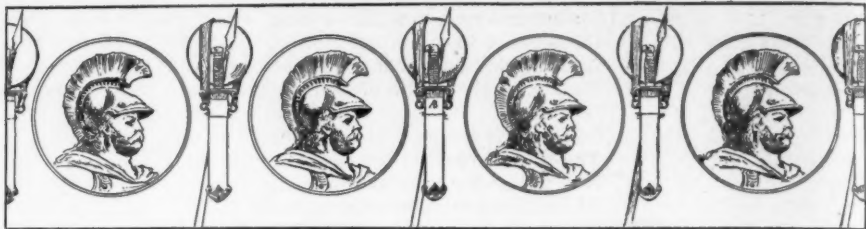
HAVE you heard the blinking toad
Sing his solo by the river
When April nights are soft and warm,
And spring is all a-quiver?
If there are jewels in his head,
His wits they often muddle,
For his mate will lay her eggs
Into a drying puddle.

The jewel 's in his throat, I ween,
And song in ample measure,
For he can make the welkin ring,
And do it at his leisure.
At ease he sits upon the pool,
And, void of fuss or trouble,
Makes vesper music fit for kings
From out an empty bubble:

A long-drawn-out and tolling cry,
That drifts above the chorus
Of shriller voices from the marsh
That April nights send o'er us;
A tender monotone of song
With vernal longings blending,
That rises from the ponds and pools,
And seems at times unending;

A linkèd chain of bubbling notes,
When birds have ceased their calling,
That lulls the ear with soothing sound
Like voice of water falling.
It is the knell of winter dead;
Good-by, his icy fetter.
Blessings on thy warty head:
No bird could do it better.





THE SEAMY SIDE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND,
Late Acting-Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A.

THE reveille was sounded by a cavalry bugler across the lightening parade-ground. Before the full, clear notes had struck the mountain-side and wavered back in mellow overtones, the call was caught by a sleepy infantry bugler and thrown quivering out again. Then the artillery musicians took up the hated strains in different keys, and the silvery discord reached the outposts, who sent it back in distant, tremulous tones.

The red sun looked over the shoulder of an eastern hill, brought its slanting beams to bear upon the misty valley, and the steaming, tropical day had broken.

In the convent across the parade-ground, the doctor woke from humid unconsciousness, stared sleepily at a lizard overhead, and turned on his cane-bottomed bed to avoid the glare of sunlight that came pouring through the myriad shell window-panes. An artillery-mule brayed noisily for his breakfast, and a chorus of neighs came from the troop-horses.

The major's orderly clattered along the teak flooring of the corridor and knocked sharply at the doctor's door.

"The major's compliments, and there will be an advance of two companies at eight o'clock. Will the doctor have a detail ready to go with them?"

"Very well."

The messenger saluted and clattered off, waking the sick in the adjacent wards. The doctor groaned, and climbed stiffly out from under his mosquito-netting. The osier of water he poured over his head somewhat revived him. Before creeping into his clammy clothes he bandaged his legs from the ankle up, for the fertilizer in fields about a native town is not good for open sores. As he fin-

ished dressing, "sick-call" sounded from the gates. Half the garrison responded, and, gaunt and hollow-eyed, came trooping in. The other half were not on sick-report, but should have been. The doctor walked through the waking wards, and the patients watched him apathetically from their hard little cots. Most of them were the color of their khakis. Those that were not had no color at all.

"B Company—Adams. What's the matter, Adams?"

"Fever, sir."

"How often do you have your chill?"

"Every day, sir. It's coming on now."

The man's lips were blue and retracted over his teeth.

"All right. Three of these every four hours. Can't put you on sick-report, Adams. Got no one for guard-duty now."

"Very good, sir." The man shambled off to relieve the prison guard: that meant four hours in the sun, with two hundred rounds swinging from his stomachless waist.

"Billings. Dysentery, eh? Yes, I remember; had it four months now? Think you can manage to get about? I've got no more cots in the hospital. Sergeant, mark Billings sick in quarters, and take this can of soup and see that he gets nothing else. When you run out, report to the hospital steward."

"Brooks. Dhobie itch—nonsense, man; we've all got that. Can't walk? You'll have to, Brooks; your company's going on a hike this morning. Come, none of that; get along with you. Steward, give him some chrysarobin ointment, two per cent."

"D Company—e-e-e—Atkins. Yes, I see; got an abscess on your leg—bamboo thorn—yes. Steward, got a clean knife? Can't put you on sick-report, Atkins; your company's going

out. Keep that thing as clean as you can. Steward, send that man that's just fainted up to the ward. If you have n't got any more cots, let him spread his blanket on the floor."

Forty men were treated in an hour and a half. Not one but would have been a bed-patient in a city hospital, and the doctor knew it; but Filipinos can't be expected to commit suicide, so thirty went to duty, and ten were marked sick in quarters. Then the doctor got his breakfast, had his chill, and made things ready for the advance.

Promptly at eight o'clock the assembly sounded, and the men fell in with a pitiful attempt at snap and spirit. Forming for a "hike" was different from lounging through guard-mount, and a different interpretation was apt to be put upon a truly involuntary lassitude. They were watched indolently but critically from the shade of the nipa huts where the other companies were quartered. Filipinos squatting on their heels in the shade of the huts looked on with gloomy indifference, while the naked brown babies, who had many friends in the forming ranks, ran beside and pattered joyously to the men who were ordered out to kill their fathers. The colonel, a lean old hound who had an absolute immunity from fear, fever, and fatigue, surveyed them sadly.

"Sloppy-looking crowd, chuck-full of fever—and sand. Hardly hold their rifles. When we came out here I had a thousand sharpshooters and a thousand crapshooters. Look at 'em now. That's what comes of camping in a fever-hole like this. H'm, very well, captain; get the company in motion."

"Shoulder—h' arms! Right forward—fours right—march!"

The column swung down the dusty road; a feeble cheer came from the nipa huts; some of the men grinned, but most of them were too intent on keeping pace with the others.

Four miles down the road they struck across the rice-paddies and forded a shallow stream from the banks of which came a few ineffectual shots that ceased at their approach; then they were ordered to deploy from the bamboos on the other side. Far across the fields to the right they saw some scattering puffs of bluish white. The bamboos behind them snapped and crackled noisily. By the roadside, five hundred yards in advance, they saw the other company waiting for them to get abreast. More than one of them, who cared little for the bullets, looked with dread upon the sun-scorched stretch of meadow they must cross, and wondered if

they had strength to reach the other side. The fight ahead was not an exhilarating danger. It was hot, heartbreaking work, with perhaps a painful wound in payment. Some of them looked wistfully at the cool shade of the bamboos, and wondered what they would not be willing to give to be able to throw off their heavy accoutrements and stretch out at full length for as long as they wished. Three men had dropped out, one from heat and two from general exhaustion. Another fell, but his reputation could not stand it; and at the jeers of the men about him and a cutting remark from his captain, he scrambled to his feet and tagged along behind.

They neared the outer trench, and occasionally could see dark objects along its edge. Behind, a splendid creature in white and glitter was walking back and forth. They lost sight of him after the first volley, but later found his finery in an abandoned hut.

"Compan-e-e-e halt! Ta-ta!" sang the bugle. The men dropped in their tracks. A scattering fire came from the extreme right. In front of the doctor a tall stalk of meadow-grass swayed slightly and fell. There was not a breath of air.

Thug! Ugh! A man at the other end of the line doubled sideways like an alligator.

A call came for the doctor. He got up and started down the line. He went quickly, and not altogether from professional zeal or motives of humanity. For ten minutes they waited, while the sun blazed down upon them, struck the steaming ground, and radiated back, stinging their nostrils as they breathed. Little shivers ran up and down their backs—not the kind that come in a military drama when the orchestra plays the national hymn, but the kind one has when one gets into a very hot bath. Several of the men fell asleep. These were the country boys from Hoosier towns who were used to getting up at five to milk, eating on the stroke of the clock, and going to bed at eight sharp. Up to this time their greatest irregularity had been the annual circus or a semiannual country ball. The townies, hollow-eyed but cheerful, made profane remarks and discussed their favorite saloon. The old grim-visaged veterans, who paraded with service stripes from the wrist to the elbow and who had baked and fried before on alkali plains, chewed placidly and held their peace, with a vigilant gray eye peering from beneath a bushy brow, while the keen-edged weapons of sun and fever and discomfort were blunted on their leathery hides.

A spatter of firing from the left, and the air was cleft by queer, uncanny sounds. They heard a patter of feet in the road and saw the other company streaming toward the trench.

"Ta-ta! Rise up!" sang the bugle. They rose up, some eagerly, some wearily, some sleepily, all willingly.

"Up with you, boys! Get at 'em! Run 'em out! Give 'em hell!" "Hell" is a good word in connection with anything military. It is not profane; indeed, the only trouble is that it is too mild. The Krag began to answer the Mausers and Remingtons. A yell went up, and the enemy began to leave their trenches. Many, however, stayed. Some of the Americans stopped before they reached the trench, but none went back. The doctor was well in the lead, because it was safer there. The men in khaki overran the trench, and fought their way raggedly into the town, where they found many peaceful "amigos" in their peasant costumes, most of whom were smoking quietly. All were dripping with perspiration, however, and one or two showed red blotches through their linen clothes. Along the shore, numerous outrigger canoes were paddling vigorously across the river's mouth. The presidente hastened to the "K. O."¹ to assure him of his enduring sympathy with the American cause and to deplore the resistance offered by many quarrelsome citizens over whom he had no control. There was fresh earth on the front of his tunic, a black smudge across his right cheek, and a large tear in the crown of his new straw hat. Everybody was resting but the doctor and his satellites. A boy fresh from college and wearing a red cross upon his sleeve was directing some Chinese coolies in carrying the wounded to a near-by hut. The doctor made his way to a captain.

"Got any prisoners, Miller?"

"No. Why?"

"I want some one to carry some of these shot people back. I've got a couple of nasty compound fractures. Our boys are played out. Why can't I impress some of these scoundrels?"

"I won't do. They're peaceful citizens." The captain grinned. "Ask the major."

The doctor asked the major.

"Yes, take the whole outfit if you want. If they kick, bat 'em over the head with your gun. Orderly!" A country boy of seventeen saluted. "Give Captain Miller my compliments, and tell him to detail a dozen men for the doctor to escort the wounded back to camp."

¹ Military slang for commanding officer.

There were violent protests on the part of the natives, but the old Hibernian corporal in charge of the escort gave one of them an argument that floored him. After that there was no more hesitation. A native dreads a blow from a white man's fist. It is an unknown quantity. Extra stretchers were quickly constructed from bamboos and palm thatch lashed together with tough grass twine. The little procession moved off down the road. Later the rest of the company would abandon the town and the Filipinos would reënter it; but such is war.

As they were about to start, a couple of soldiers came from the town, carrying a wounded native. He had shot one of them through the forearm, but that did not signify: fighting is an open game.

Half-way back a man sat up suddenly on his stretcher, gasped a woman's name—and died. It did not matter much. He had had dysentery for five months, and it is better to die of bullet than of bowel trouble.

Another man began to bleed from the armpit, and the compress would not control the hemorrhage. The doctor noticed it, and called a halt.

"Corporal, leave me an intelligent man with plenty of nerve, and go on. I've got to fix this fellow."

"Very good, sir. Johnston's a college graduate. Johnston, fall out and stay with the docthor. Won't ye have some wan to watch the nagurs, sir?"

"Yes; you might leave me another man." He was stripping off the soldier's shirt. The axillary artery bleeds fast.

"Rooney, fall out! Forward, march! Good luck, docthor!"

"Johnston, I want you to give this man some chloroform. Do you know how?"

"I never tried it, sir, but I think I can."

"All right." He opened his field-case and took out the necessary tools.

The doctor had never seen the subclavian tied, but he "cut through all the Latin names" until he struck the artery and passed a ligature around it. Twice the man got too much chloroform, and once or twice he did not get enough; but the bleeding stopped, and, strange to say, both wounds afterward healed.

It was four o'clock before they reached camp, and dark before the wounded could be left for the night. When they were left it was with plenty of operating in sight for the following day.

The hospital, already crowded, was filled to overflowing. Then the hospital rations

ran low, and the doctor was beginning to cast covetous eyes upon the rotund bodies of the caribao. The following morning, however, as he looked seaward in search of the delinquent steamer, he received a shock. In the offing lay a bulky, gleaming vessel that seemed to tower upward in story after story of shining deck-houses. She had a big white funnel with a black rim around the top, and from her foretopmast truck fluttered a small white flag with a scarlet cross. A launch had just left her, and the doctor could see it mount and disappear behind the swelling rollers that boomed over the beach.

The orderly of the day before sent sharp echoes along the vaulted corridor.

"Come in!"

"The major's compliments, and he would like to see you, sir."

The doctor slipped into his blouse and hurried over to headquarters. He found the major sitting at a rosewood table in his shirt-sleeves, poring over a dirty map and puffing at a cheroot a foot long. He looked up, and blew the ashes off the map.

"Doctor, the hospital-ship arrived early in the morning, and brings us orders to abandon this place, and send all of our sick and wounded aboard. Will you arrange to move them as soon as possible?"

"How, sir?"

"The best way you can. The artillery and cavalry will be out of here by noon. They claim that we're not strong enough to hold the place."

"Good Lord! we took it. I guess we can hold it."

"Orders are orders. You can get bull-carts enough."

"Bull-carts, major, for compound fractures! And just at the end of the rainy season, too. You know what the roads are."

"Well, how *could* you move them comfortably?"

"Balloons are the only things I can think of. They seem to think we can handle dysenteries and rheumatisms like canned goods. And as for gunshot fractures—pshaw! it makes me sick."

"Well, doctor, it's got to be managed somehow. Can't leave the sick, and we've got to go."

"They're all sick—the whole battalion."

"Including the doctor. You'd better get a relief from the ship. Had any fever—"

"103 for the last five days. Well—how soon must I get 'em out?"

"As soon as you can—by to-morrow night, anyway."

"I'll want a big detail to handle hospital stuff."

"The adjutant'll give you all you want."

Men were despatched to secure all the available bull-carts; others who could hardly carry themselves carried heavy hospital stores. The surgical cases were forced to go undressed. At noon the artillery and cavalry left with much clatter and jangle. Toward dusk the outposts sighted a large party of natives crossing the road half a mile away. In the hospital the patients' rifles and belts were laid beside their cots. The guard was doubled. Some slept at their posts from sheer weakness and fatigue, but there were no drumhead court martials in consequence.

As soon as it grew light enough, the work of moving the patients began. Temporary splints of bamboo were applied over the ordinary dressings in the fracture cases. The sick helped the crippled to move, and the crippled were moved without a murmur. A long sergeant, with a face like a mummy and limbs that rattled when they struck together, dropped a photograph from his bursting blanket bag. A mate beside him picked it up and looked at it curiously.

"Who's that good-lookin' feller, Jack?"

"Me."

"You! fer heaven's sake!"

That was all, but he helped him more gently into the cart, and carefully pillowed his head on his folded blanket. The sick were loaded, four to a cart, and the five-mile trip began. The ship's boats could not land upon the beach near the camp, as the surf was too high, so they had to go around to the river's mouth. Bull-carts are not adapted to ambulance use. The box is small and square, and set solidly on a heavy axle. The wheels are the transverse sections of a tree. Springs are unknown. At the end of the rainy season a Filipino road resembles a flight of steps laid flatwise. To travel one even in a springy volante is like riding a lame camel. Most of the way the road led across scorching meadows, where the dust of the first bull-carts and the armed escort hid the sufferings of those that came behind. Some wilted into the bottom of the carts in huddled heaps, their heads thumping against the side with every jolt. Others hung halfway out, their arms swinging grotesquely, and the burning rays blazing into their half-closed eyes. Their canteens were soon dry, and their tongues got caked and hard. Several of the wounded began to bleed, and that attracted the flies. When they presently reached a palm grove, the doctor stopped the

procession and sent some of the natives up after the green nuts. One green cocoanut will furnish a deep drink to three thirsty men, and the milk is deliciously flavored. Those are the things that men remember; they seem to forget the agony of thirst.

Half-way to the boat they got a few stray shots from a hillside five hundred yards away. One of the bullets went through a wounded private's hand. Just before they reached the landing, there was a wide, shallow creek to cross. Over it a bridge was built of hamboos and thatch. The supports were stout pieces of bamboo firmly planted in the mud, and supporting stringers of the same material, that were lashed in place with strong, flat withes of bark. The flooring, also of bamboo, was thickly covered with thatch, that choked the interstices so that the foot of a draft-animal could not slip through. A bridge like this is strong, but not firm. The first cart went a little too near the edge, as the overhanging thatch concealed the margin of the string-piece. This threw all of the weight upon the latter, which buckled gently down, sliding bull, cart, and passengers quietly into the ooze. It was not a long fall, and the landing was soft; but, once in the grateful wetness, the caribao refused to budge. The cart had fallen on its side, and the patients were thrown roughly into the water; but fortunately they were fever patients, not wounded, so the mishap mattered little as mishaps go.

It was dusk when they reached the river-bank, where they found a small white launch with a large green stripe upon her side. She had in tow four big boats, into which the patients were promptly packed. The doctor went out with the last boat, to hear the latest six-weeks-old news, and to get a cold drink. Pale-faced, unshaven men in pajamas leaned lazily on the rail and watched the wounded as they came aboard. A hospital steward, with a pencil and paper,

tallied the latter like pieces of cargo. But they did not care, for they caught a glimpse of clean, cool wards, fresh, snowy linen, and behind a curtain a porcelain bath-tub. They saw an ice-cooler with round frozen beads of moisture, and over their heads a big electric fan was whirring with a cooling hum. One poor skeleton with dysentery thought of his brother, filled with fever, who was to stay ashore with his company, and the tears came. Most of the men thought more of their bunkies ashore than of their own good fortune.

Forward in the mess-room the doctor was sitting in the draft of the doors that opened on each side. His blouse was unbuttoned, and he had a drink six inches tall, composed of gin, lime-juice, sliced pineapple, sugar, seltzer, and ice. This sensuous combination is known as a "gin bath." The doctor thought he would like to bathe in one every afternoon of his life. The mess-room Japs were spreading clean linen on the table; against the bulkhead a music-box was discoursing sweetly the latest popular airs. The doctor's eyes wandered dreamily up and down shelves filled with the newest publications, then rested on the iceberg floating in his "bath." He thought of his poor old major, and sighed deeply.

An orderly saluted in the doorway.

"One of the patients just come aboard very bad, sir. The nurse would like to have you see him."

"Which one?" asked the shore doctor, wearily.

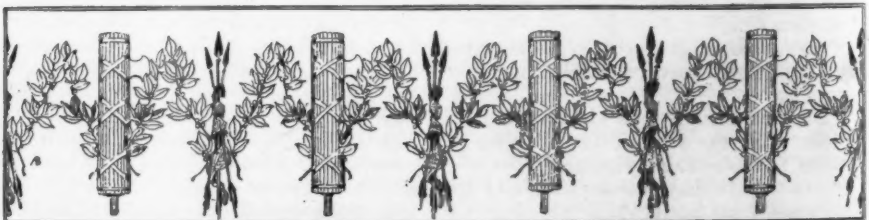
"The tall, thin sergeant, sir."

"Yes; he 'll die to-night. Too bad; just when he 's struck something to live for."

The corporal at the gangway came to the mess-room door.

"Launch 's going ashore, sir."

"All right. Good-by, you fellows! Thanks for the magazines. Good night!" And the doctor returned to the glories of war.



DISCIPLINING THE R. & O.

BY WILLIS GIBSON.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER.

THE affair at Hanley Junction is a touchy subject with President Dixon of the R. & O. Railroad. It is also a touchy subject with the '99 Enderlin foot-ball team. But the people who get speech with President Dixon are too busy for joking, and the '99 Enderlins are big men, so nobody bothers them much about it, either. They do say, though, that Enderlin graduates are black-listed from the R. & O. pay-roll, and that an Enderlin man will walk his feet to aches and blisters sooner than travel over the R. & O. And this is the way of it.

On the morning of Thursday, November 9, 1899, the Enderlin foot-ball squad—coaches, regulars, subs, and trainers, thirty in all—boarded the R. & O.'s Number Two for Riverton, where they were dated for a game with State "U," Friday, the 10th. Now, the R. & O. is not a fancy route to Riverton, it being necessary to quit the main line at Hanley Junction and thence follow the forty-mile Riverton Branch to its terminus. The Gilt Edge is direct and two hours faster. But the Rooters' Club, a noisy, sportive crowd, was booked via the Gilt Edge, and as the "U" game was important, the team managers did n't favor intimacy with the Rooters.

Going down on Number Two the Enderlins were meek as divinity students, and sharp at 1:15 their special parlor-car was switched out at the Junction. Then things began to liven up. It was only a twelve-minute wait while Seventy-six, the branch passenger, loaded the baggage and hooked on to the parlor-car, but the Enderlins did n't waste a second of it. They went at the depot like Sioux warriors charging a prairie-schooner. They sacked the lunch-counter, wrote autographs on the virgin plaster, marked the opinion "No good" on the "Rules for Passengers," and tore from the walls of the women's waiting-room the oil-painting "Tumwater Cañon on the G. N." and the mammoth photograph of the "Tri-State Flier." They reversed the station sign and chalked "Bumtown" on the

back. They mounted Swensied, the agent, on a baggage-truck, and raced him up and down the platform until he was near fainting from fright and dizziness. They threw company coal at the town marshal, and, when he objected, hustled him to the jail and locked him in with his own keys. Lastly, they took a turn through the Main-street stores, and not a raider came away without some trophy, from a Gem Bakery chocolate-cake for Quarter-back Lamb, to Brown & Sons' Hiawatha cigar sign for Head-coach Butler. Butler was an alumnus of three schools, and knew how to enjoy these pranks.

The minute Seventy-six pulled out, Swensied sent Chicago a full account. Two hours later the Riverton agent wired Chicago that Seventy-six was in, with the parlor-car seedy as though it had been six months in immigrant service. Chicago did n't understand about college sports. Chicago could n't have been madder had drunken tramps or rioting strikers done the mischief. Jerry Knox, superintendent of the North Division, reached the Junction on Number Four at one o'clock Friday morning. Before breakfast he heard Swensied's story. Knox had spent the most of his college days raking clinkers out of engine grates and pushing turn-tables around, and was n't much of a joker. He proceeded, however, to adjust matters the best he knew how. The surviving depot decorations, the benches, and the coal-bin he removed to a distant hand-car shanty. The lunch-counter service he annulled temporarily. The women's section and the baggage-room he padlocked. Swensied he instructed to keep his mouth shut and office door bolted. Then he ordered the parlor-car returned to Chicago, and went east himself on Seven. Dropping off at Sixty-second street shops, he trudged to the weedy "bone-yard" siding, and, after some pondering, there selected, to bring the Enderlins home, baggage 1 and coach 4, two of the six passenger-service cars with which the R. & O. had commenced business in '58.

After these arrangements it certainly

looked as though the Enderlins' ride up would be dull, so far as the company was concerned. But many the railroad plan goes wrong in winter. Hours before sunrise Saturday, the day of the Enderlins' home-coming, a blizzard started west of the Mississippi, and when Number One got out to fight it at twelve o'clock, with two engines and a rotary ahead, sticky snow had coated the rails and choked the cuts for two hundred miles.

Number One was due at Hanley Junction at 8:30 P.M. to pick up the Enderlin cars, brought in from Riverton on Seventy-seven. But at four o'clock she was two hours late and losing, and Chicago sensed that the foot-ball men would have time enough around the Junction to tear down the depot and have fun with the agent, if they happened to take the notion. Knox wanted to order an engine from Cardigan and send the Enderlin train in extra. But the general super was sore at the blizzard, and said neither the depot nor Swensied nor the whole town, for that matter, was worth the coal. Later in the day Number One fooled away two hours more in a drifted gully near Freeport, and that put her four hours to the bad in all.

When Swensied first heard the storm news he felt sickish. When, after dinner, the bad "OS" reports¹ from Number One began scratching through the relay and tock-tocking off the sounder, he felt worse and yet worse. Eight inches, say, of light snow stood on the Western prairie; eight inches of snow and a wind to move it were always good to knock out the branch for a week. All afternoon Swensied prayed like an evangelist for that wind; but though the clouds gathered gray and threatening, they simply threatened. Toward supper-time he opened on the branch pony-wire, and asked Riverton if there was any rough weather thereabouts. Riverton answered promptly, got far enough to say there was a blizzard on; then the circuit broke somewhere, and Swensied went crazy rattled. He did n't know now whether to expect Seventy-seven and the Enderlins or not; but he never stopped praying for wind, and added, besides, spread rails and burned culverts and broken axles.

Seventy-seven was due in at 8:15; yet, when at that time Swensied strained his eyes along the straggly poles of the branch, he could n't sight her, and he began to hope that something had really laid her up. But as he turned from the clock a minute later, and

stared into the dusk, he saw a little pile of black smoke beside the farthest pole.

Tommy Garrity, Seventy-seven's engineer, anxious for supper and night's rest, brought his train to the platform as though he were drawing fast mail. By the time Swensied had looked to his door-locks, Seventy-seven had unloaded the foot-ball men and their trunks, and had moved to the upper yard, her day's work done.

When the Enderlins trampled over the threshold of the men's waiting-room, Swensied could see, without half trying, that they came in a right blue mood, and he whitened. They *were* a tough set, for looks, those Enderlins, six-footers every one, with faces bruised and scarred. Three agents in a hundred, perhaps, might have bluffed them; Swensied, however, was not of the three, and he knew it. So did the Enderlins. King, captain and right half, led his men to the ticket-window. With a fist-blow on the sill that set stamps and ink-wells dancing, and drove pinned time-tables swishing from the partition, he inquired: "How 's that train, Ole?"

Swensied, when not rattled, was an agent dignified and ambitious, and his rightful given name was also dignified and ambitious—Nordahl. When a man dubbed him "Ole" a flare-up was sure—usually. But to-night there was no flare in him; his one idea was to lead into the bad news gently.

"A snow-storm below Freeport, gentlemen," he began timidly, "is interfering—snow 's something you or I can't help, you know,"—smiling painfully,—"is interfering with our trains. Number One will be a trifle—"

"What 's that you say?" bellowed the captain. "Train late? How late?"

"She may make up," evaded Swensied; "we 're doing everything possible—"

"Oh, get to it!" broke in King. "How late 's the train?"

Thirty pairs of fierce eyes asked the answer. Swensied swallowed hard, braced himself, and blurted it out: "About—four hours."

For a while the collegers' talk was hot and ugly, and Swensied sweated under it; but at last Captain King turned away, and the others turned with him.

King strode across the waiting-room. Nearing the stove, he stretched his palms toward it, then stopped, puzzled, and laid a wary finger-tip on the cold metal.

"There 's no fire in this stove," he announced sorely.

"And no grub in the café," declared a

¹ In telegraphic parlance "OS" signifies "All offices take notice." It is repeated before the report of the departure of a train from a station.—EDITOR.

voice — Quarter-back Lamb's — from the lunch-counter alcove.

"And the benches are gone," continued Right-guard Leonard.

"And all the pretty maps and pictures," added Center-rush Cook, with a wistful lift of the eyes.

A moment of silence and surprise followed; then King spoke up: "This 'll have to be investigated." With a single bound he was at the ticket-window again.

"What 's the reason there 's no heat here, and no lunch?" he demanded.

As Swensied squirmed and groped for answer, King spied the office-stove, which, primed with a few pine sticks, was glowing a pleasant red about its middle.

"Have you got a fire in there?" King inquired viciously.

"A little one," gulped the agent.

"Open your door, then, and let us in," commanded the captain.

"My orders—" stammered Swensied.

"Open that door!"

"Better open," purred Cook over the captain's shoulder, with a careless lean on the partition that made it bulge inward like a bellying sail. Swensied opened. The rush that followed for places by the fire was like a free-lot scramble in the Territory. King drew the safe, Cook the coal-scuttle, Manager Henry the copying-press, Lamb and Butler the sill of the ticket-window, the rest choice floor-space. Swensied, swept under the table with the onslaught, was fished out and set by his instruments, with Deering, an ex-operator, to oversee him.

King opened the talk:

"The R. & O. people are certainly reaching for our scalps to-night," said he. "It's too bad we can't get back at them somehow."

"Yes," agreed Cook; "the road does need disciplining."

"Why not do it to-night?" suggested Henry.

"Do what to-night?" queried King.

"Discipline the R. & O.—some of the officials, that is."

"Not bad," assented Cook, thoughtfully.

"Any of the Moguls live around here, Ole?" This to the agent.

"No," replied Swensied.

"Not even one? You're not thinking," reproached Cook. He reached up and caught Swensied's arm in a pinch tighter than a bulldog's.

"Mr. Dixon, the president of the road, is stopping with Colonel Long at Kenyon Farm," admitted Swensied.

"The president, eh?" cried Cook, warming. "Why, he 'll do nicely. How far is this Kenyon Farm?"

"Three miles east," answered Swensied, with a grin. "I would n't go out there, though, if I were you. The colonel 's a hot-tempered man, and careless with firearms. He 's got a regiment of servants and hired hands to help him, besides."

"We might try a little kidnapping act after Dixon goes to bed," put in Henry.

"But he 's not going to bed," objected Swensied, then stopped, scenting a blunder.

Cook plucked at the agent's arm once more. "Why is n't he?" he asked.

"'Cause he 's going east to-night on the same train with you fellows," groaned Swensied, defiantly. "But you won't have a chance to bother him,"—he was pert again now,—"Dixon won't come to the depot till train-time—keeps posted by telephone." He pointed to an instrument on the rear wall. "And on Number One you 'll have to keep quiet. The crew won't stand for anything else."

"You talked to Mr. Dixon over the phone this afternoon," hinted Cook, innocent-like.

"Yes; at one o'clock. He asked for news of the blizzard. I told him then about Number One."

Cook picked an R. & O. folder from the rack, and glanced down the main-line schedule. Swensied was trapped, yet he did n't see it.

"I don't see how you reported Number One four hours late before she had been on the line an hour," said Cook, lazily.

"I estimated," stammered Swensied.

"T won't go down," responded Cook.

"You simply told Dixon the train would be behind. Is n't that so?"

"Yes," reluctantly.

"It's nine already, half an hour after train-time. Dixon ought to ask for particulars soon, had n't he? Now, if he rings you in a few minutes, and you don't answer, he 'll likely amble over without particulars rather than miss his train, won't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, you won't answer the bell," concluded Cook, with decision.

At 9:05 the phone rang, and, as Cook had predicted, rang in vain. From that time on the Enderlins planned zealously. The pleasant glow faded from the stove and the depot chilled, but nobody cared; rich sport was in prospect.

At 9:30 carriage-wheels rumbled outside. The collegers shifted to the waiting-

room. The street door swung back, and a smallish man with bushy gray hair and a black slouch stepped in. The Enderlins were looking for corpulence and a silk hat; nobody paid the smallish man heed. The newcomer stared,—until that moment he had completely forgotten the Enderlin squabble; a man in his position must forget much in three days,—then he moved briskly for the platform door. Thus John Dixon, President of the R. & O., sauntered in and would have sauntered out again had not Swensied, in a voice shaky with reverence, greeted him:

"Good evening, Mr. Dixon."

In an instant every door and window owned a sentry. Dixon halted, and cast a quick look at Swensied—a look with venom in it. Swensied felt the sting next day.

It was only a second that Dixon regarded the agent; then he faced the Enderlins.

"Well, gentlemen?" he inquired. His tone was very cold. It was a tone that always wilted plotting directors and erring employees. But the Enderlins were not disturbed by it. King spoke first for them.

"You are President Dixon?" he asked.

Dixon scowled and nodded.

"These gentlemen, with myself," proceeded King, "make up the first foot-ball team of Enderlin College. You have perhaps heard mention of us. My name is King; I have the honor to serve as captain. Our team desires to place before you a business matter concerning your railroad, Mr. Dixon, if you will be good enough to listen. We have selected Mr. Frederick Cook, the young man directly on your left, to explain our case. I trust you will give his remarks careful attention."

King stepped back, and Cook advanced cordially. Dixon ran his eye over the sentries, and glowered red as an anarchist. It was galling business to be caught this way, especially as it had been he who had laughed loudest at Knox's scheme for punishing these athletes.

"First," began Cook, "let us put things as comfortable as possible. Deering, will you kindly bring that coal-scuttle for the president to sit on?" Deering was in with the scuttle in a jiffy. "I hate to offer you so poor a seat, sir," went on Cook, "but this waiting-room, for some reason, is not provided with benches or chairs. There was a chair in the agent's office, but it was n't a good one." Barrett and Tweed, wrestling for Swensied's chair, had rent it to bits. "Place the scuttle against the partition, will

you, Deering? Now, Mr. Dixon, if you please."

Dixon fidgeted. Aside from the indignity of being so bullied, the upturned scuttle did n't look comfortable. Yet he sat finally, and the Enderlins squatted on grips and suit-cases in a semicircle before him. Cook took a stand just outside the half-ring and fronting Dixon, and commenced his speech:

"As you are doubtless aware, Mr. Dixon, our team traveled by the R. & O. Thursday last from Chicago to Riverton. We have no fault whatever to find with the company's arrangements on that occasion.

"We started back from Riverton this afternoon, and, though I regret to say it, we are dissatisfied, much dissatisfied, with our return trip to date. Since the opening of the training season, September 1, our team has covered almost five thousand miles. We have used all sorts of rail routes, from four-track trunk-lines in New York to lumber roads in North Michigan. We have tried a good many things on the Lakes, from five-hundred-thousand-dollar Buffalo liners to fifty-foot Chicago harbor-tugs. We have junketed a bit on the Upper Ohio. And never, in all this traveling, have we suffered accommodations half so bad as those provided by the R. & O. Railway this evening."

Great applause of hands and feet from the collegers.

"We understand, sir, that your company is constantly striving for improvement in passenger service. I believe your folder makes reference to such a striving. Charley Henry, read that passage."

Henry opened an R. & O. folder, and read:

"The R. & O. Railway Company desires that its passenger service be high-class in every respect, and is, at all times, working to that end. Suggestions for betterment, or complaints regarding imperfections, are earnestly invited by the General Passenger Agent."

"Very good," resumed Cook. "Mr. President, we have in mind both suggestions and complaints. But letters are so colorless, so unconvincing. In this case it has seemed to us desirable that a representative of the company be on the ground to see for himself the abuses of which we complain. The general passenger agent being out of the question on such short notice, we turned elsewhere, and your depot agent here was thoughtful enough to suggest you. We at once realized that no man could be better fitted for this investigation than the system's

chief. Consequently, your arrival at this time is most opportune. And now that you are with us, we propose to afford you ample opportunity for personal observation of the annoyances which I will now outline."

More applause, through which Dixon sat red and sullen.

"We came down to Riverton depot at 5:30 this afternoon. At the platform, instead of the handsome parlor-car allotted us Thursday, there stood two curious coaches. They were of the kind you see at expositions, jealously roped in, and labeled with yellow newspaper clippings and dates that remind you of American history. One had sliding doors in its sides, the other a string of narrow slits much like cell windows. The agent told us the car with the doors was for baggage, and we let him put our stuff into it. The other one he said was for passengers, and we climbed aboard. Mr. Dixon, there was n't a stove or a lamp or a spring in that car. The seats were packed in close as shingles on a roof, and they were harder than adamant, with backs built just right to stab a man in mid-spine. And the baggage-car was the same thing without the seats.

"At 5:45 we got under way. You have heard tell of men who have fallen down the Rockies and lived; of men who, barreled up, have crossed the Whirlpool Rapids and lived: but I say, in all justice, the medals should go to the hardy sons of Enderlin who for forty miles rode and suffered in the R. & O.'s heirloom passenger-coach."

Loud applause.

"What with the five star-shaped wheels and the three ordinary square ones jolting over the rails like runaway boulders, the springless trucks battering against the floor like pile-drivers, and the loose couplings kicking like broncos, we were tossed around that coach like corns in a popper. We took more bumps from the sharp edges of that car than we have in all our season's playing. Twice, while the train was hill-climbing, we got off and ran alongside in a try for rest and warmth. And all this on empty stomachs; for, you must know, not a hotel or restaurant in Riverton would serve us dinner before six o'clock."

Dixon grinned a little at this, despite his wrath.

"And that baggage-car! Before we had been out of Riverton ten minutes there was n't a lock, nor hasp, nor strap left on our trunks. The motion shook the buttons off our flannels and cracked the starch from our dress-shirts. Brittle things like shaving-

mugs and mirrors—you could scarcely find the pieces. Light things,—collars, ties, and socks,—enough of that stuff blew out the doors to dress the farmers hereabouts for years. And we suspect the trainmen got their share, too, but we were too weak to search them.

"After such a trip, when we reached this station at 8:25, we were, as you may imagine, nearly done for. Yet our hearts were glad with visions of a brief stop in cozy waiting-rooms with cheery fires and steaming luncheon, then the express, and our Chicago hotel by midnight. And what greeted us, Mr. President?

"A depot cold as Siberia; a lunch-counter, the one place in town where food is attainable by night, barren as the Sahara; and an express four hours delayed." This last was old news to Dixon; he had heard Number One reported twice since his entry.

"You observe, of course, the low temperature around us, and the empty shelves in yonder alcove. But coming as you do from warm rooms and hearty dinner, you cannot appreciate these conditions to the full. You are chilled, perhaps, but not half frozen. You are surely not hungry.

"Your agent tells us you plan to go east on this Number One to-night. We are going to ask you, Mr. Dixon, to abandon that idea. We want you to look into the discomforts of Hanley Junction depot carefully and from a true standpoint. Therefore we think it best that you postpone your departure to the next east-bound train, which is due here, at what time, Henry?"

Henry consulted his folder, and announced, "Number Seven, Chicago local, 6:10 A.M."

"By 6:10, sir," continued Cook, "you should be tired, cold, and hungry—fit to appreciate things properly. We would gladly stay and assist in your investigation, were we not ticketed out of Chicago at 8:30 to-morrow morning on the way to another game.

"But before we leave, Mr. Dixon, we want to give you a little trip over the Riverton Branch on the old-time train about which I have said so much. If you will be so kind as to walk with us now, we will wake the branch engineer,—he lives but a short way up-track near the roundhouse, the agent says,—fire up the engine, and get started at once. This train being the only one on the branch, we interfere with nothing, run no risks, and we promise you, besides, the liveliest ride of your life."

And thus Cook's speech ended, amid a

thunder of cheers and yells, with Dixon the maddest man in three States.

Dixon did n't want to walk to the engineer's house, nor to the roundhouse, nor anywhere else, but he could n't well hang back, with six husky giants tugging at his coat-sleeves, and six more prodding him from behind; and so the whole party, save Swensied, who was voted harmless, marched for the cottage of Engineer Tommy Garrity.

The Enderlins knocked at Tommy's door close upon 10:30. After a space, Tommy, clad somewhat haphazard, and carrying a wrench big as a sledge-hammer, opened and asked their business. They told him. Tommy did n't sympathize with it. If Dixon had n't tipped him a wink, Tommy would certainly have started a row with that wrench. But Dixon did wink, and after that the branch engineer came along without further fuss. The Enderlins had neglected to take the fireman's address, and when they inquired of Tommy, he only swore; so they decided to do the firing themselves, which was a very poor decision, by the way.

The roundhouse, a simple one-stall shed of frame, was soon reached, and Tommy and his assistants went to work on engine 45. But the old 45 was not a quick steamer, and not until 11:30 did they get her over the turn-table and coupled to her train. And the only men who noted the hour were Dixon and Tommy Garrity.

The collegers figured that Dixon would feel the rough spots better if he had a car to himself, so they packed him in 4, the coach, and fastened the doors. They themselves camped on the tender, where 't was warmer and softer going, so they said. And very gleeful were they when Tommy yanked at his throttle; for the sport was rich, and the discipline running smooth as a June sunrise.

But Dixon, 'prisoned back in the passenger-coach, was weary of the frolic, and the moment the rusted wheels groaned with the start he sought to rid himself of it. By the time the train was clear of the yard he had pried the lock from the rear door with the poker, and stood viewing the landscape from the platform. But Tommy Garrity, trying to shake up the college boys, had taken on speed fast, and Dixon, deciding hours at the Junction wiser than months in hospital, did n't jump, as he had intended.

The Riverton Branch is a railroad of puny ties and worn siding-iron dumped into the hills west of Hanley Junction carelessly, with never a cut nor a fill, much as one might lay a matting strip over an uneven lawn.

The rolling begins right from the Junction yard, with a tough two-mile grade up Johnson's Hill. The train had scaled three quarters of a mile of this grade when Dixon thought of something different. Quick as a cat he was through the coach, past the other lock, and out on the forward platform, working at the couplings. There was play, as Cook had intimated, in the draw-heads, a foot at least: the platforms slipped wide agap one minute, shot tight together the next. A dozen times, as the buffers parted, Dixon snatched at the pin, and a dozen times missed crushed fingers narrowly. It was ticklish, too, balancing there on his hands and knees in the cold and darkness. More than once he lurched for the ditch, and saved himself by a circus catch at an icy hand-rail. But at last, when the train was a quarter-mile below the hill's summit, the space between the platforms yawned longer than usual, and narrowed slowly. Dixon got a fair hold on the pin, and lifted it clear. Engine 45 and baggage 1 forged up and over the summit, and dipped down the incline beyond. And no one aboard was the wiser for the break save Tommy Garrity. It's a poor dub of an engineman who does n't know when he's lost half his train, and Tommy was much better than a dub, and, besides, he was on a job destined to boost him to the main line within a week.

Dixon's car, the 4, slowed readily on her stiff bearings. Stopping a little below the hill's brow, she rocked undecided on her trucks awhile, then started grinding back for the Junction. The 4 was heavy if nothing else, and Dixon had n't touched a brake for twenty years; by the time it dawned on him that there was n't any chain on the front brake-staff, the 4 was sailing downhill full thirty miles an hour, on a beautiful beeline for the town hall. For a time Dixon thought he'd been foolish not to jump on the out trip, after all; but finally he got the rear wheels tied solid, and the 4 began to feel something dragging. Two minutes later she came scraping into the station curve, tame as a toy express-wagon.

In the meantime engine 45 and baggage 1 clattered merrily along, the college firemen—crafty Tommy had six of them in service—shoveling coal to the furnace with the haste of men feeding sand-bags to a bursting dam, the steam wasting the while from the safety-valve till it hung like a fog all around the cab. So running, the train had covered almost six miles, when King, crawling back through the baggage for a look in



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"MORE APPLAUSE, THROUGH WHICH DIXON SAT RED AND SULLEN."

at the president, found both the president and his special car had disappeared. King scrambled to the tender again, and told his facts in a hurry. The Enderlins ordered Tommy to stop and reverse; the president must be recaptured. And reverse Tommy did; but the return was tedious, for Tommy said 't would be a bad thing to hit that stray car in the dark.

Now, at the time of leaving the round-house there had n't been to exceed four buckets of coal in the tender, and four buckets don't count for much against six crazy firemen. Before the train had backed a mile the coal gave out. After the last shovelful the 45's steam tumbled fast as a broken parachute; yet she kept moving for two more miles. Then, midway on the west incline of Johnson's Hill, she suddenly weakened. Tommy locked the tender wheels with the air, and shoved in her throttle.

"What 's the matter?" clamored the collegers.

"Nothing 's the matter," replied Tommy, with scorn, "'cept that this engine 's dead. Did n't I know there was n't coal enough?

Sure I knew it; but I ain't managing your excursion."

Then there was turmoil in Tommy's vicinity, with Enderlins jabbering at him and Enderlins jostling him, and Tommy edging for the handiest shovel. But just here Cook became speculative about the time, and when he held his watch to the sleepy gage-lamp, he broke the turmoil up.

"Never mind that engineer, fellows," he cried loudly. "It 's five minutes to midnight. If we want that 12:30 train we 've got to run for it."

And that was the last Tommy Garrity saw of the Enderlin foot-ball team. Their dash up Johnson's Hill was like the charge of the Minnesotans at Gettysburg, their flight down the other side like the rout of the Federals at Bull Run field. Billy King ran as never had he for a touch-down. Charley Henry sprinted as never had he for field-day medal. Fat Oakes and stubby Burr, men supposedly heavy-footed, raced neck and neck with the leaders. But the pace was all too slow. Even as they gained the hilltop, a far-off steady rattle and roar grew upon the night.

Before they had crossed a half-mile of the down grade, a dancing yellow speck rushed out of the southwest, and behind it trailed a chain of little yellow squares. Of a sudden a pinkish cloud flouted at the fore; then, after a long time, a harsh whistle-shriek hurtled over the fields. The chain of yellow light came nearer and slower, drew up for a minute by the Junction switch-lamps, then moved on again. The little squares dulled and contracted, the rumble lessened and waned, and presently there was nothing left but two pin-points of crimson; then even they blinked out, and the night settled blacker than before. Far to the northward a blizzard moaned in the hills.

It was a quarter to one, and snowing lightly, when the Enderlins trudged past coach 4, standing dark and lonesome on the curve, and stumbled into the depot. The place was deserted and silent, save for the sounders pattering faintly within the locked telegraph-office, and the rush of a rising wind outside. But on the south wall a lamp burned smokily, and beneath it hung a paper sheet. On the sheet a note was scrawled:

Enderlin Foot-ball Team.

GENTLEMEN: An important Chicago engagement to-morrow afternoon prevents me from devoting any more time to your investigation at present, and I am accordingly about to leave here for the city mentioned on train One.

I am unable to make use of train Seven, due 6:10 A.M., as you requested, for the reason that said train is not operative to-morrow,—you will so notice by more careful examination of our timetables,—the day being Sunday.

I believe you also desire to reach Chicago Sun-

day morning, in time to connect with some early train. But by missing train One you have forfeited your connection, via our line at least, as there will be no other Chicago-bound train stopping at this station until 8:30 Sunday night. On this account I regret that train One cannot be held for your benefit, but owing to my ignorance of the intended duration of your stay on the branch, I do not feel that such a course would be consistent.

Should you still desire this connection upon your return, provided that be not too late, your best plan, in my opinion, will be to walk across country to Pratt station on the C. S. & C. There is a train leaving there for Chicago daily about 4 A.M. Pratt lies due east six miles. Follow the track past the roundhouse, then turn into the first wagon-road.

Referring again to this investigation, I have come to but one conclusion so far, viz., that Hanley Junction needs an agent smarter than the present man. Steps will be taken immediately to remedy this trouble. Should we make any further moves bearing on this matter, you will be advised.

Hoping my departure will not disappoint you too much, I remain,

Yours very truly,
JOHN DIXON.

King read the note aloud twice, then, without comment, buttoned close his ulster, picked up his grip, and stalked out into the storm. And behind, with never a word, filed his comrades.

As the Enderlins crunched up-track toward the roundhouse, a gale of swirling snow swept down the right of way to meet them—a snow that cut like dry sand, that blurred the yard switch-lamps, and hid the struggling men one from another. Overhead the storm-tuned telegraph wires dismally sang and sang.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.



DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.
HEAD OF MENELIK ON AN ABYSSINIAN COIN.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF MENELIK.

BY OSCAR T. CROSBY.

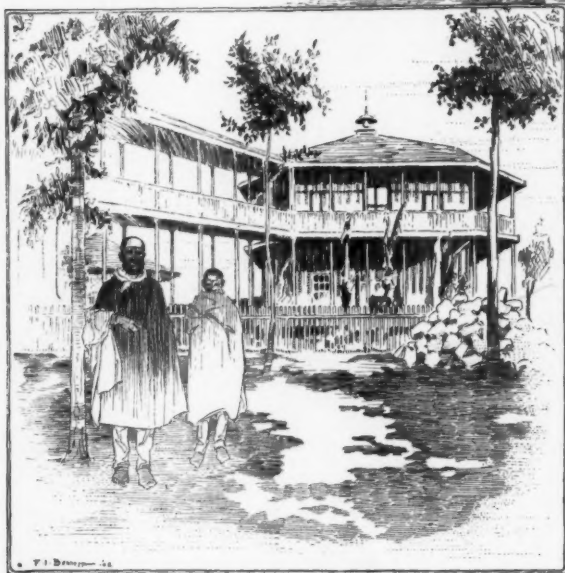
MENELIK II, scion of Solomon and Sheba, is matinal, even nocturnal. His work begins at 3 A.M. Such industry seemed altogether admirable until I learned that arrangements had been made for my reception at 9 A.M., and that meant getting a somewhat fever-stricken body into evening dress just after breakfast, then galloping through Addis Abeba, the mud-hut capital of Abyssinia, to the *gēbi*, or palace, there to be presented in due time and form before the Lion of the Tribe of Judah.

True, evening dress is not *de rigueur*, but Colonel Harrington, British diplomatic agent at the court of the King of Kings, prefers that the occasional traveler fortunate enough to be his guest should show respect to the monarch by wearing formal dress; and as for the incongruous hour, Menelik is happily ignorant of Mayfair convention.

After passing through several rabble-filled inclosures, our mounts were left with a Boy (when boy means man, I think it should be capitalized), and further progress to the royal presence was found to be easy enough. A few steps across an untidy court led to the front door of the *gēbi*, or to the adjacent open-ended throne-room. When I first saw Menelik he sat squat in the palace doorway, his hangers-on, whose titles would be more imposing than their appearance, standing or bowing about him. Their white cotton cloaks, slashed with a twelve-inch-broad red stripe, worn toga fashion, were effective, and had been clean. This graceful garb is inartistically supplemented as a covering by a pair of foolishly tight cotton drawers. But the king was clad in a black silk toga, his shoeless, black-hosed feet leaving an uneasy impression of unfinished toilet. There is

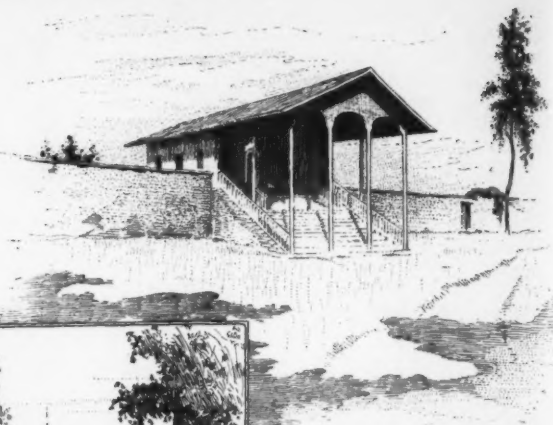
more dignity in bare feet than in stockings.

Looking past the doorway where sat the Presence, one saw a chamber which seemed to be quite unfurnished, unless a helter-skelter of Sèvres plate, surveying-instruments, books, and boxes may be called furniture. Probably my own humble offerings have gone to swell the pile



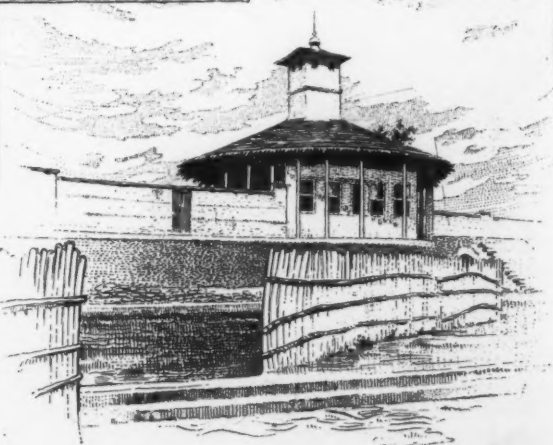
SIDE VIEW OF MENELIK'S PALACE.

raised by the gratitude of travelers and the intelligent cupidity of governments. In the throne-room were one or two good Oriental rugs, but the dais itself was covered by one of common, gaudy European make. The whole structure looked like a boat-house, or a starter's stand at the races. It is small and dingy. The entire group of royal buildings seems rusty and poor, though not to the Abyssinians, a people of some refinement, yet strangely ignorant of almost every mechanical art. Much more than the natives themselves can ac-



MENELIK'S THRONE-ROOM.

complish is represented by these buildings, for they are the work of East Indian carpenters under European direction. Far in the north of Abyssinia stands a great stone castle, now in ruins, relic of the time, more than three hundred years ago, when the secular seclusion of the country was broken by the wonderful Portuguese, who, in those days, found and ruled or ruined so many forgotten or unknown corners of the earth.



DRAWN BY F. I. BENNETT, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN L. BAIRD.

MENELIK'S SUPREME COURT.

Their desire to place the Abyssinian Church (which is of Tyrian or Egyptian origin) under the authority of Rome was doubtless a sincere prompting of religion. But the harquebus of the year of our Lord 1500 was not vastly superior to the barbaric bow and arrow, and we all know that a Mauser helps in the quick propagation of the gospel of the Prince of Peace. However that may be, the Portuguese were finally swept out on a tide

were released, and the big army marched down the mountain back to the sea. But it was not Abyssinia that had yielded so easily; it was only poor, forsaken Theodore, who promptly sought oblivion in suicide.

Then followed a time when the awakened energy of the Nile Delta sent Egyptian soldiers, led by a motley array of generals from the Old World and the New, to plant the crescent on the Red Sea's shores, and to seek



DRAWN BY E. HERING, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN L. BAIRD.
SOMALI SPEAR-THROWING CONTEST.

of blood; the door was shut against our world, and the Abyssinians returned to fighting and worshipping in their own untutored way.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, Bruce, a Scotch wanderer, pushed the door open just a little, and since that time it has never been entirely closed. It was a loud knock that the British gave in 1867, when they marched a big army to Magdala, from the Red Sea across a desert, up the plateau's side, and all because the half-mad Emperor Theodore had imprisoned a number of Europeans who were caught in Abyssinia about the time that an unanswered letter from Theodore to Victoria (the Foreign Office has its dead-letter department) had made the suspicious and vain barbarian ready to do murder to white strangers, as well as to his much-slaughtered native population. Not a man was lost by the invaders, the prisoners

sovereignty in the table-lands and deserts that had forgotten Egypt's name some thousands of years ago. Abyssinia felt the strife of Islam's contending powers, the Mahdi beating at the western doors, while Ismail's armies marched and fought on the northern and eastern borders. The fantastic-heroic figure of Gordon, worshipping Christ and fighting for Mohammed, was seen struggling across Abyssinia from the Sudan to the sea. In such days of turmoil came Menelik, son of Hoilo Milekat, King of Shoa, into a bloody inheritance. While Theodore fronted the British at Magdala, the young Menelik raised an army and claimed the crown of Shoa—of Shoa only, not of the empire. That honor went to John, or Ras Kassai, whose good offices toward the British were valued at a certain number of rifles and something of helpful "influence."

A confusion of wars follows, with John



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN L. BAIRD.

A GROUP OF ARISTOCRATS.

and Menelik in bloody competition for a crown, and Egyptians, Sudanese, and finally Italians, appearing in various episodes of slaughter. As early as 1878 John was forced to recognize Menelik as King of Shoa, and when, in 1889, the emperor fell in battle with the dervishes, his bastard son Ras Mangasha was unable to take away from Menelik's strong grasp the scepter of the Negus Nagasti.

Now it came to pass that young Italy had her dream of empire. A treaty made with Menelik was declared to mean that Italy *must* be Abyssinia's intermediary in dealing with any other European power. Menelik declared that in his native Amharic tongue he read only "may," not "must," and so they fell to blows. But no bloodless Magdala victory was now fated to

the white man, for Menelik had gathered in his sole hand the whole power of Abyssinia. In one dreadful day it was exploded against sixteen thousand men of Italy's best battalions, and with such terrible effect that March 1, 1896, records the most tragic defeat ever suffered by a great European power at the hands of black men.

"Blackened men" would better describe the Abyssinians, for they are Semitic to the bone and sinew of them, and some faces still show the rich, warm color of Arabic ancestry, a pure blood, not tainted by mixture with the blacker currents of aboriginal Africans. Not so the king himself. His face is good enough and strong enough, but by no means as aristocratic as those of many of the feudal lords who call him

master. That the passion of Solomon was democratic is proved by numbers written in three figures; but Love did not stoop either on one side or on the other when he bound to-



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN L. BAIRD.

AN ABYSSINIAN MODE OF PUNISHMENT.

gether Solomon with Sheba, the queen who came up from far Arabia offering gifts and her beauty to the Hebrew king. Not all the interwoven ingenuity of the divorce statutes of Dakota could give legitimacy to the birth of Menelik I (mythical head of the Abyssinian line of kings), nor could envy take away its illustriousness. But the mother of our Menelik (second of that name, twenty centuries after the first) was a wayside woman, they say, who gave to her son, however, as much of strength and energy as tradition has given to the very son of Solomon.

In the minds of Menelik's familiars there dwells, I believe, a sincere liking, even admiring friendship, for the man, as well as respect for the king. Such, also, seemed the sentiment of the few resident Europeans met in Addis Abeba.

His manner toward strangers is kindly, unostentatious; his interest in all things new, and to him understandable, is ever keen. He has already seen many of the smaller, transportable things of our material civilization, for the four European nations which, through their diplomatic agents, are good enough to watch Abyssinia (and one another) have sent many a camel and mule gift-laden on the long journey up from the distant sea. Shall a little bird whisper to him, "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes"?

That best of wise little birds, strong common sense, has already, I think, spoken to the watchful king; and, after all, there is no Sinon among the gentlemen who so worthily represent Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy at the court of the African monarch.

Whatever may be the ultimate designs of these powers, or, rather, whatever they may chance to do when "something happens," no one of them is now ready to try conclusions with Abyssinia, united under Menelik's rule; nor is any one of them willing to risk European war disturbance by a charitable attempt to "pacify it," should faction rend Abyssinia. There is among them, therefore, a most friendly appreciation of the quiet, smiling, hospitable Menelik, who welcomes, defies, watches, and justly entreats Briton, Muscovite, Gaul, and Roman.

"After him the deluge; and may he live long!" is their cry; for a deluge is ever destructive, and there is always uncertainty as to whether one's ark has power to survive a storm.

Should Menelik's death bring trouble (and, alas! he has no recognized heir), two of these

four European sentinels would probably withdraw from the disturbed field. I mean the Russian and the Italian. Just why the Czar has maintained in this African capital of huts a larger mission than either England or France, no one outside of St. Petersburg seems to know.¹

Certain it is that Russia has no apparent interest in Abyssinia, or in any other part of Africa, unless it be granted that such interest exists because the Abyssinian Church



DRAWN BY J. N. MARCHAND, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN L. BAIRD.

A FREIGHT-CAR OFF THE TRACK.

derives from the Coptic body in Alexandria, and that that Coptic is closer in doctrine and form to the Greek than to other European churches. But the Orthodox Church is not active in the propaganda of its faith, unless the proposed convert appears in the rôle of a possible subject to the White Czar.

There remains another Russian interest in the person of Liontief, — Mr. Leontieff, Count Liontief, or the Duke of Equatoria, — a picturesque figure, perhaps adventurer, perhaps Russian diplomatic scout. His European title seems to be of his own making. The "dukedom" of Equatoria arises from a grant made to him by Menelik, with a proviso that Leontieff should first subdue the people, now independent, who inhabit the Equatorial Province, and provided furthermore that if any revenue can be had from the doomed savages, a portion of it shall be sent to Addis Abeba, together with evidence of the recognition of Menelik as suzerain. Inasmuch as any other human being would seem

¹ The Russian minister and his twenty Cossacks did not return to Abyssinia after going out to escape the rainy season of 1900. Two medical officers remained.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN L. BAIRD.

COLONEL HARRINGTON'S RESIDENCE, UNDER CONSTRUCTION AND FINISHED.

to have equal rights with Menelik in making the grant, this appears a clever means of putting a price on non-interference with the plans of the resolute Russian. The minister from St. Petersburg and his twenty Cossack guards seem to have taken no part in the Leontieff business venture; yet for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinese is *not* peculiar. Neither religion nor Leontieff seems to be a satisfactory explanation of the Russians' presence. Let me then suggest that it may be only part of the Russo-Frankish *ami et allié* program; that it is meant to declare that the British lion shall not be permitted to swallow his Abyssinian brother without, at least, bidding others to the feast.

The Italian minister, Captain Ciccodicola, merits the thanks of his countrymen. He has remained, after the exit of all his bleeding and imprisoned fellow-soldiers, administrator of the bankrupt hopes of a nation; and he has remained with dignity and distinctly as *persona grata* in a semi-civilized

land where the unhappy day of Adua has rendered "Italiano" a term of reproach to which all white strangers may be subjected. He has very recently concluded with Menelik a treaty defining a frontier between Abyssinia and Eritrea, the name given by the Italians to the deserts around Massawa, their unimportant port on the Red Sea. This arid area Italy may still hold as a poor monument to her dead sons and to her day-dreams of empire. Securing this, Captain Ciccodicola's work is done.

Of all save the three principal *dramatis personæ*—Menelik, Colonel Harrington, representing England, and M. Lagarde, representing France—we thus clear the stage. It is a noble stage, this great plateau lifted into separate existence out of deserts and wildernesses, smiling with green prairies, laughing with sweet waters, moving with fat herds. Across it marches Menelik, attended by one hundred thousand men, each barefooted, bareheaded, scantily clad, and bearing a rifle, a cartridge-belt, and often a goatskin

full of meal. These soldiers are marshaled into place by the governors of provinces, such as Ras Makonen and Ras Workè, or subordinate officers, who are all feudal lords. These, too, are barefooted, bareheaded or lightly turbaned, wearing a toga, perhaps of silk. As a background to this armed mass are the patient toilers in the fields, some peasant Abyssinians, many Gallas, and a small number of wilder tribes, Agaa, Shinasha, and Shankalis.

As stage-followers, Colonel Harrington and his assistant have a body-guard of only four sowars (East Indian soldiers), an Eurasian gentleman as medical aid, and a bright young Tigré Abyssinian as interpreter, besides the usual numerous retinue of servants.

M. Lagarde and his assistant muster a guard of natives, several French merchants, true pioneers, and particularly an enterprising Frenchman, M. Chefneux, who, while associated with the Swiss adviser of Menelik, M. Ilg, has done virtually all that has been accomplished in the way of putting civilization's iron fingers on the throat of wild nature in this virgin land. From Harar, two hundred miles inland, there has been built a telephone line to Addis Abeba, five hundred miles inland. Incongruous, absurd, it seems, to toil up and down mountain paths where the hardy mule must falter, to sweep across empty plains, to thread straggling villages of mud huts, to dispute the right of way with donkeys driven by nearly naked Gallas, and everywhere to see the telephone poles; such is the march from Harar to Addis Abeba. But M. Chefneux has done more. From Jibuti, in French Somaliland, almost opposite Aden, he is hurrying the completion of a railway; a construction-train carried me over forty miles of it in February, 1900. Another forty miles may now be finished. It is aimed at Harar, and is the wonder of those Abyssinians who have ventured toward the border to see a miracle. All this bears the name of France, and is excellent "business" for the French minister; but across the stage, following M. Lagarde, is the shadow of Marchand sadly retreating from Fashoda.

The meaning of such an incident as that of Marchand's march is known to Menelik through the views of it that Messrs. Harrington and Lagarde choose to give, such information as may be gleaned from the few white traders and travelers whom the king may question, but chiefly through M. Ilg, whose nationality, neutral in European politics, fits him to be a wise counselor to an African king. Yet, even with this aid, Mene-

lik must often be perplexed to give proper relative weight to the European powers who solicit him. He has never been outside of his own kingdom; has probably never seen a boat, save one of Marchand's, which lies in front of the palace, in sections, as borne there by porters; has never seen a wheeled vehicle, save a few small mountain guns; speaks no European language; and must devote most of his time to internal affairs. Such an expansive body of water as the ocean, I fancy, he cannot conceive; the rotundity of the earth has been explained to him, but was not grasped. He marveled when I told him of the difference in time between New York and Addis Abeba. Of New York he seemed not to have heard when I referred to it as the big city of my country. Pictures of great commercial buildings and views of cities made, I thought, rather a faint impression on him. The Brooklyn Bridge was more effective, and he marveled at its height, though just how the interpreter translated figures and distances I do not know, since in ordinary transactions with Abyssinians no unit of length was discovered. The Capitol at Washington, which was described as corresponding to his residence, made some impression on him when its size was explained.

When the books were put aside, a new magazine pistol which I had picked up in Paris came in for minute examination, and then took its place in a collection of small arms which must now be well-nigh complete.

Among the illustrations shown were some of the big New England cotton-mills. These I tried to identify to Menelik as the places in which were manufactured nearly all of the cotton goods which his subjects wore, a fact that I had learned with surprise and pleasure while on the coast. In other ways, also, I tried to make clear my nationality; but in the end he dictated, or his secretary wrote: "Mr. Crosby, the *Englishman*, has permission to go down the Blue Nile." The fact that I came first with the English interpreter and afterward with Colonel Harrington and Mr. Baird, that I had my tent in Colonel Harrington's compound, that I was officially under the wing of the British representative—these things obscured, I fear, the elaborate explanations given as to the relations, geographical and political, between the great unknown republic and the European states, concerning which Menelik has some vague notions. He knows quite enough of them to fear their influence, even while wishing to possess for himself and his people the power which resides in the white



HUTS PROTECTED BY ZAREBA.

man's knowledge of things. But he seems quite determined not to import new religious ideas together with the rifles and the cotton cloth which he covets. Abyssinia is not open to missionary work. Indeed, why should it be? Menelik's ancestors were Christians when yours and mine were painted blue and worshiped Thor and Woden in German forests. Conversion of the nation seems to have been quickly accomplished, about 350 A.D., by Frumentius, a castaway missionary from Antioch.

The high priest of the Abyssinian Church is still sought among the Egyptians; but he cannot leave the country of his adoption save by the portal of death, and the native priesthood leaves him more of dignity than of power. Religious service is wholly formal: chanting of priests in the inner circle, a sort of holy of holies; chanting by acolytes, just outside, in the annular space between the inner and outer mud walls; and, standing or sitting on the floor in the same space, a few old men, a few women and children.

Healing of the sick by incantation is attempted; and in one case I chanced to see, far in the interior, the mighty power of religion, aided by the magic of a green umbrella held by a priest over a sick child as it was taken in and out of the sanctuary. In regions where white men are rarely seen, the sick clustered about my tent at every

camp, begging to be cured of leprosy, of elephantiasis, of epilepsy, of cataract, of ordinary sore eyes. The tears of one poor child I shall not be able to forget. One eye was completely covered by a cataract, the other nearly so; yet there was in her face the brightness of hope. When I said that no-



DRAWN BY HENRY FENN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN L. BAIRD.

ARCHITECTURE EXTRAORDINARY.

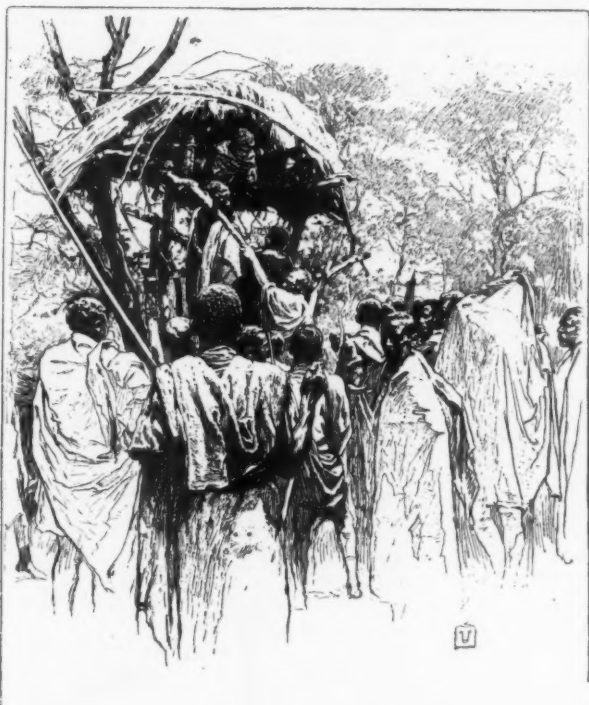
thing could be done, the tears came. Her father counseled that she should again turn to the priest. Then the weeping was more violent. She had believed in them, she had done all that they had directed, and she had grown worse; now that the white man refused help, there was no longer any hope.

In the larger churches the outer walls of the inner sanctuary are bedizened with paintings in which saints, devils, and Abyssinian nobles are crowded cheek by jowl. The work would be absurdly bad if seen in Rome, but in a country where the mechanical arts are almost unknown it seems startling, and I was not surprised when informed by an intelligent Galla native that this work is attributed to the Falasha, a recluse tribe of Jews, forgotten by the centuries, hidden in the wilds of Abyssinia since some unrecorded migration from some unknown land. They live apart, and wash themselves after conversation with other tribes.

The cloak of Christianity is not cut to as close a fit in Abyssinia as by theologian

tailors among us. It is still loose enough to cover the twin monsters polygamy and slavery. But Menelik seems to be honestly engaged in slowly strangling them. His efforts meet with much opposition from many of his Christian subjects, and probably even more from the Mussulman and pagan elements of the population. Yet I saw, in traversing a considerable region heretofore not visited by white men, only one slave-caravan.

flows the great Blue Nile, merely to see it, was to them inexplicable and suspicious. So the guides were sent to carry me away from slave-marts and from river fords leading to what must be placer-fields for gold-mining. But the strong words of the king's passport, and my evident indifference to the gold-fields, finally prevailed, so that, with some persuasion and some browbeating, I made my way along the great river, descended the steep



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGUES LE ROUX.

JUDGES DISPENSING JUSTICE IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

That I was permitted to enter this region seemed greatly to surprise the local dignitaries, for they all know that their ruler has made some sort of agreement with white men to suppress the slave-trade, and wondered that entry could be made in the far western region, where, as a necessary concession to the powerful slave-owners, the king still permits the trade in men. They wondered, too, that an alien should come into the sequestered gold-bearing region. That I should want to descend at several points to the bottom of the mile-deep gorge where

escarpment of the Abyssinian plateau, traversed a desolate no-man's-land of sacked villages (monuments of the Mahdi and of Menelik), boated down the river a few hundred miles through the just reviving Sudan, and returned to civilization at Khartum about five months after leaving the west coast at Zeila, in British Somaliland.

For a thousand miles of this journey, from Gildessa on the east to Wombera on the west, the name of Menelik meant safety, and the rulers of provinces rose to show respect when they saw the seal of the king, who has

scarce had time to learn to write: that is work for his hirelings. Throughout the land, all through Abyssinia proper, contented peace prevails. On the border an unfinished policy of expansion keeps armies in constant motion; at the very foot of the western escarpment were seen the corpses of some very black fellows (nobody seemed to know or care just who or what they were), killed in a recent fight with Menelik's frontier garrison at Wombera.

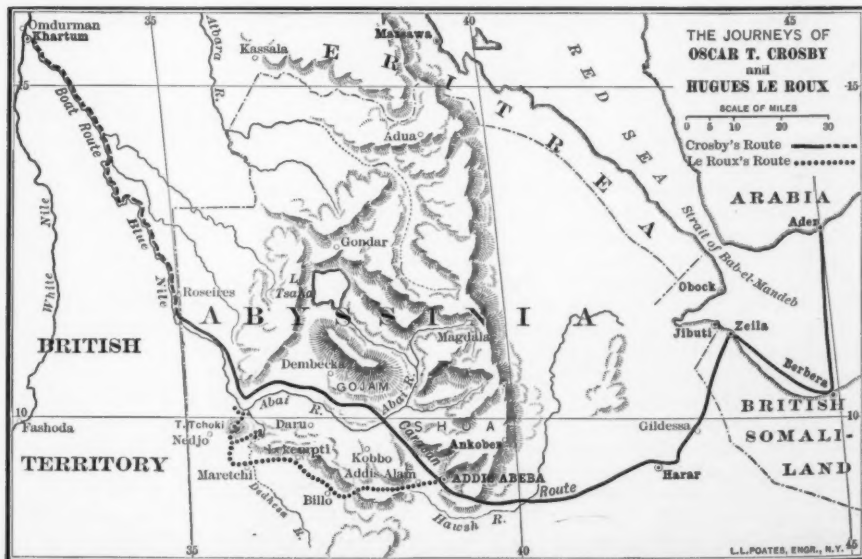
More menacing, it seemed to me, than these sporadic wars between the king's rifles and the spear-armed savages, are the questions arising between Menelik and his European concessionnaires—Leontieff in the south, the French railway company in the east, and a British mining company in the west, where a part of the supposed gold-fields, as yet insecurely held by the Abyssinians, has been put under the control of a London syndicate.

Earnestly striving toward what we call progress, Menelik is, perhaps, jeopardizing the independence, the very existence, of the several millions of people over whose destinies he has been set as steward. He and his people are Asiatic-African. Their ideals are not our ideals. The glitter and the noise of us, even as faintly reflected and echoed in far Abyssinia, have fascinated the

ruler, who is, it may be, too much "enlightened" for lazy content, and not enough enlightened to understand the dangers that come to black moths fluttering about the flame of civilization. Does he know—can he know—that it is not a pure flame of sweetness and light? that it burns with the fire of international jealousies—a fire so terrible that the very fear of death keeps it in check among those whose passions feed it, but which may be allowed to burn and destroy in all the waste places of the earth?

The future is hid from all; but it seems that a decree has been set by the all-controlling Power—a decree giving over, for at least a time, the sovereignty of the world to our civilization of steam and steel, the foundations of which shall be laid everywhere, even though cemented by the blood of all the black men who are urged by the same Power vainly to strive against "benevolent assimilation."

Verily we are as clay in the potter's hand. We may not praise or blame the vessel because of the service to which it is put by the Maker, but we may say that to us it seems large or small, strong or weak, symmetrical or malformed. And so in history it shall be written of Menelik II that his nature was large, strong, symmetrical, and chosen by the Power for great purposes.



From the coast to Addis Abeba, the routes of Mr. Crosby and M. Le Roux virtually coincide. Mr. Crosby's journey down the Blue Nile is indicated by dashes.



CHARMS.

DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.
ABYSSINIAN COIN.

CHARMS.

NEW TRAILS IN ABYSSINIA.

BY HUGUES LE ROUX.

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

[THE material for the following article was obtained during a visit to Abyssinia which the writer was invited by the Emperor Menelik to make in order to write a book on the country. The emperor sent him, at the head of a small troop of Abyssinians, chosen among his best soldiers, to make a map of the frontier bordering on the country of the Benichargoul negroes, the most savage in all Africa. During the expedition M. Le Roux determined the course, hitherto unknown, of the Blue Nile. To recompense him, Menelik gave the name Hugues Le Roux to the mountain which stops the Blue Nile in its southward course and turns it toward Egypt.—EDITOR.]

WHEN Colonel Marchand returned after his great journey across Africa he was greeted with this question: "From the Cape to the Nile, from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, what was the most wonderful thing that you met on your way?"

He answered: "A meteor fallen straight from heaven among deserts and swamps—Abyssinia."

This exactly expresses it. Of all the surprises held in reserve for us by the discovery of Africa, the most tremendous is this: the existence of a Switzerland, an African Tyrol, the area of which is greater than that of France. At a glance, this island of basalt, surrounded by sand and marsh, appears to be a chaos of mountains struggling against one another; but when one has climbed to high peaks like Mount Detjem, which measures fifteen thousand feet, or almost the height of Mont Blanc, one straightens out the confusion of first impressions.

It becomes evident that the Abyssinian table-land has sprung out of the earth at a single volcanic upheaval that lifted it to heights varying between eight thousand and ten thousand feet. The valleys one sees here and there are only the depressions which followed this unique irruption.

A moment ago I used the name of Switzer-

land. I return to it now. As the Swiss Alps turn the Rhine into the North Sea, the Danube into the Black Sea, and the Rhone into the Mediterranean, so the chain of mountains back of the Emperor Menelik's present capital, Addis Abeba, sends to the threshold of the Red Sea an immense river, which loses itself in the sands about twenty leagues from the coast, after having tossed about in its deep waters huge crocodiles, hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, and elephants. Toward the south, in the direction of Lake Rudolph, runs the river Omo; and to the north, through the streams of a tributary of the Blue Nile, the hills are drained into the Mediterranean. I was able to drink at the sources of these three great rivers in less than two days' time as I followed in hot pursuit after a fine herd of antelopes.

A single detail suffices to give an idea of the incredible fertility of these rich lands, washed, like Egypt, by slimy waters. The nine or ten million inhabitants who make up the population of Abyssinia scorn the fruit of vineyards, which grow readily on the hillsides at an altitude of ten thousand feet. They place before wine a drink composed chiefly of fermented honey. Now, it must be admitted that if there is no honey without bees, there are no bees without flowers; and perhaps we shall cast a glance



DRAWN BY GEORGE A. WILLIAMS.

WOMEN AT ADDIS ABEBA.

of envy upon this African people who, while the vast stretches about them were being reduced by thirst to a state of desolation, have traversed the centuries refreshed and gladdened by a vintage of flowers.

According to the records kept by the Abyssinians themselves in honor of their people, the first capital, Axum, was founded by Abraham. When, as the story goes, centuries later the swarthy Abyssinian queen whom the Scriptures call the Queen of Sheba came to the great Solomon and offered him her love, she was not making an innovation, but rather returning to revive tradition at the source whence this tradition had first been drawn. The dynasty of monarchs who still reign over Abyssinia, after alternate victory and defeat, is descended directly from Menelik, first of that name, offspring of the love that Solomon bore the Ethiopian Queen of Sheba.

The queen brought back from Jerusalem, and surrounded herself with, priests and

Jews of note, who exercised over the Abyssinians an influence that has lasted to the present day. This influence is particularly noticeable, after sixteen hundred years of Christianity, in the striking contrasts existing between the written law, which remains strictly in accordance with the Old Testament, and the country's customs, which are imbued with Christian charity.

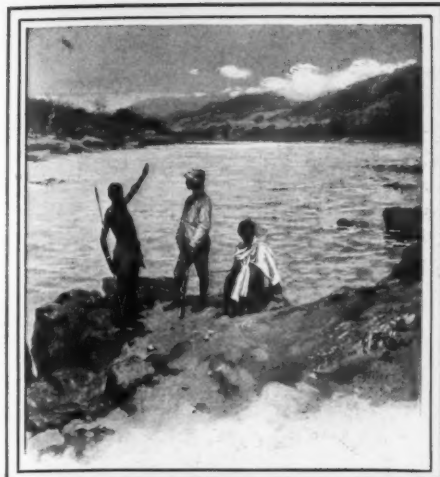
During the year 333 A.D. the Abyssinians were converted to Christianity. An old



DRAWN BY GEORGE A. WILLIAMS.

THE MUSIC OF NEGUS.

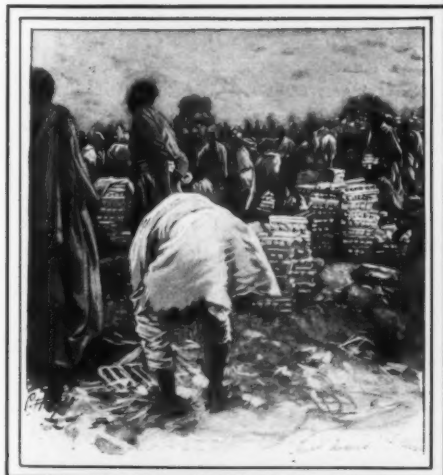
record, which I found in the archives of the Emperor Menelik at Addis Abeba, relates the incident as follows: Two youths, natives of Tyre, Frumentius and Edesius, had occasion to cross the Red Sea. They were driven on to the western shore near the town of Adulis, which was then used by the Abyssinian kings as a port and as a bond with the world at large. The two young foreigners were led before the king and queen.



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

IN CAMP ON THE HAWSH.

The sovereigns received the shipwrecked travelers with great honors, and conferred upon them a share in the administration of the country's affairs. Now, these two youths were ardent Christians. They made known their belief very cautiously, and practised it at the same time with so much tact and firmness that the King and Queen of Abyssinia, wishing to be converted and to convert their people to Christianity, sent their two favorites under escort to Alexandria, that they might ask the patriarch, the bishop of



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

MARKET-PLACE AT ADDIS ABEBA. BARS OF AMOLE, WHICH SERVE AS CURRENCY.

that city, to send them missionaries. The patriarch then was St. Athanasius. He answered Frumentius and Edesius joyfully: "Who could be better fitted than you to accomplish the divine work you have begun?"

Thus he ordained and consecrated them as bishops. Then he sent them back to win as many souls as possible to the Christian faith. Traditions are long-lasting in Abyssinia. The bishop, or *abouna*, as they call him, whom I saw officiating at Addis Abeba on the fête-day of St. George, was descended

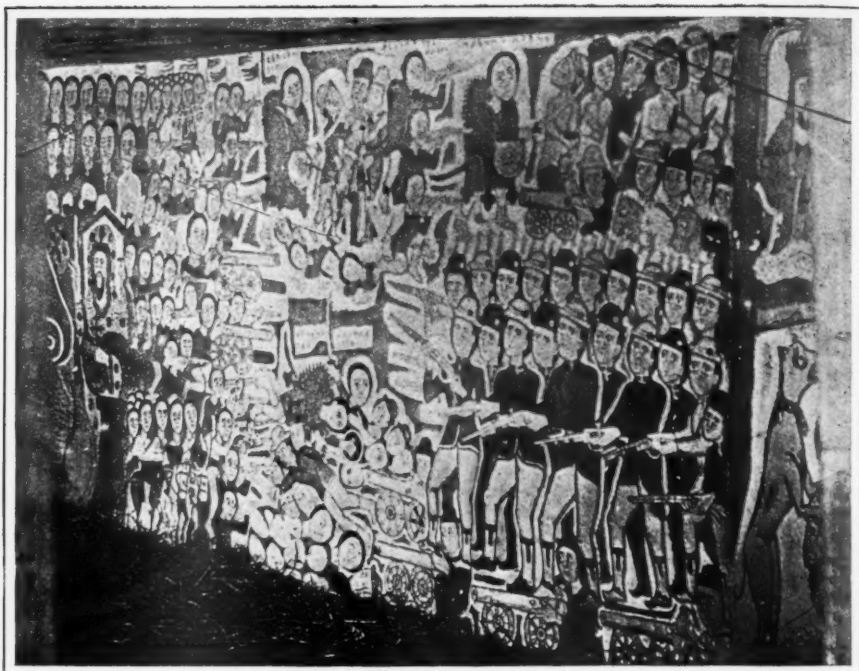


DRAWN BY PRUETT SHARP.

SOLDIERS EN ROUTE.

in a direct line from the mission of St. Frumentius. That is to say, since 333 the Abyssinians have kept the habit of asking, when their *abouna* dies, for another bishop from Alexandria. According to an old custom, they pay for him with a good sum of ready money, and from that moment the bishop becomes their own. He is forbidden to leave Abyssinia; he grows rich there, and there he is buried.

This Christian worship, together with the tremendous mining and agricultural interests of Abyssinia, signaled it to the Mussulmans as a prey greatly to be coveted. The contest between Islam and the Christian



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FRESCO IN THE CHURCH OF LEKEMPTI. ABYSSINIANS VANQUISHING THE ITALIAN SOLDIERS AT ADUA.

kingdom began actually in 1255. I heard the name of the despised conquerors on the lips of all my retainers and of all my soldiers.

Ignorant as they are, it was with horror only that they recalled the memory of the Mussulman general, Mohammed Grané. Abyssinia realizes perfectly well the wrong done her by the Mussulmans in isolating her from the rest of the world, in cutting off her only accessible exit by way of the Red Sea, in blockading her north, south, and west toward the Sudan, in forcing her back into the mountains, in besieging her to the beginning of this twentieth century, like a beleaguered citadel. The hatred which the Abyssinians have conceived against this chief, this hereditary enemy, is manifest in all sorts of ways, even the most unexpected.

On my journey across the desert I added a guard of Issas to the Abyssinian escort sent me by Emperor Menelik. Several of these Issas were Mussulmans. They used regularly to cut the throats of the wild animals we wounded in hunting. I have seen my Abyssinian men, after a long day's march, go to bed without food rather than touch the beasts killed by a Mussulman.

Left to their own resources, and to un-

commonly frail religious ties with the rest of the world, the Abyssinians have kept the Byzantine forms which were given to them in the fourth century of our era. Their court etiquette is Byzantine, intricate and in striking contrast with the simplicity of their customs. The titles of the chief dignitaries who surround the emperor are Byzantine—Afanegous ("Mouth of the Negus"), Wombera ("Chair of the Negus"), etc. Byzantine also are the frescos and the miniatures which decorate the manuscripts and the church walls.

Far off in Wallaga, back of the great river Didhesa, to the west between the White Nile and the Blue Nile, I found a church wherein some local artist had pictured on the walls the triumph of Menelik and his victory at Adua over the Italian troops. There were battalions in uniform, bristling with guns, cannon pouring forth fire and smoke, Italian bersaglieri, with their feathered hats; and all was handled in Byzantine style, like the mosaics at Ravenna.

This Byzantine spirit holds equal sway over the monks who fill the numerous monasteries in Abyssinia. Carried away by their knowledge of the Ghesse, which is their sacred

language, they write endless "Discourses on the Seven Thrones." They willingly live in obedience to monastic customs of great austerity. They do nothing toward the education of the young generation, who grow up wholly ignorant of the Christian religion.

To be sure, the Abyssinian parochial clergy are quite unfitted to teach what they ignore themselves. They have sunk even lower than the Russian country clergy, and for the same reasons.

They are overburdened with the women and the children. They give communion to the new-born babies as soon as they have been baptized, nominally to benefit by their angelic purity, in reality to rid themselves of the trouble of teaching them later. They never preach, under the pretext that it would be vain to put side by side the word of man and the Word of God.

Their most evident duty consists in hanging around the neck of the newly baptized child a cord called the Christian cord, which looks exactly like a shoe-string. Theoretically this string is supposed to carry a cross. I am forced to state that, as things go, the cross is almost always missing. It is replaced by a silver ear-cleaner; but faith makes whole. My soldiers value this ear-cleaner more highly than their lives.

A young boy native of Wallamo, an astonishing pagan, ignorant of the name of any god whatsoever, who was taken prisoner, and offered to me by a friend, said to me one morning: "Give me a Christian's cord."

"Do you want to become a Christian?" I asked.

"I don't care about that, but I must have a Christian's cord, because all your soldiers jeer at me now. They point their fingers at me and say: 'Look at the Wallamo without a cord! He is no better than a dog.'"

It would be unfair not to mention in passing that these poor people, however ignorant they may be of the laws of the religion they profess, have at least kept the pith of Christian morals, the good which distinguishes them from Islamic teachings—the doctrine of forgiveness.

You cannot dismiss a servant, or, with regard to a culprit, take a stand which every one believes just, without being visited by the friends and the enemies of the delinquent.

They all come and entreat you: "You are a Christian? Forgive him." And the humble do not ask merely that pardon shall be

granted by their masters; they endeavor to practise it among themselves.

During the explorations that I made in the west, a rather good-for-nothing boy who was in my private service tried to kill my head servant. The victim demanded, as was his right, that the law of retaliation be applied; but the rest of the servants united in an appeal to the irate man, and the next day he came to me and said:

"I have forgiven the murderer; give him his freedom."

Without going very deeply into Abyssinian history, it is well to recall that this empire was made up long ago of three kingdoms: in the north, Tigré; in the west, Gojam; in the east and south, Shoa. Abyssinian tradition relates that it is the King of Shoa who is descended from the Queen of Sheba and Solomon. Therefore, by right, the supremacy in the confederation is his. But when the Mussulmans came down upon Abyssinia the rich provinces of Shoa were their first prey. The King of Shoa, an ancestor of our Menelik, had to seek refuge with his vassal, the King of Tigré. This king took advantage of the occasion to usurp the title of Solomon's descendants, and to declare himself "King of Kings" in Abyssinia.

The honor of having reasserted the ancestral dominion and placed Abyssinian politics upon their traditional footing is due to the present emperor, Menelik II. He was born a subject to the King of Tigré; victory restored him to his proper place, and the unusual authority he has made use of during the forty years of his reign is an outcome of the political and religious situation whereby, together with the supremacy of his dynasty, he has reinstated the Abyssinian traditions themselves.

He owed his success at the start to his own qualifications as general and manager, but also to the reliance he placed just at the right moment in two able men, M. Ilg, a Swiss engineer, and M. Chefneux, a Frenchman brought up in diplomacy, whom he made his counselors, and who for twenty years have remained with him, in perfect unity of sentiment and friendship.

One may truly say that in Abyssinia every able-bodied man is a soldier. Military training begins for the young Abyssinian virtually from the day he is born, hung as he is in a bit of cloth over his mother's back, and expected to cling there and be on the lookout for his own safety.

As soon as he is eight or ten years old he invariably becomes the servant of a soldier.



DRAWN BY G. ALDEN PEIRSON.
AN ABYSSINIAN VILLAGE.

He walks before him, carries his gun with great pride, cleans the firearms, and takes care of the trappings, the horse, and the mule of his master. He learns how to handle a gun in defending himself against wild animals. He also acquires in this way the astonishing power of endurance in walking which leaves Europeans bewildered.

Although most of the Abyssinians are very tall, their muscles are not well developed. This is probably due to poor food and excessive

fasting. I am inclined to believe that the secret of their admirable resistance lies in their superior way of breathing. Used as they are to living in the mountains, at an altitude varying between six and eight thousand feet, they are astonishingly narrow through the hips, and have a marvelous chest development. When we were hunting I used to enjoy watching them descend at an unheard-of speed into the valleys, and climb up the opposite hillsides, barefooted, over the stones, with an



DRAWN BY G. ALDEN PEIRSON.
GALLA WOMEN.



DRAWN BY G. ALDEN PEIRSON.
TELEPHONE CABIN BETWEEN HARAR AND ADDIS ABABA,
IN THE VIRGIN FOREST.

agility which was fatal even to the antelopes. Add to this accomplishment as racers the habit contracted by these mountaineers from their infancy of walking daily ten, twelve, or fifteen hours at a stretch, often without food, and one is not surprised that the Italians were unable, in spite of the excellence of their troops, to get the better of them as easily as Crispi imagined. It can also readily be understood that the English, attracted by the western placer-mines, thought twice before attempting an attack on the western frontier.

My impressions are those of a man who has seen for himself, who has visited the country throughout, and has been himself in command. Armed with Gras guns and Russian guns, and with an abundant supply of cartridges, readily renewed by a very practical system of storehouses filled with food and firearms, scattered everywhere and kept up by the emperor, the Abyssinians, as good marksmen as the Boers, are at present safe among their mountains. While they remain united I look upon them as invincible.

I also have had occasion to observe the great power of resignation and patience under suffering common to these primitive men. One night a soldier who had retired with a loaded gun by his side made a sudden movement which sent off the gun. It was a Winchester of big caliber, charged with Dumdum bullets used in hunting large game. The moment the report sounded the whole camp was on the lookout. Presumably it was caused by a raid of thieves or the sudden appearance of a lion. In the semi-obscurity I put out my hand, and felt the man lying on the ground bathed in his own blood. The bullet had shot off his left thumb, and had fractured his right arm at the biceps. I was obliged to amputate, on the spot, this pulp. I had never seen an arm cut off nor a bone sawed away. Nevertheless, the binding of the arteries and the operation were performed in the dim lantern-light as best I knew how. Not only did the man not complain, but he seemed perfectly insensible to the pain. He recovered.

Another time I took care of a gold-miner whom negroes had attacked in the swamps. They had cut his brother to pieces, and the man himself they had left for dead, pierced through and through with lance-wounds. In this condition the poor wretch dragged himself along without food for two nights and a day over terrible mountain roads. When at last he fell supplicatingly at my feet he was a mere mass of mud, blood, and flies; yet he, even he, did not utter a murmur. He wanted life, and he lived.

When a people show such devotion to their native soil, such iron will in defending it against any attack from without, this soil must be good. And, in reality, Abyssinia is nothing more, on three sides of its mountain slopes, than a huge pile of alluvial earth. Modern scientists have proved that the richness of Egypt is due, not to the White Nile, which brings only running waters from the great lakes, but to the Blue Nile, to

streams of the Abyssinian mountains, which for centuries have poured forth unchecked the wonderful mud whereby a whole desert is made fertile.

Now, this treasure of alluvium does not flow toward the north alone in the waters of the Blue Nile and its tributaries; it spreads in every direction over Abyssinia. In order to become one of the earth's jewels, Abyssinia awaits only the formation of great companies which will build dams and regulate the irrigation of these huge well-watered plains, that in appearance and chemical ingredients recall the "black lands" of southern Russia.

On the varied levels of the Abyssinian table-land everything may be cultivated in the way of luxurious products—rubber, coffee, cocoa, vanilla, spices, mulberry, etc. As a matter of fact, the combination of a tropical heat and an Alpine altitude, so to speak, produces in Abyssinia climatic conditions which are certainly unique. These different plateaus resemble nothing so much as a series of greenhouses placed one above the other—cold, temperate, and hot.

No matter what the altitude, the temperature is remarkably fixed. I was able to live in Abyssinia for six months, under a tent, at an average height of sixty-five hundred feet, without ever being inconvenienced by the cold. Wherever I went I met with vineyards and palm-trees, growing readily even at an altitude of eight thousand feet. It is true, also, that these unusual conditions have made Abyssinia an inexhaustible coffee-granary. The fact is now established that this precious plant is not only abundant in Abyssinia, but that it is native to this plateau. It was from the Abyssinian province of Kaffa that coffee, hitherto unknown, was first carried into Arabia. This gave it its name. Even nowadays the inhabitants of Kaffa do not take the trouble to cultivate the coffee-plant; they are satisfied to gather coffee wild under the trees—coffee-trees of a size so prodigious that the natives cut them down and out of the trunks make boards thick enough to build their houses. The quality of the aroma is so superior that the English decidedly prefer it to the true Arabian Mocha, or, to speak more literally, to all the Red Sea coffee which goes to Mocha and there receives a baptism of good origin.

As things now stand, all these products are raised by the Abyssinians only in proportion to their limited needs. They are spoiled by this land of unrivaled fertility,

which, in certain places, gives as many as four harvests a year. They ask of it merely the cotton necessary to roll themselves in gay-colored coverings, which, when they travel, protect them against the night chill. They sow just enough corn, wheat, durra, sorghum, and canary-seed to live on, and they leave the stretches of land that fire or continued occupation have devastated to grow wild as prairie-lands, which serve as pasture for quantities of goats and enormous sheep, whose wool becomes a long, shaggy coat, and especially for fine herds of cows and zebus with humps on their backs which are luscious eating.

The richness of the Abyssinian pasture-land is manifest also in the great number of wild animals living among the fields in the mountains. During a few months of hunting I brought down, with the aid of my men, over a hundred and fifty antelopes of every size and kind, zebras, ostriches, hippopotamuses, elephants, wild animals of all coats, leopards, hyenas, and lions; not to mention the varieties of birds renowned for their plumage or their good eating—egrets, guinea-fowl, marabouts, bustards, prairie-hens, etc. In one single day, near Mount Assaboth, in the Dankali land, I saw a herd of over three hundred elephants. The forest bowed under them; the air was clouded by the dust that rose as they passed. One can get an idea of the size of these African elephants from a characteristic detail: the Emperor Menelik, not long ago, sent as a present to the president of the French republic a pair of tusks that measured nearly ten feet in length. This wealth of ivory is one of Menelik's chief revenues. He demands the yearly supply of a certain number of elephants' tusks as tribute from his chief vassals, with one of whom, the Dedjaz Gabrezghuier, I stopped for over a month, while he was busied in getting together the wherewithal for his yearly tribute. From all sides his soldiers returned laden with the remains of elephants. At the same time he employed an army of twenty-five thousand men to wash the sand of the rivers which carry the gold down into the Wallaga valleys.

On this subject I may be allowed to maintain the silence demanded by the Negus. He has determined to develop the agricultural interests of his kingdom before the mining interests. He does not want his people to come in contact first with the scum of civilization, which flocks wherever the word "gold" is pronounced. He knows that the sight of these miscreants would incite his

people to rebellion, and cause him to fail in his desire to awaken to modern civilization a country that slumbers in strangely archaic beliefs. These plans are too noble and too wise to be thwarted by a sincere friend of Abyssinia and of the Negus. Therefore I shall not abuse the confidence which I have been almost alone in obtaining.

It seems to me, however, useful that the United States should know this: the prospecting of the Wallaga holds in reserve for future gold-seekers surprises worthy of attracting the immediate interest of the United States in Abyssinia, for the building of railroads and for supplying proper machinery.

American manufactures have got a start in Abyssinia, and their first appearance on the market was met with brilliant success. The silver thalers with the head of the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria or of the Emperor Menelik have only a limited circulation. The true coins are, on the one hand, salt, on the other, a peculiar cotton stuff called *aboudgidide*.

The salt is used in bars. It is collected in the dry bed of a lake near the shores of the Red Sea. Carried by mules or by men, it penetrates as far as the Sudan. There is not an Abyssinian to be found without a little ball of it in his pocket. On meeting a friend, they solemnly produce this treasure, and offer it as good people long ago used to offer snuff. Each one breaks off a bit of the precious article, and they both go on their way, bowing.

Aboudgidide is a cotton material imported from America. It has taken such hold on the market that even in the remotest west it is used as the most convenient means of exchange. This new rôle has completely upset the course of affairs. *Aboudgidide* is sold by the importer, one may say, with almost no profit at all. It is when he exchanges it for rubber, coffee, ivory, civet, and gold-dust that he realizes his profit. Even though *aboudgidide* should cease to be used as money, and become merely an article of exchange, it is a certain thing that the United States can hold the ground it has gained. To be convinced of this, it suffices to read, in the consular reports addressed yearly to the Foreign Office by the commercial agents of his Majesty the King of England, the complaints of English officials stationed in Somaliland, at Berbera, and at Zeila. They watch, powerless and sorrowful, the invasion of the Somali and Abyssinian market by American industry.

Personally I used a great deal of about-gidide in making tents for my men, in arranging their clothes, and for general needs on the march or in camp. I can state from experience that the cotton material is soft and pliable, and that it wears extremely well. The Abyssinians, both men and women, make a sort of chemise of it, which they wear under their Byzantine toga bound in purple, the *chamma*. The men add to this attire a sort of Zouave trousers, full at the waist and close at the ankle. In case of a tear, they neither mend nor piece, but they hang the garment on the nearest tree by the roadside, so that some one poorer than they may get this rag, and then they come to their master with a pitiful expression on their faces. "You see—I serve you; I am naked." The result is always a distribution of about-gidide. And the great piece of material is no sooner spread out on the earth than it melts away like snow in America; for here one can climb higher than the clouds without meeting any white on the mountain-tops.

The Abyssinian women would willingly change the simplicity of their costume for something more elaborate, but, as in all countries where the warrior holds the first place, they must resign themselves to seeing the men better dressed than they. It is the man who wears velvet and fine cloaks of black satin. It is for his horse that he puts aside the brilliant percales, with flowers or stripes, sent from France or from India. The Abyssinian woman of the people is well dressed only on condition that she has woven her own *chamma*, and secretly economized enough to have a border of silk embroidered by Greek or Arab needlewomen on her tunic, which falls open at the throat.

The women of the upper classes are more dainty. They never go about the town except on very valuable mules, accompanied by a number of soldiers. Their feet, very arched and slender, are covered with socks of brilliant colors, generally pale in tone. The emperor has set the fashion for such tints. The veils which envelop them are always white, and, if their position permits such luxury, they are made of the finest silk. A cape of black satin falls to the knees. It is lined with light-colored silk, lavender or pink. A felt hat with a broad brim covers the hair, arranged in a most beautiful fashion, which dates from Byzantium and the refinements of the Empress Theodora. Unfortunately for the passer-by, the face, often of great beauty, is covered, and one can

scarcely perceive at a glance the brilliancy of the eyes.

This precaution is not inspired by the wish to appease, as in Mussulman countries, the husband's feelings. Abyssinian women do not pride themselves on being very faithful, and their respect for the conjugal tie is not unbounded. But they are superstitious. They are terribly afraid of the evil eye. They dread lest a look of envy cast on them as they pass should wither their beauty. The women who have never been good-looking, and those who have ceased to be so, practise this trying custom with more rigor than the pretty ones. Thus they awaken for themselves and for others a few moments of illusion.

In a country where the customs are so easy-going it is not possible that marriage should be very stable. The Abyssinians have found an admirable way of combining their religious scruples and human frailty. They have established two kinds of marriage. First, the marriage called "by communion." The priest administers holy communion to the husband and wife, who kneel before the altar. He breaks the sacred bread, and gives part of it to each. This marriage is indissoluble. Not even death breaks the tie. The widower or the widow may not remarry. The Abyssinians are very proud of this severity, but they almost never make use of it. The emperor himself wedded the Empress Taïtou only after long years of a much less ceremonious marriage. In this latter, by far the most common, it suffices to find the father of the fiancée, make a proposal, and deposit a dowry, which becomes the woman's in case of divorce. The father blesses the couple somewhat peremptorily, and the newly wedded go off to their own home, after a banquet at which both families are united. There are no further formalities, religious or civil.

When marriage is made as easy as this, one may conclude that divorce proceedings are still less complicated. The Queen Taïtou was married and divorced several times before she became empress. The daughters of the emperor, all the great ladies at court, and ordinary persons, are in a similar position with regard to marriage.

All judicial forms have the same simplicity. The Negus himself for important cases, his Afanegous ("Mouth of the Negus") for those of secondary consideration, his ras and his governors in the provinces, dispense justice publicly, as in the days of St. Louis. The witnesses are summoned, and the accused is cross-questioned before the

crowd. The emperor renders judgment, inspiring himself from a collection of national laws, the principles of which are Judaic—I mean that they are based upon the cruel law of retaliation. The first theft is punished with whipping, the second by the loss of the hand that has offended, and the third by the loss of the foot which ran to carry the thief away from punishment. In cases of murder the victim's parents claim the assassin after his sentence is pronounced. They deal him the same blow that he dealt, and the execution is performed immediately after the trial on the market-place. I was present at more than one. The details are sometimes of overwhelming cruelty. The emperor told me that he was grieved at the violence practised in the execution of murderers by the parents of their victims. He does all in his power to further the usage of a "blood-ransom," especially when the murder has been committed accidentally or in passion. He has even gone so far as to advance the murderer the sum necessary for his ransom. Whenever he can, he demands to judge the assassins himself. Then he hangs them high and quickly, without useless torturing. But he is uncompromising on the question of honesty, and sanctions the mutilation practised as punishment for theft.

"Why," he said to me on this subject, "could you wish me to build prisons, and let honest men wait upon criminals? When the amputation of a hand or a foot has healed, I let the criminals go on their way. They are henceforth reduced to living on public charity. The sight of them is a great example."

The result of this iron rule is in every case perfect. When one sets foot in Abyssinia, one is in absolute safety with regard to one's life and one's belongings. It is a safety more secure than that offered by well-trained police in no matter what civilized state of Europe or America. I was able to go to the other side of Wallaga, to cross Abyssinia from one end to the other, without once being robbed. Yet I traveled in lands that are still unsettled, and where, less than six years ago, one could not go with the certainty of coming out alive.

This swift transformation certainly does honor to the Emperor Menelik. Here is a

touch which pays undoubted tribute to his nobility of soul:

Once he was called upon to judge one of his great vassals who had refused to obey. The man was taken to Addis Abeba, the emperor's seat of justice, and in the midst of an immense throng he knelt before his master, with a heavy stone balanced on the nape of his neck.

The emperor was greatly annoyed by this vassal, and he kept him in his humiliating position. Then, vying with one another, all the chiefs, officials, and courtiers began to accuse the culprit. They murmured that he had done not only what they reproached him with, but this and that. In a cowardly manner the accusations were multiplied and swelled into an outcry. Suddenly the Emperor Menelik made a gesture to command silence. He was greatly moved. Those who saw him say that he really appeared to them at that instant like the "Lion of Judah" bristling his mane.

He said to the kneeling rebel: "Come, throw off the stone; rise, and go on your way: for you are less guilty than those who wish to obtain judgment from an angry man."

Emperor Menelik gave the definite pledge of his esteem for Western civilization in renouncing with iron will the isolation wherein his predecessors had placed all their confidence. In 1882 he addressed to the president of the French republic a letter drawing up in these terms his plans of reform:

"I wish to open up, to make safe for science, commerce, and industry, the routes which lead from Shoa to the rich southern countries."

In order to attain such civilized ends, the emperor has given his faithful friends, M. Ilg and M. Chefneux, a grant for all the railroads which, starting from the French harbor of Jibuti, on the Indian Ocean, at the entrance of the Red Sea, must in time unite the rich provinces of the west, land of gold and coffee, with the shipping-dock where all the vessels of the world will touch. Already the first branch of this railroad, that which connects the harbor of Jibuti with the mountains of Harar, is almost finished; the deserts of Issa and Dankali have been traversed; and the greatest natural difficulties presented by the soil have been overcome.



THE RESCUE.

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK,

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XVI.



ME. VICAUD said nothing. She drew her hand from Damier's and sank again into the chair from which she had risen. Hope, ardor, and love, forever perhaps, were dead within her. She had hated her daughter, but under the hatred had been, always, the hidden flame, not, perhaps, of love, but of longing to love. She hated no longer, and the flame was quenched. Even in his nearness to her, Damier could not look with her at that slain longing. Walking away from her, he stood for a long time, gazing unseeingly over the garden, in silence. At last he turned and came to her. Her arm leaned on the table and her head upon her hand. With unutterable weariness she looked up at him.

"And now," she said, "you must go, my friend."

"Go?" Damier repeated.

Years of resolute endurance looked from her eyes; the weariness was not a wavering. Her face seemed sinking back into the abyss from which he had rescued it.

"Yes, you must go."

"And leave you with her!"

"And leave me with her," she assented monotonously.

"Never—never!"

She passed her hand over her brow, pressing her eyelids, as if in the effort to dispel her deep fatigue and find words with which to answer his harassing protest.

"Yet you must. I have the wonder, the treasure of your love for me. I will keep it always. I will never forget you. But it is impossible, even the friendship, now. We must not drag what is dear to us in the mire. I could not keep you as my friend under her eyes. I must live with her, and for her; that is the only life possible for me. I made it for myself. Whatever her cruelty, whatever her baseness, I have only to remember that I am responsible for her, that

I am her only chance. And after this her presence in my life makes yours wrong. She knows now that you are not a friend only, and as a husband you could not remain. Such a *ménage à trois* would be as detestable as it would be grotesque."

"She will marry!" cried Damier. "She must marry M. Daunay."

"I do not think that she will marry him; but if she does marry, I could not separate my life from hers, though then I could see you again, but as friend, as friend only."

Damier burst out into a smothered invective:

"And you think of sacrificing the rest of your life to that creature—who has no love for you—whom you cannot love! What can you do for her? You can never change or soften her."

He felt that the vehemence of his despair and rebellion dashed itself against a rocky inflexibility, although she still bent her head upon her hand with the same deep weariness, not looking at him, still spoke on with the same monotonous patience:

"I cannot call the fulfilling of the most rudimentary maternal duty a sacrifice. You forget that my youth is past, and that with it the time for sacrifices is past, too. I have no claims on life. Life, at my age and in my position, can only be a dedication. I can, perhaps, never soften or change her: but I can still protect her; I can still lend her the dignity, such as it is, of my home and my companionship. And I can pity her, most piteous creature—whose mother has no love for her."

"Ah, you do not love me!" cried Damier, and all his youth was in the cry. "You sacrifice me with such composure! You give yourself to have your life sucked out of you by this vampire shape of the past. And it is me you rob! It is my life you immolate, as well as your own! What of my claim on life—my claim on you? You have no conception of what you are to me, or you could not speak of shutting me out from you; you could not think of sending me away! You

could not speak so—think so—if you loved me!”

From her chair she now looked up at him, not with weariness, with a look curiously vivid and tender. “You speak like a boy,” she said.

Damier flung himself on his knees beside her. “And you think that I can leave you when you can look at me like that—love me like that!”

“Because I do.” She let him take her hands, and went on, almost smiling at him: “Because I love you like that, and because you love me like that, and because I am so much older than you—can’t you feel it? how like a little boy—passionate, unruly in his grief—you seem to me! And because, in spite of my age and your boyishness, we do yet love each other so greatly that the very greatness of our love makes the question of our being together or apart really of not such significance.”

“Of not such significance!” poor Damier cried. “I am to find you in heaven, then!”

“Probably.” She did smile now, but he guessed that it was the brave smile she could summon over anguish. He guessed that her feeling of his boyishness was less apparent to her than her feeling of his power over her, his right to her. She might never yield to the power, never own to the right, but to guess that she felt them was assurance enough for the moment, and the pallor of the face that smiled at him was a reproach to him.

“No, no,” he said; “I shall keep you there—and I shall keep you here, too. I will rescue you. I will find out the way. And I will leave you now and give you peace for a little while. You are terribly tired.”

“Terribly,” she assented. “It is kind and generous of you to go now.”

“But my going is to be taken as no token of submission. I will return.”

“To say good-by.”

“So you say.”

“So you will do.” And she still smiled, all tenderness, all inflexibility.

“Never, never, never!” said Damier.

XVII.

DAMIER, for his own part, felt no need of peace. A passionate protestation, a passionate determination, filled him. At his hotel, as if in answer to vague plans and projects, the figure of M. Daunay, rising from a chair, confronted him. From M. Daunay’s relief and alacrity he guessed that he had

been waiting there for some time—ever since, he further guessed, his conversation with Claire.

“You have heard?” asked M. Daunay, and a host of questions looked from his eyes.

“That you have proposed to Mlle. Vicaud, yes; and that she has answered you, I fear, not favorably; yes, I have heard.”

“You have seen her?”

“I was with her mother, speaking with her of it, when Claire came.”

“I have intruded thus upon you,” said M. Daunay, “in the faint hope that you might be able, after seeing her, to give me some encouragement, since from her I could elicit none. She was sullen, silent, reproached me for my haste. After all these years!” M. Daunay groaned, and dropped again into his chair, folding his arms and bowing his head in a despairing acquiescence to fate’s cruelty. “After all these years!” he repeated.

Damier saw down a long vista of them, sunny with the encouraging smiles of the charming Claire.

“You have assured me,” Daunay presently said, “that you were not the cause of this change in Claire.”

It was a rather perplexing question, but Damier was able truthfully to answer it with: “I can again assure you that it is only through her relation with her mother that Claire interests me.”

“And so she has assured me, again and again, and that all her affection was for me. And yet, now that I can claim her—now that I come, trusting and hoping, she turns from me; she mutters that I am too old, not rich enough. Ah, *mon Dieu!*”

Claire, clearly, Damier also saw, had never endangered her certain hold upon M. Daunay’s usefulness by confessing to him her expectation of larger achievements. She would evade him, and hold him, as long as she had need of him.

Part of her anger to-day had, no doubt, been due to the fact that the sudden crisis had forced her into a decisive attitude toward him while yet uncertain that she could with safety give him up. Yet, indeed, she had been able to avoid absolute decisiveness—so M. Daunay’s next words proved:

“She told me that all her affection was still mine, but owned to higher ambitions; she had never, she said, hidden from me that she was ambitious, and life now was opening new possibilities to her. Could affection and ambition be combined, had I a large fortune to gild my middle age and my

unimportance, she would at once marry me."

"She is utterly unworthy of you," said Damier.

At this a faint, ironic smile crossed the Frenchman's face. "Ah, *mon ami*," he said, "you need not tell me that. If I love Claire, do not imagine, as I told you last night, that I am blinded by my love. I love her *d'un amour fou*—and I recognize it. She possesses me; she can do what she will with me; I should forgive her anything. But I know that I am a captive—and to no noble captor."

"Just heavens!" Damier broke out, indifferent, in his indignant pity, to his own interests, "shake off this obsession—and her with it! Leave her; go away; do not see her again. What misery if you were to marry her!"

"What will you? I adore her!" His helplessness seemed final. He presently went on: "But I came to-day to ask for your help. You occupy a peculiar position toward Mme. Vicaut and her daughter; you have influence with them both. Use it in my favor, I beg of you. Intercede for me."

"Any influence I have shall, I promise you, be devoted to that purpose. I can hardly hope that your hopes will be realized; their realization could not be for your happiness. Pardon me, but have you never suspected that Claire is like her father—that she, too, is a miserable creature?"

For a long moment Daunay looked at him.

"She is like her father," he then said; "but have you never suspected, or, rather, do you not now see, that, because of that, my claim is all the stronger? What man not knowing it, marrying her in ignorance of it, would not repent? I should never repent. She is like him, if you will, but she is, irrevocably, the woman I love. More than that, she is the child I love; I have watched her grow up. From the beginning, she has been *ma petite Claire*; so she will be to the end—whatever that end may be."

M. Daunay spoke with a profound feeling, a profound sincerity that the emotional tremor of his voice, the emotional tears in his eyes, only made the more characteristic and touching to Damier. He got up and grasped the Frenchman's hand in silence.

A knock at the door broke upon this compact of sympathy; a garçon brought a card to Damier and said that the lady waited for him in the salon below. The card was Lady Surfex's, and on it was written:

Must see you at once, on most important matter concerning Mme. V.

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"Wait for me here," Damier said to M. Daunay. "This may concern you as well as me."

He found Lady Surfex in the drearily gaudy salon, her face ominous of ill tidings.

"My dear Eustace," she said,—they were alone, yet her voice was discreetly low,— "a horrid thing has happened—or is going to. I thought it best to come to you at once. Claire Vicaut runs away to-night with Lord Epsil."

And, as he stared at her in stricken silence:

"I found it out by chance. I was at Mrs. Wallingham's. They were there—Mlle. Vicaut and Lord Epsil. I watched them, indeed, with some uneasiness, as they sat, with ostentatious retirement, in a dim corner. I saw them go out together. Do you know, Eustace, my distrust of that girl and of that man—in justice to her, I must say it—was so great that I really was on the point of following them—asking her to let me drive her home; but I hesitated, people I knew came in, I had to speak to them, and so some time went by. Then, about half an hour after they were gone, Mrs. Wallingham came to me and whispered that a maid—a discreet English person who was dispensing tea in the dining-room—had overheard Lord Epsil saying to Mlle. Vicaut that they would take the night train to Dinard, and that his yacht was there. The woman came at once to her mistress. And now, Eustace, what can be done to save *her*?" They both knew to whom the pronoun referred; a conventional saving of Claire had significance only in reference to her mother.

Damier was steadying his thoughts.

"The night train." He looked at his watch. "There is time," he said.

"For what, Eustace?"

"There is only one chance. One can't appeal to her heart, or conscience—or even, it seems, to her ambition; but one might to her greed—offer her some firmer, surer competence. I had thought of it dimly before. I could catch that Dinard train—go with them—find some opportunity for seeing her alone before they reach Dinard—or before they reach the yacht."

"But, Eustace,"—her helpless wonder reproached his baseless optimism,— "what *could* you do? You can't beard the man; she is of age—goes willingly. What a situation!"

"I could offer her half of my income for life, if she would consent to return with me, and to marry a man who is devoted to her—who, I think, would forgive anything."

"Eustace, it would leave you almost poor!"

"Not quite, since the half is large enough, I trust, to tempt her! The whole would not be too much to give to save *her* from this final blow."

"But can you—this man—will he?"

"He is up-stairs. I will see him, and start at once."

"And, Eustace—wait; can't we keep it from her—can't we think of some good lie?"

He had almost to smile at her intently thoughtful face.

"What possible lie can we think of? Claire will not come back to-night—she must know, sooner or later."

"But it is for to-night I want to spare her. Ah, I have it—no lie, either. I merely send a telegram, 'Claire may not return to-night: will explain to-morrow,' signed with my name; she will think Claire is passing the night with me; and then, you know, the girl may, at the last moment, decide not to go."

Damier had to yield to her eagerness. Up-stairs the words he had with Daunay were short, bitter, decisive. Availing his eyes from the unfortunate man's face, he put the case before him. He turned his back on him when he had spoken, went to the window, left him to an unobserved quaffing of the poisonous cup.

M. Daunay's first words showed that he had quaffed it bravely and that his reason still stood firm.

"She must be mad," he said; "it is not like her."

"No, it is not like her. And I may tell you that I suspect revenge to be in part her motive. She had a terrible quarrel with her mother this afternoon."

Damier turned now and faced him.

"And now, M. Daunay, are you willing to save her?"

"I am ready," the Frenchman said quietly; "with your help, I am ready to save her."

"I go at once, and with that assurance, then?"

"Yes; I am ready. Tell her that. Tell her, too, that if her mother will not receive her, she will find a home at my cousin's until our marriage can take place."

"Her mother will receive her," said Damier. "As you have forgiven, so she will forgive."

XVIII.

THE long, hot, rushing hours had passed, for Damier, in a sort of stupor, the anæsthesia of one fixed idea. In the stuffy railway-car-

riage, his eyes on the dark square of the open window, where one saw vaguely the starlit depths of a midsummer night, he thought, with the odd detachment of a crisis, of the past day: the sunny morning walk with Claire—green leaves, purple shadows, the afternoon's supreme moment—a deep pulse of wonder in his heart, hardly to be seen in images; Lady Surfex among the palms and monstrous gilded pottery of the hotel salon; M. Daunay's quiet, white face; the crowded Paris railway-station, and the glimpse he had caught in it of Claire and Lord Epsil. This most recent impression was also the most vivid, threw all the others into a blurred background where, with a new look of woe, only Mme. Vicaud's face glimmered clearly.

The enforced pause at the height of his resolution made both the past and the future half illusory. The present, with not its usual flashing impermanence, had, for hours, been the same, had stopped, as it were, at an instant of vigilant alertness, and held him in it rigidly. Until the object of that vigilance, that alertness, were attained, he could not look forward or make projects. The chance for seeing Claire alone could not come, probably, until Dinard was reached. There, in the hurry of arrival, he might snatch a word with her. It would only be necessary to speak the word, to put the alternative before her. Entreaty would be useless; all the argument possible was the chink of gold in two hands; all the hope, that his chink might be the louder.

Shortly after ten o'clock the train drew up in the Rennes station. Damier had let no such opportunity escape him, and he again stepped from his compartment and stood looking toward the part of the train where he knew were Claire and her cavalier. As he looked he saw the tall figure of the Englishman stroll across the platform to the refreshment-buffet. The light fell full on his long, smooth, pink face,—a papier-mâché pink,—on his long, high nose and whitish-brown mustache. Damier darted forward. In an instant he was at the door, still ajar, of the compartment that Lord Epsil had just left. He saw, under the yellow glare of the lamp, a confusion of traveling-bags, rugs, handboxes (Claire had evidently shopped), newspapers and magazines; a large box of bonbons lay on a seat, its contents half rifled, its papers strewn the floor; and, settled back in a corner, her shoulders huddled together in a graceful sleepiness, was Claire. A long silk travel-

ing-cloak fell over her white dress; the winged white hat of the morning was pushed a little to one side as her head leaned against the cushioned carriage; a drooping curve of loosened hair, shining in the light like molten brass, fell over her cheek and neck; her profile, half hidden, was at once petulant and relaxed with drowsiness.

Damier did not hesitate. He sprang into the carriage. Not touching the girl, he leaned over her. "Claire," he said.

In an instant she had started into erectness, staring stupefied, too stupefied for shame or anger.

"I have only a moment," said Damier, speaking with a clear-cut dryness of utterance. "If you will come back with me, and marry M. Daunay,—he knows all and will marry you,—half of my income is yours for life."

After the first stare she had blinked in opening her eyes to the light and to the sudden apparition; the eyes were now fixed widely on him; they looked like two deep, black holes.

"It is a bribe," she said.

"Call it so if you will."

"It shows your scorn for me."

"Comprehension of you, rather."

"And if I don't?"

"If you don't I will challenge this man—and fight him. I am an excellent fencer, an excellent shot."

She looked at him, half scoffing, yet half believing. "Englishmen don't fight duels."

"This one will."

"He might kill you."

"I might kill him; you would have to take the risk."

She shrugged her shoulders. "*Bien!* I understand, too. I will fulfil myself." She half rose, then sank again. "How much?" He mentioned the sum—not a small one. "Make it two thirds," said Claire, keeping her dilated eyes upon him with an effect of final and defiant revelation.

"Two thirds, then," he assented, in the steadied voice of one who does not dare hurry indecision. Yet, even now, she did not rise.

"One more condition, please. I do not see my mother again. Let us say, if you like, that I am ashamed to meet her."

"She has not been told—of this."

"Yes, she has," said Claire. "I wrote and told her." There was the satisfaction of achievement in the way she said it. "Oh, yes; she knows."

"Yet, even after that,—your vengeance,

I suppose,—I hardly dare make the promise for her,—she can forgive—even this."

"Ah," and the hoarse note was in Claire's voice, "but I can't take forgiveness from her. I have left the world where such episodes as this need forgiveness. Tolerance is now all that I will endure—and she will never tolerate. No; I will not come with you; I will not return to M. Daunay and to respectability—unless you promise that I shall never see her again."

"I promise it, then, if it is the condition."

"You accept? *Bien!*" Claire sprang up, and ripping an illustration from a magazine, she scribbled on the blank back, "Have decided, after all, that I won't come," transfixed it with a hat-pin to the cushioned back of Lord Epsil's vacated seat, then, as rapidly, reached for two of the handboxes, pulled them, rattling, from the racks, stooped and jerked a large pasteboard box from under a seat, and, encumbered as she already was, caught up from among the rugs and bags several smaller packages, dexterously holding them to her sides with her elbows.

Damier, who had stared, hardly comprehending, gripped her wrist. "Put them down."

She gazed round in sincere amazement; then, with quite a humorous laugh, dropped the booty. "I really forgot! No, it would n't be fair play, would it?—though, I confess, I should like to take a little vengeance; he has irritated me, been too complacent, too assured. This, too?" She touched the silk traveling-cloak. Damier, without speaking, stripped it off her; then, catching her by the arm, he almost dragged her from the carriage, for her feet stumbled among the dressing-cases and the abandoned boxes.

He found, as they almost ran along the dim platform across to the one opposite, and as he pushed her into a compartment of the Paris train that stood there, that she was laughing. The adventure of it, the excitement, Lord Epsil's discomfiture, appealed, evidently, to her sense of mirth.

There were other occupants of the carriage, and Damier was thankful for it. He did not want to talk to Claire. To reproach her would make him as ridiculous as beating a tin pan in the expectation of response other than a mocking cachinnation; not to reproach might seem to condone by comprehension. Yet, as she sank back into a corner, settled her shoulder in it, he saw that there was emotion under the laughter, that it was not only the tin-pan rattle. He

could interpret it as almost a regret—a regret for something against which she had always rebelled, from which she had now finally freed herself, a sudden realization that forever she had lost the standing upon which he had found her. Yet, over this trace of emotion and suffering, that, to Damier, was more piteous than anything he had yet seen in her, she smiled at him, with half-dropped lids. It was the look, with her a new one, of brazening a shame. Already her nature had retaliated upon the wrong she had done it by fixing in her face a more apparent ugliness of expression. She glanced round at the sleepy, respectable occupants of the carriage, their sleepiness, however, keeping an eye upon this startling young person in her white dress.

"Before we relapse into an irrevocable silence," she said, "let me inform you—it will complete your evil opinion of me—that I did n't really care about him; I cared for his caring about me—though at moments even that fatigued me, *il m'embêtait quelquefois*; but then, I was glad to be revenged."

"Upon whom? For what?"

"Upon you both—for making me feel that I was not of your world."

"We did not make you feel it, Claire."

For some moments they were silent, as the train moved slowly from the station, and then she said:

"Where will you take me?"

"To his cousin's, Mlle. Daunay's. I have arranged all with him."

A look, almost tremulous under its attempt at a light sneer, crossed her face.

"What forgiveness! *Il est un peu lâche, vous savez.*"

"Try, Claire, to deserve such touching *lâcheté.*"

Again Claire was, for some moments, silent; then, yawning slightly, yet, again his acuteness guessed, affectedly, she said, settling her shoulders more decisively in her corner:

"There is the more hope for my deserving it since now I am rich. You may make your mind easy about my future. I have got all that I ever really wanted." It was the new and brazen note over the new shame; but as he looked at the face that first pretended to sleep, and that eventually did sleep, was not the brass the curious, anomalous shield that nature put around something growing—around a soul that at last, with a faint, half-conscious thrill, felt upon it the awakening breath of suffering?

XIX.

THE morning was still fresh when Damier walked down the Rue B—— next day. Clear early sunlight fell upon the houses opposite Mme. Vicaud's, glittering on their upper windows, gilding their austerity; but the depths of the street were still cool and unshadowed.

The concierge was sweeping out the courtyard, and fixed on Damier a cogitating eye; his early visit and Claire's absence were, no doubt, to her vigilant curiosity, symptoms of something unusual. The cogitation, though mingled with relief, was repeated at the door above in Angélique's look. She was plainly glad to see him. Mme. Vicaud had sat up all night, she volunteered, quite as if accepting him as a member of the family, privileged to confidences; she thought that madame had hoped for mademoiselle's return, and she feared that the letter that had arrived from mademoiselle an hour before had much distressed madame. Perhaps M. Damier could persuade her to have some coffee; she had eaten no dinner the night before, nor breakfast this morning. Damier promised to persuade, and Angélique ushered him into the salon.

He had never before seen it flooded with sunlight,—for this was his first morning visit,—and the windows overlooking the garden faced a radiant sky. His eyes were dazzled, and the dark figure that rose to meet him seemed to waver in the light.

The calamity that had befallen her, at variance with the joyous setting in which he found her, showed in her white face—her eyes, still, as it were, astonished from the shock, dark with misery and a night of watching. On the table near which she had been sitting were a burnt-out candle, Lady Surfax's telegram of the night before, and a letter, opening its large display of vigorous handwriting to the revealing day: Claire's handwriting, Claire's letter of farewell. Damier took Mme. Vicaud's hands and looked at her; the astonishment of her eyes hurt him more than their dry misery: after all, then, she had been so unprepared.

"I know all," she said.

"Not all."

"She has left me—with that man; she has written to me."

"Not all," he repeated.

"Is there more? There cannot be worse."

"There is better. She is safe."

"Safe? Do you mean that she did not go?"

Her eyes, with their sudden leap of light, burned him.

"No; she did go. But I followed them; I brought her back."

"Back to me? She was frightened at what she had done?" she again asked, her eyes still burning, but more dimly, upon him. His eyes dropped before them; looking down at the wasted hands he held, he said:

"No, dearest, not to you—to M. Daunay. She is to marry him. She is with his cousin now."

Her vigil had evidently been tearless; even the arrival that morning of the fatal letter had not melted her frozen terror. But now, as she looked speechlessly at him, the long rise of a sob heaved her breast; her hands slid from his; she sank into a chair, and resting her crossed arms upon the table, she bent her head upon them and wept and shuddered. In the sunny stillness of the room the young man stood beside her. He felt an alien before this intimate, maternal anguish.

She did not weep for long. She presently sat upright, dried her eyes, and pushed back her hair, keeping her hand pressed tightly, for a moment, on her forehead, as if in an effort to regain her long habit of self-control; and as if to gain time, to hide the painful effort from him, she pointed to Claire's letter. "Read it," she said.

It was Claire's most callous, most ugly self; its passion of hatred and revenge hardly masked itself in the metallic tone of mockery. They were both well rid of her—her dear mama and her dear mama's suitor. They were far too good for her, and she justified them by showing them how far too bad she was for them. Pursuit and reproaches were useless. She feared that her dear mama's ermine robe of respectability must be permanently spotted by a daughter notoriously naughty—for she did not intend to hide her new situation. But perhaps the daughter could be lived down as the daughter's father had been. And on, and on—short phrases, lava-jets from the seething volcano of base vulgarity; Damier felt them burn his own cheek while he read.

Mme. Vicaud's eyes were on his when he raised them; but quickly looking away from him, she said: "It came this morning. Last night I could not understand that telegram; I could not believe that she would not return. I felt that something was being hidden from me; it was like battling in a stifling black air. And then—this came." He had laid the letter beside her, and she

touched it with her finger, as if it had been a snake. "This—this end of all!"

"She is safe," Damier repeated rather helplessly.

"Safe!" the mother echoed. Leaning her head against the chair-back, she closed her eyes. Lovely and dignified even in her disgrace, nothing could smirch and nothing could abase her; she had never looked so noble as at this moment of dreadful defeat and overthrow. "And how have you saved her?" she asked. "What did M. Daunay have to offer—what did you have to offer—to bring her back—since it was not repentance? It was not repentance?"

"No; but I believe that she was glad to come. I—I dowered Claire," said Damier, after a momentary pause.

Mme. Vicaud, still keeping her eyes closed, was silent. He leaned over her and took her hand. "All that I have is yours. You dowered her, let us say."

"What do you mean by dowering her?" she asked.

"I have given her two thirds of my income for life."

Her hand in his was chill and passive; he felt in her the cold shudder of shame.

"Ah," he said, "from me—from me you do not resent such saving?"

"Resent?—from you?" she said gently.

"No, no; it is of her I am thinking. No; you did well, very well to save her—if we may call it saving. You have washed the spots from my respectability. We both know the value of such washing; but it is best—best to have us all respectable,"—a bitter smile touched her lips,—“since it is that we prize so. And were there no other inducements?"

"There was a condition,"—he had to nerve himself to the speaking of it,—“that she did not see you again. She has, by her own wish, broken the bond between you. She has left your life."

Mme. Vicaud clenched her hands, and her chin trembled.

"Yet, let me tell you," he said, "I believe that there is more hope for Claire so left in the evil and abasement she has made about herself than if she were to have remained with you; all the forces of her nature were engaged in resistance, or in a pretended submission that bided its time. Now she must do battle with the world on a level where life will teach her lessons she can understand. She has severed herself completely from you—she has completely fulfilled herself. Some new blossoming may follow; who knows?"

"But no blossoming for me. I shall not see it," said Mme. Vicaud. "My life has been useless."

Useless? He wondered over her past, her long efforts, this wreck. Could goodness, however clear-sighted, however divine in its comprehension and pity, prevent evil from working itself out, fulfilling itself? Was not its working out perhaps its salvation?

"How can you tell?" he said. "You have done your work for her."

"I have done nothing for her. Everything has failed." Still, with closed eyes, she leaned her head against the chair, and slow tears fell down her cheeks.

"You have fulfilled yourself toward her; that is not failure. You have fought your fight. Surely it is the fighting, and not its result, that makes success. And can you say that everything has failed—when you still have me to live for? Claire has gone out of your life. She has shut the door on you. She has left you, and—oh, dearest, dearest, she has left you to me!"

He stood before her, looking at her with faithful eyes. His love for her made no menace to her grief; it did not jar upon her sorrow; rather it was with her in it all, it could not be separated from it—as he could not be separated from any part of her life.

"You are alone now," he said, "and I am alone."

"No,"—she put her hand out to him,—
"no; we are not alone."

"Then—" The air was golden, and in the

open window white flowers, set there, dazzled against the sky. This day of sunlight and disaster must symbolize the past and the future, as her eyes, with their silent, solemn assent, her face, so sweet and so sorrowful. She rose; he drew her toward him. But then, as though another consecration than embrace and kiss were needed for this strange betrothal, she walked with him, holding his hand, to the window, where the white flowers dazzled in the sun. She looked at the flowers, at the trees, at the splendid serenity of the morning sky, softly breathing the clear, radiant air—as though in "a peace out of pain."

"We will go away," said Damier, who looked at her; and, despite his sorrowing for her, the day seemed to him full of wings and music. "I do not want to see Paris again, do you? And this will be our last memory of it—these flowers, this garden, this sky, that we look at together. We will think of it so, without pain almost, in a new, new life."

"A new life," she repeated gently and vaguely. Lifting his hand, she kissed it. "You have rescued me from the old one. You are my angel of resurrection," she said.

Yet that the future was dim to her, except through his faith in it, that, indeed, it could never become an unshadowed brightness, he knew, as, leaning against him, needing protection from her bitter thoughts, she murmured in the anguish of her desolate and bereaved motherhood: "Oh—but my child!"



A HARD ROAD TO ANDY COGGINS.

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD,
Author of "The Cat and the Cherub," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

THE naked statues stared at us along the hall, each one as if to say, "What the devil is two common men doing in this private palace, anyway?" But they did n't faze me, for I knew all about 'em from a newspaper clipping which by chance I had in me pocket; and says I to Clarence O'Shay:

"Do ye know the carpet you 're standing on cost thirty-five dollars a yard?"

"The saints!" says Clarence, stepping off of it.

"Do ye know the mosaic floor you 're standing on now cost thirty-five dollars a foot?" says I.

"The devil himself!" says Clarence, stepping back on the carpet.

"And the man that owns it all is worth twenty-eight millions in gold," says I.

Clarence's eyes bulged out like little blue beads on a golliwog.

"Could he come by as much as that honest?" says he.

"Sure," says I. "For the stealing was done by his ancestors; and his mother that rich by continual marriage and divorce that she never carried the same handkerchief twice, but put it away in a drawer."

The suspicious eye of the lackey in the white shirt and swallowtail come back down the marble stairs and shrugged his nose at us.

"No one in this house knows anything about you two," says he, laying hold of the door.

"Did n't the gentleman tell us to come here," says Clarence, "and did n't he give us his pasteboard?"

"Oh, maybe he did," says the lackey, "and then, again, maybe you picked up his card in the street." And with that he opened the door to the night and let in a breath of the fog; and me and Clarence fingered our caps with rage.

"Hold on, William!" commands a voice in patent-leathershoes, running down the stairs,

all pink with haste. "You are the two men which Mr. Wallace said he would hunt up for me; and you 're just in the nick of time."

"Yes, sir," says I. "The gentleman told us you 'd pay us ten dollars and a pleasant evening—"

"And a hot dinner, which we ain't had any," says Clarence.

"Yes, sir," says I. "But what the gentleman wanted us to do for you in return he did n't have time to describe, but told us to run—"

"And you 're just in the nick of time," says the absent-minded Poet, which we saw he was from his overgrown hair and the fiddling of his hands. "I do hope you understand we want the real thing," says he, "as far as possible."

"We have no idea what you want us to do," says I, inviting his explanations.

"They are made of wood," says the Poet, musing to himself, while me and Clarence looked questions at each other; "but they will sound all right, I think," says the Poet. "And what I want especial to say—oh, there goes the music! Come on!"

And in the gasp of his own breath he galloped up the polished stairs, with me and Clarence chasing his paper dancing-pumps like four cobblestones—past long corridors, and lady's-maids, and boys in buttons, as many as a dream, every one staring at us like the flight of strange birds, and we all the time guessing as to what he wanted us for and what it was that was made of wood. Till the Poet burst through a door, and we after him; and all of a sudden here was me and Clarence in Newport, behind the scenes of a private theatricals, up to our chins in society. 'T was such a swarm of the wives, daughters, sons, maid-servants, and man-lackeys of millionaires, all running this way and that, and smelling of cut flowers and violet-water, and jingling with jewelry and glittering with clothes, that me and Clarence



"LIKE THE FLIGHT OF STRANGE BIRDS."

was nigh overcome with the altitude of it, and would have liked to crawl off in the dark like two mongrel pups at a dog-show.

The Poet had burrowed himself in the crowd; but here comes William, and says I, smiling kind: "Will you please ask the gentleman what is it that 's made of wood?" And says William: "No, I will not!"

We said to ourselves had he fetched us to play on something of wood, like the castanets or the violin, for which we had none of the gift? And we begun to feel as foolish as two plumbers called in on the run to a case of nose-bleed. And, besides, the Poet would seem to have clean forgot of us, and the stares of the women kept pinning us close to the wall, like two foreign insecs. Till Clarence, that had his appetite all spread for the hot dinner that no one would bring us, and could not keep his morals upright without ballast of food, begun to take hard of the passage of time, and says he:

"Come away from this foolish place, and let 's keep on to Andy Coggins' and get a plate of beans."

And, to sweeten your temper, comes William and boosted us off of the stage, and says did we think was the cream of society aching to witness our beauty?

"Oh, yes," says Clarence to me, in a burst. "Get off the stage, and get off the earth—that 's the way it is with them swells. This place may be all right," says he, loud enough for every one; "but I 'm going down to Andy Coggins' to get a plate of beans."

And the women all opened their mouths to each other like dying fish, till me face tanned with shame. But a friend of the Poet says he:

"I 'm glad you 've come; for we could n't have had the play without you. I suppose you 've tried 'em on?"

"Tried on what?" says I. "What is it we 're wanted to do?"

And he put his finger to his mouth and pointed to the curtain; and up it went, with me and Clarence stranded in the wings, and no more intelligent than when we entered the house.

We see a background of good-looking maidens all setting in the woods; and one that I will say was as handsome as ever need be, she was the main consideration of the play. And says she, all speaking in rhymes and fine simile and such high-sounding language as no poor girl could afford, the gist of the following:

"I 'm a most misfortunate young person from down here at Tholwick-in-the-Glen. And though I do look as if I was up too early this morning, me character is beyond approach. For the fact is," says she, breaking into tears, "just now when the sun was not yet gilding rosy on the mountaintops, some one waked up me father—waked him up before he was out of his bed, and killed him with the cruel end of a stick. And me, poor romantic bird, I 'm out looking for me uncle, that was reputed to be hunting the wild boar this morning—or else," says she, throwing both eyes on the floor, "some handsome young knight that would love me for meself alone. But," says she, blubbering again (and Clarence was deep affected), "no one appears to like me style, and the best thing I 'd do is to crawl in some hole and die, like a tired dove!"

But on jumps the Hero, a strapping young foot-ball kicker from Harvard, shining in his armor like a brass tea-pot.

"What—a lovely young thing like you!" says he. "Why, when you walk in the garden the lilies turn green, and a bee stopped for some time at your lips, I hear, thinking your words was honey. Show me him that slew your parent, and I 'll write his name in the skies of evil fame," says he, "for I 'm Sir Hothryn; and to-night, sweet Yvernelle, you and me will be married with the end of the candles that buried the old man."

"Never!" says the Villain, breaking through the door of his castle and landing between 'em. "Young man," says he, "you promised your hand in marriage to me daughter Thuthelred. Leave this stray virgin alone, and go into the house and make love to Thuthelred, ye forgetful beggar, or else meet trouble. For I 'm a bad man, and

suspected of killing not only Yvernelle's father, but yours, too."

"Then, bedad!" says the Hero, "I consider meself justified in keeping me word of honor to the fair Yvernelle. Look," says he, pointing up at another young woman that stepped on the stage and got lost in the flare of the Heroine's beauty, "observe the approach of the villainous Thuthelred. That woman is swearing to keep you and me apart; but, on me soul," says the Hero, "I swear that you, Yvernelle, are a better-looking girl than this Thuthelred."

"What," says the Villain, "her prettier than my Thuthelred? A slap in the face of me honor!"

And with that the orchestra struck up with chords of disharmony, and the Villain cut a round hole with his sword in the air, and jumped through it to get at the Hero, that had come off with nothing but a dirk; and the only thing that saved the Hero's life was the coming down of the curtain.

"And never a hiss!" says Clarence, waving his hand in disgust at the stage. "They can sit and hear of a young girl's father treated like that, and they never give vent to a word of objection—a fine creature like that," says he, "and pretty as ever was made! And that Hero was no good; for why did n't he pick up a cobbler and make an end of that man with the sword? I've always heard ill of the aristocracy," says he, all vacant with hunger, "and now I believe it; and in such a place where doings like that is received with applause I will not remain!"

"And you two stopping here all this time!" says the Poet, red with exasperation. "How in the world do you know if they'll fit?"

"What fit? Fit what?" says I.

"Look here, mister," says Clarence; "I don't know what it is that I don't know whether it fits, and I don't know what it is that is made of wood; but whatever it is, I can neither play on it, eat it, nor spend it for beer; and this place is all crazy, and I'm going down to Andy Coggins' to get a plate of beans."

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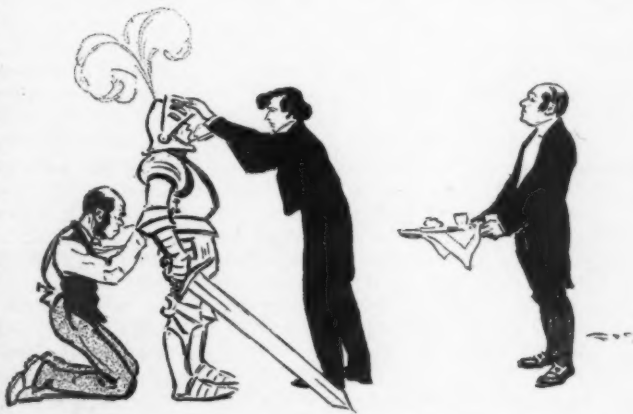
"No, no—hold him!" says the Poet. "What will me play be without the fight? Could n't ye see that from reading the book?" says he, answering several questions from millionaires in the same breath.

"What book? What fight?" says we.

"Oh, 't is most extraordinary if ye have n't understood," says he, with impatience, brushing every one else aside and dragging us into a room. "Here 's the two suits of armor," says he, "and why don't you get into 'em? And here 's your wooden swords. And there 's half a bowl of punch. And what I want you to do is precisely this. Just a minute," says he; and a lady's-maid hauled him away.

Clarence got that amused by the punch that he let me fit him into his sheet-iron vest, with the arms and legs of a lobster.

"'T is the liquor of the aristocracy," says he, with his head in the bowl; "and I'm wondering how long before I'll arrive at some opinion of it." And he grew that tame I could put the sheet-iron head on him, with the face that opened and shut; and then, when



"THE POET OPENS CLARENCE'S HELMET AND PASSES IT IN TO HIM."

he had absorbed the dregs of the punch, he gave the ghost of a smile. But when I stood him up complete and creaking in the rivets, he began to complain of the ancients for fighting in such foolish clothes, and I knew he was running down again, and had arrived at no opinion of his liquor at all.

"Them spider-legs of yours is the most awkward I ever see," says he, watching me try with the armor, and him all at outs with creation.

"Them ancients was all dwarfs," says I,

sharing his humor; "and this tin trousers is a total misfit."

"That's right," says he; "say I'm a dwarf. And you get me all jailed inside of this crazy invention, and then you call it all off! The whole place is misfits," says he, jumping up,



"CHAINED . . . TO THE SAME TREE."

all maudlin with famine. "The liquor is weak as pap. And that Angora Poet ignores me, and that William de Stiffneck insults me. And never a taste of food, though ye hint as loud as a parrot in its cage. And I'm going to take this tin foolishness off me back," says he, fiddling violent with the armor, "and I'm going down to Andy Cog-gins' to get—what's the matter of it?" says he, wrestling with his iron gloves and trying to find his hands and feel for the buckles of his breastplate. "How do I get out of this?" says he, raising his voice beyond all decency. "Do I back up ag'in' the wall and break the shell of it like a flea? Le' me out of here!" says he, growing frantic. He dashed himself ag'in' the wall, and caromed off, jingling like a tinsmith. "UnscREW me head off of this!" he commands, pulling at his helmet. "Ye'll not, then, will ye?" says he. And with that he took up a chair and hit himself that hard in the helmet that it knocked him down on the floor.

"What's the matter here?" says the Poet, breaking through the door.

"It's beans—beans!" shouts Clarence, gesticulating with his legs like a beetle on

its back. "I'm on me way to Andy Cog-gins' to get a plate of beans!"

"Maybe the smell of food would revive him," says I, withholding me sarcasm.

"Here!" says the Poet, snatching a strange pastry from William's tray. 'T was a bit of cream paste hit up with a stick till it looked like the froth on a beer, and rolled inside of a cooky the thick of a post-card; and the Poet opens Clarence's helmet and passes it in to him.

"What's this?" says Clarence.

"'T is food," says the Poet.

"Food?" says Clarence, with a gulp. "Ye call that food! I open me mouth for a hot repast, and, bedad! ye give me a half-gust of wind beat up with an egg! Take this Poet away," says Clarence; "take him away, or I'll do meself harm with me feelings."

Then me and the Poet took consultation, and I come back to Clarence.

"There's supper waiting at the end of the play," says I. "And the man ye're to duel with will be that William the lackey, that says he was once in the cavalry; for I'm too big for the armor, and William is just your size. And the Poet says that the cause of the fight will be your trying to save this beautiful Yvernelle from the hands of that Villain and William."

"For her?" says Clarence, jumping up. "And ag'in' that William? Why did n't ye say that before? Come right along and give me the cue. Look at that, now," he whispers, pointing to the Villain, that was dragging the fine young lady by a chain to a tree. "People turn out for to see a poor girl maltreated like that! Yes, yes, I know 't is only a play; but where's the fun of it, and her face as sweet as the Countess of Cork? What does this William say to that?" says Clarence, all loose in the tongue with excitement; "and what do I say to him back?"

"Whist!" says I. "The Poet has give me the book of the play, and I'm finding your place."

"O cruel foe," says the poor girl, praying to the Villain, "here's me father slain at sunrise, me mother poisoned while saying the morning prayers, and now you stole me safeguard, me magic ruby, while I was washing me face at yonder purling brook. Heaven will get even with you for this!" says she.

"Me innocent dove," says the Villain, "let's turn over a new leaf and forget that 't was me that slew your father and mother!"

And here in the wings, with his wooden sword, stood the proud lackey William, iron-sheathed from the middle to his ends, and

ready to back the Villain for any blackguard trick that might be, with Clarence's hair bristling at the sight of him.

"T is a tragedy," I whispers to Clarence. "You are the noble friend of Sir Hothryn the Hero; and the Poet says, above all things, fight strong, and not weak."

"Yes, yes," says Clarence, "strong, and not weak. And a fine-looking head she has, and elegant feet," says he, expanding with pleasure. "And poor William! What will I do with his comic remains when I have him out of his shell?"

"Whist! I've not arrived at the killing," says I, blowing at the pages.

"Poor William!" says Clarence, with a chuckle. A heavenly smile was bathing him head to foot; and he dropped the vizard of his helmet to hide his expectations. "Bedad! I will make you an entertainment of that William!" says he, tickling himself with the words. "Bedad! I will make a climax of him!"

"Clarence!" says I, all jutting with perspiration.

"What, dear?" says he.

The words stuck in me throat. How could I break to him what I had read?

"Clarence dear," says I, "it says in this book of instructions that the end of the fight—the end of the fight—" and here I broke down.

"Yes, yes," says Clarence, all beaming with light through the holes in his armored face. "Do I dig a hole with me sword and bury him?"

"According to the book," says I, swallowing me heart, "the end of the fight is a tragedy. And Sir Hothryn does n't rescue the young lady at all, but gets killed. And the killing is done by William; and just before that—why, William is required to kill Sir Gathred; and Sir Gathred—that's you!"

"T was as though I had stepped on me pet canary in the middle of its song. From that moment from his helmet, that had grown as

light-hearted as a baby, exuded never a sigh nor a sign. "Did n't ye understand?" says I, tapping his iron shoulder. But his whole suit of armor hung like an empty one in the Tower of London. I opened his face and looked inside of him. There he was; but his mouth was as tight as a clam, and I could n't catch his eye. I made a circle of him: but when I looked here, his eye traveled there; and when I looked there, his eye traveled here. And I bit me lips like the taste of a funeral psalm, and mopped great drops of fear and doubt from me brow with the back of me hand.

For Yvernelle, besides, was pulling us all by the nerves. Ye'd thought 't was true she was stolen away from her lover, and had no hope and no friends; and such was the melancholy of her voice and the clank of her chains that ten little misses in the front row



"FUMING AND CLASHING LIKE WILD IRON HORNETS."

all blew their nose and would not look sideways.

"Clarence dear," says I, walking on eggs, "'t is a bit misfortunate, sure; but you would n't think of refusing to die, since 't is meant so in the Poet's book, of course?"

He snapped down his vizard and closed himself in in the dark; and all me answer was a blood-curdling moan from Miss Yver-

nelle; for the Villain had just tried to pat her hand, and the end was approaching.

"Clarence dear, could n't ye speak?" says I. His eyes was set across the stage like diamonds, glittering on the opposite William.

At that moment the Hero shinned over the castle wall and stepped on the Villain's toe and called him a hideous mask. The two rushed off fighting in the wings, with the orchestra doing shivers on the minor strings, and Yvernelle stitching back and forth, all stewing with tenter-hooks, till back comes the Villain with a groan.

"Hothryn has cut off both me thumbs!" wails the Villain, falling down. "Arrest him for carrying a magic sword!" And on struggles the Hero, and gets chained by three farmers to the same tree with Yvernelle.

"T is the end, at last," says she, breaking down.

"Clarence," says I, "'t is your turn soon. You *will* have reason—and let William kill you comfortable?"

But he stood as silent as his picture.

"Farewell, Hothryn," says the Villain. "You was a brave young knight; but you got tangled in another man's rope, and I'll have you executed at once, on charge of heresy. Summon Sir Tancred!"

And on drops William, like a bantam from the hand. Clarence gave motions of life. I listened outside of him, and me thermometer fell within me; for I heard him getting up steam.

"Farewell, me love, then," says Yvernelle, between her tears. "I'll make a funeral of myself as soon as you are dead."

"Hold!" says Hothryn. "I've just heard the horn of me faithful friend Sir Gathred. Art thou a man, Sir Tancred? Wilt fight Sir Gathred?"

"I will!" says William, as stern as turning away peddlers from the door. He began stamping his foot and cutting out fancy silhouettes with his sword. I laid me hand on Clarence like a boiler planning to burst.

"O'Shay darling—for good manners' sake!" says I.

"Hasten, Sir Gathred!" commands Hothryn, tipping us the wink. "On you hangs all my sun and stars!"

Then I shut me eyes like jumping off a cliff in a dream; and Clarence give a leap and exploded in the middle of the stage.

When I looked up I knew that the worst had begun. The audience had risen in their seats. The Hero and Yvernelle stood frozen together with astonished hands, the Poet

gesticulating with a face like quinine, and the servants all pallid with fear. And in the center of it whirled William as Tancred and Clarence as Gathred, fuming and clashing like wild iron hornets, with the orchestra crashing and blaring like mad. They squared off one second for breath; then they collided together like two evil angels; and William fell down with the magnitude of a chandelier, and arose again, and fled, bedad! like a hairless dog, leaving pieces of himself behind him, and calling out to be saved, with Clarence pursuing him like the wild Juggernaut, till they both got drowned in the cellar, by the roar of the audience and the shrieks of the servant-maids.

The Hero and Yvernelle looked at each other all mouthless. How was he going to die, with no one to kill him? Or she to poison herself without reason?

"Go on with the words—*do* something—die—die!" shouts the Poet, in a whisper from the wings.

But the words would have sounded too foolish, with Clarence and William still passing away like a thunder-storm in the cellar. The eye of the beholders went sudden to the Villain, that had laid still with his wounds, and had watched the fight with his back to the footlights. He was writhing and red in the face beyond control, that irreverent he was, and laughing at the cruel mess that O'Shay had made of the play.

"For Heaven's sake! can't somebody do something?" calls the Poet, his voice half tears, and the audience wondering what was the hitch.

"All right," says the Villain, shaking like jelly. He rolled over to the audience. "Alas!" says he, with a frightful face, holding up his two decapitated thumbs, "me wounds have proved fatal! Hothryn and Yvernelle, join hands for the dance of life!" he shouts. "For 't is evident," he says, with a grin that near split his face in twain, "that the Fates never intended ye should perish. I'm dying," says he, with a horrible smile, "and well I'm paid for this day's work. Now, ye wooden image," says he, rolling over to the man at the rope, "come down with your curtain!"

And down it went, to a tumult stupendous. Clarence come up from the cellar alone.

"You ignorant fool!" squeaks the Poet, with rage. "You, with your beastly knock-about—you, with your low-lived horse-play—"

But in burst the door and a mob of millionaires.

"Hurrah!" says they. "Girls all sobbing in every direction, and that surprise—that blood-stirring combat at the end—when ye had us all worked up believing 't would turn out a tragedy! Masterly!" says they. "The finest thing in the language! And let's have something to eat."

I found a short cut across the lawn to that door where William had insulted us. There, in the mist and electric light, was

Clarence, coming down the steps in all his armor, shining like *Hamlet's* father.

"Where the devil ye going?" says I.

"Have no conversation with me," says he, waving his wooden sword, "and keep company with yourself. I'm on me way to Andy Coggins' to get a plate of beans."

Then he swallowed himself in the fog; and I heard the howl of a dog that ran off with its tail at half-mast.



THE MAN OF DESTINY.¹

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

FOR this, the burning winds and biting rain
Were powerless against him, and the spite
Of the coiled snake, ay watchful on the plain,
Was foiled; for this, the young West's wholesome might

Entered his veins; for this, the stifling ring
Of evil in the civic life was snapped.
Harmless the wiles of each envenomed thing,
Freely he passed where other men were trapped.

O maker of To-morrow, by those pains
Endured to reach the round world's noblest seat,
By the ideals that led you on, and trained
Your will to dominance, by all the sweet

Returns of love which on just rulers wait,
Give us such new and kindly days that none
Shall linger at the ruined bars of hate,
And misconception's work shall be undone.

Aye, give us Yesterday; but on it raise
A greater nation than the old day knew;
Thus men who dreamed of this shall stand at gaze
In wondering awe to find that high dream true.

¹ See "The New President: A Prayer," THE CENTURY for November, 1901.



THE DIFFERENCE.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

HAD Henley died, his course half run—
Had Henley died, and Stevenson
Been left on earth, of him to write,
He would have chosen to indite
His name in generous phrase—or none.

No envious humor, cold and dun,
Had marred the vesture he had spun,
All luminous, to clothe his knight—
Had Henley died!

Ah, well! at rest—poor Stevenson!—
Safe in our hearts his place is won.
There love shall still his love requite:
His faults divinely veiled from sight,
Whose tears had fallen in benison,
Had Henley died!



THE PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.



WITH the steady expansion and increasing complexity of the American university, the problem of finding a man fitted to preside over it is becoming more and more difficult.

Local pride demands that he shall be an alumnus of the institution. He must have executive ability in a high degree, and he must have, also, an intuitive knowledge of human nature, which will enable him to guide without friction the work of eminent specialists in almost every department of science and art. He must be young enough to be energetic and progressive, and he must be old enough to be conservative and sure of himself. He must be pleasant in address and accomplished in speech, that he may be a satisfactory representative of the university before the public at large. He needs not only robust common sense, but also a keen sense of humor, which will enable him

to see things in their proper proportion. He must have tact and judgment, and the faculty of inspiring confidence in the community, so that he may win friends for the institution, and attract to it the large gifts now more needful than ever. If not absolutely a scholar himself, in the narrower meaning of the word, he ought to be a man of high culture, in thorough sympathy with the loftiest aims of scholarship. And, finally, if possible, he should be also an educational expert, having thought out his own opinions upon the vexed questions which beset the training of youth in the United States to-day.

These qualifications are so many and so various that only rarely can a university hope to secure a president who possesses even a majority of them. It is the singular good fortune of Columbia University that it has been able to find them all united in the man whom the trustees have

now elected to the presidency, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. A graduate of Columbia, having in his college days distinguished himself as a student, and also taken part in the manifold undergraduate activities of the time, Dr. Butler attended the universities of Berlin and Paris, although it was from his alma mater that he finally took his degree of doctor of philosophy. Appointed an assistant in philosophy in 1885, he became the head of the department in 1890, being then only twenty-eight years of age.

He had begun early to pay special attention to education, to its history, its theories, and its practice, having been urged thereto by President Barnard, who was a man of marked originality, far in advance of his time, and who was then laying the foundation for much of the expansion of Columbia which became possible under President Seth Low. In one vacation Dr. Butler taught in an ungraded country school, gaining invaluable experience. Later, for eight years, he served as chairman of the committee on education of the New Jersey State Board of Education. At Columbia he was instrumental in having education accepted as a proper subject for university instruction at a time when it had not been attempted anywhere else, even in Germany, where there were only casual lectures on the subject by one or another of the professors of philosophy. At Columbia Dr. Butler's courses on education were so solidly established that the title of his chair was changed at his request, and he became, in 1895, professor of philosophy and education. In this change he had been guided by the advice of Professor Paulsen, who had warned him never to allow education to be divorced from philosophy, lest it sink to a mere imparting of pedagogic devices, to a sterile collecting of the tricks of the teacher's craft. His success in showing that education was a subject capable of being taught in a university aroused wide-spread interest in other institutions; and the example at Columbia has been followed at several of the leading American universities where there are now professorships of education.

Having set about the scientific study of education at Columbia, Professor Butler saw the need also of practical training, and, with this end in view, he was able to bring about, in 1887, the establishment of Teachers College, of which he was the first president. He also founded, in 1890, the "Educational Review," of which he is still the editor, and which has been of inestimable service in

raising the educational standards of the United States. Two series of books are also the result of his editorial activity, one devoted to the lives of the "Great Educators," and the other entitled the "Teacher's Professional Library." His own views upon certain of the most important educational problems were published, in 1898, in "The Meaning of Education," a book which has gone through several editions, and which has already been translated into French and German, Russian and Italian. In 1900 he edited two volumes of monographs on "Education in the United States," which were sent by the national government to the Paris Exposition as part of its exhibit. For this and his other services to the cause of education, Dr. Butler was awarded three gold medals.

What is known at Harvard and at Yale as the Graduate School is now divided at Columbia into three distinct groups, the School of Political Science, the School of Pure Science, and the School of Philosophy, each in charge of its own faculty. The School of Political Science, the first to be organized, was modeled upon the Paris *École Libre des Sciences Politiques*, and it served, in turn, as the model of the London School of Economics. It publishes the invaluable "Political Science Quarterly," and it is perhaps the subdivision of Columbia best known abroad, and especially beyond the confines of the English language. The second to be set up was the School of Philosophy, which has control of all graduate studies, not only in philosophy and education, but also in ethics and psychology, in classical philology, in Oriental studies, and in modern languages and literatures. Dr. Butler served as the dean of the School of Philosophy from its formal organization in 1890 to his recent promotion to the presidency of the university, and to his skill and zeal is due much of its extraordinary development. He saw clearly that even if it was a disadvantage to Columbia, as a college for undergraduates, that it was surrounded by a great city, its metropolitan situation was, on the other hand, an advantage to Columbia as a university attended by graduate students, who could have at their disposal facilities for research and observation, in libraries, museums, and galleries, in theaters, law courts, and hospitals, that were wholly beyond the reach of those who are attending institutions established in small towns. With Dr. Butler as its dean, the School of Philosophy at Columbia has been steadily extend-

ing its instruction and attracting more and more students, until there are now at least as many graduates in attendance there as are to be found taking advanced studies at any other American university.

While engaged at Columbia in guiding the School of Philosophy, in establishing education as a university subject, and, later, in directing the summer session first attempted in 1900, Dr. Butler was also taking a prominent part in the educational activities not only of New York, but of the United States. The new school law of the metropolis, now firmly embedded in the revised charter, is largely the result of his efforts; and to his advice and aid is due a part of the instant success of the new high schools which are now an honor to New York. He has long been one of the most influential members of the National Educational Association, of which he was the president in 1895; and he is one of the half-dozen men who deserve the credit for the educational awakening of the last decade throughout the United States. He it was who suggested that the National Educational Association ought to appropriate funds for the thorough investigation of vexed questions; and thus was brought about the appointment of the Committee of Ten (with President Eliot at its head), whose famous report pointed the way to a scientific reorganization of the teaching in our secondary schools.

Dr. Butler himself wrote the report of the committee of the National Educational Association, adverse to the establishment of a national university in Washington, but suggesting that the government collections be made available for students; and the organization outlined in this report served as a basis for the institution for encouraging research which Mr. Carnegie has now endowed with ten million dollars. As its secretary, again, Dr. Butler organized the work of the College Entrance Examination Board, which conducts the entrance examinations for all the colleges in the Middle States and for many of those in New England, applying uniform standards, satisfactory alike to the college professors and to the teachers of the training-schools. These labors in behalf of educational progress, his presence at all the meetings of the National Educational Association, where he is always a most popular speaker, and his editorship of the "Educational Review," have made Dr. Butler better

known to the teachers of the United States than any one else, with the possible exception of President Eliot and of Dr. Harris.

He is as popular with his own students at Columbia as he is with the teachers at large, and he is as highly respected. His labors outside of Columbia have not been allowed to starve his courses in college; on the contrary, they seem to have nourished them. He is himself a teacher of unusual power and suggestiveness. He has not only the encyclopedic information and the precision of statement of the scholar, but his learning has been thoroughly assimilated. His knowledge is always available for instant use. His presentation of the difficult problems of philosophy is transparent and individual; as a student once remarked, "I did n't think philosophy could be as clear as Professor Butler makes it." But this clarity is not obtained at the cost of depth or of breadth. In fact, one of the foremost philosophical thinkers of America, who had had unusual opportunities for judging, recently informed a friend that he had long believed that Dr. Butler's lectures on philosophy might be considered "the most valuable instruction given anywhere, in that they enable students to understand our present civilization in the light of what is positive and valuable in the old civilization."

Dr. Butler has a remarkable record of experience and achievement, but he has never allowed his interest in his professional studies to absorb his whole attention or to narrow his mind. A scholar and a man of affairs, he is also a man of the world. He takes a deep interest in life, and he has a broad outlook on it. His understanding of science, in its broader aspects, is unusual. His favorite reading is history, and he follows contemporary politics with keen attention. He has served in the State conventions of his party, and he was one of the founders of the Citizens' Union. He is almost as well known to the leaders of opinion in Washington as he is to the educational world, and he is an intimate friend of President Roosevelt. He is a member of various clubs in New York—the Century, the Authors, the Players. Being a busy man, he has always time to spare for his friends. And it may be added that there are very few men who have as many friends as Nicholas Murray Butler, or who faces life with so much zest.





FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER & CO.

Nicholas Henry Butler

CHIMMIE FADDEN.

A DISCUSSION OF L'AIGLON AND WOMAN.

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.



SAY, I like to chin wit' Mr. Paul because he makes up woids as he goes along, and dat 's fun for me; and I puts him wise on real woids, and dat 's good for him.

"It 's improving to me," he says, "it 's improving to me, and it 's amusing to you," he says. "Wit' improvement and amusement," he says, "even Newport would be endurable."

But dat was only a jolly, for we has a place at Newport, and when our folks—His Whiskers, Miss Fannie, Mr. Burton, and Little Miss Fannie—goes dere Mr. Paul chases along, too, so of course it 's endur-

able to him. See? He comes to our country place de odder day, and, as de folks was all out on de road getting deirselves perfumed wit' ottar-of-mobile oil, he says he 'd stop awhile and improve his mind wit' a short conversatserony wit' me, if I had time to spare.

I had time to burn and was looking for a furnace, so I asks him had he been to see Sally Bernhardt out on top of de stage in "Leglong."

"No," says he. "No, I has not went," he says, "for I loaned me Ollendorff to a friend who was going to Paris," he says, "to buy some Old Masters off a new shop what is turning 'em out at cut rates," he says. "I stopped at home," he says, "and wrote an essay on 'Books dat have Helped me Friends,'" he says. "De drama," he says—"de drama, as interrupted by Miss Bernhardt," he says, "is a great moral teacher. A French play done by Miss Bernhardt," he says, "offers a grand chance to draw moral

lessons," he says. "Tell me, Chames," he says, "what did you draw?"

"I drew ten dollars," I says, "ten good, long green plunks I had hid from de Duchess, for de price of two seats," I says. "De Duchess told me she 'd die if she did n't go, so I give her de ten plunks to buy de tickets, and den found out dat Miss Fannie had give de Duchess her seats. Say," I says, "is dat goil—is de Duchess—a finecier? What? All she needs is a stock-ticker and a steam-yacht to make her a Steel Trust magnet."

"A Steel Trust magnet," says Mr. Paul, "must have a soul of iron," he says. "De Duchess is too peaceful for de job."

"Sure," I says. "De Duchess is for peace if I has de price," I says. "When I asks her for de ten plunks she flimflammed me out of, she says, 'Let us not quarrel, Chames,' she says, 'about a little t'ing like dat. You is reckless wit' your wealt,' she says, 'so I 'll keep de money for fear you might buy a house and lot on Fift' Avenoo wit' it,' she says.

"But 'Leglong' was wort' de loss of ten," I says. "It was a better play dan 'De Moonshiner's Bride' we seen in de Bowery de week before. Most pieces on de stage gives all de fighting to de men," I says, "but woman is more courageouser dan man," I says, "and 'Leglong' proved it."

"How is dat, Chames?" says Mr. Paul.

"Woman," I says, "don't care about de distance between bases. If dey needs a home run in deir business, dey lights out for it, wit'out fussing about a home-run hit to run on," I says. "Mr. Leglong," I says, "wanted de ball knocked over de fence before he 'd get away from his base. But dere was a goil in de play—she was de countess—what was out for a home run wit'out caring wedder de ball was over de fence or in de pitcher's hand," I says.

"She was 'pestuous," says Mr. Paul.

"She was a loidy," I says. "But, say," I says, "de mug what wrote 'Leglong' was no happy, happy farmer lad. He knowed dat women would pungle up five good plunks of deir husbands' boodle to see a play what

act upon deir belief dat two and two make any old t'ing in de mult'plication-table."

"Little Miss Fannie knows her mult'plication-table," I says, "and she is a boid."

"Truly," says Mr. Paul. "Woman is a



"BEFORE WE WENT TO DE PLAY DE DUCHESS GIVES ME A SONG AND DANCE ABOUT IT."

proved dey had more sand dan man has," I says, "when dey would n't yield half a plunk to see 'De Moonshiner's Bride,' where a man saves a woman from awful deat' in every act—wit' six acts, at dat."

"I has observed," says Mr. Paul, "some evidence of de trut' of your s'mil'tude. But de fact dat de countess in 'Leglong' had more courage dan de duke proves dat women knows more bases is stole dan is earned. Woman," he say, "as you remark, Chames," he says, "is more courageouser dan man. To be sure," he says, "she is afraid of a mouse; but we should blame de mouse for dat, not woman. De loidy you speak of in 'Leglong' was an exception to de rule," he says, using dose dude woids he has a strangle-hold on—"an exception to de rule dat women do not

boid because she pretends to believe in de mult'plication-table. We sends our daughters to college,"—he was jollyng, for Mr. Paul is a bachelor,— "and dey learns to define de indefinable," says he, making up woids as he went along, "and," he says, "dey learns to harmonize poetry and sense; beyond which," he says, "effort of de human mind would be flying in de face of nature. Yet," he says, "woman only makes a bluff of believing dat twice two is four, and dereby," he says, "under Providence, is preserved for us to love, honor, and obey. What," he says, "would dis would be odderwise?"

"Search me," I says. "Search me. I ain't got de answer."

"If de fem'nine mind acted upon its inner-radcable"—dat 's de very woid he used, in-

ner-rad cable!—"belief dat twice two makes what it wants it to, even de simple summer goil would make Jones of Arc look like a loidy golf-player, ten down and eight to go," he says.

Just den Miss Fannie came in, so I did n't get a chance to ask Mr. Paul who Miss Jones of Arkansas was; but if she was like de

on him he was de lad who foist found out dat you can't saw wood and lead de cotillion at de same time. De cotillion is all right for dose what has n't started a fire what needs cord-wood to keep it going.

Napoleon and Grant never was no good at leading a cotillion, but dey has de biggest



"HE RUBS IT INTO HER ABOUT GETTING MARRIED ON DE SLY IN A HURRY."

countess in "Leglong," she never raked no hay for a living. Did you see Sally Bernhardt in dat play? No? Den let me tell you about it.

Before we went to de play de Duchess gives me a song and dance about it. She is from de same for'n part Miss Bernhardt comes from. Dey hote talks French, and I'm getting a little bit gay wit' dat langwudge meself.

When de Duchess told me about "Leglong" she told me about somet'ing else. Dat 's de way wit' all women, and specially de Duchess. When she wants to win a hat off Miss Fannie she don't talk about de hat, but about how fine Little Miss Fannie is coming along wit' her French. Dat mostly fetches de hat and a pair of gloves to boot.

Instead of giving me a straight tip on "Leglong" she talked about a mug named Napoleon. Say, he was a top-liner for fair. He was n't a has-been, nor a will-be, but he was an izzier. He was it. From de tip I got

tombs in de woild, and deir names was in de poipers more dan a opray-singer wit' a sore t'roat—and dey never had no press-agent, at dat.

Say, if Napoleon was boss of New York, Dick Croker would be looking for a dollar-a-day job in de tunnel railroad. Dat 's right.

Well, dis play would never been writ if it had n't been for Napoleon; so if you don't know about him you might as well stop at home from de teeater and save de price. He is de main guy, and dat 's why I'm putting you wise on him.

He was a boss. See? But he did n't get his job from his ma, like de Prince of Wales; and he did n't get elected, like Billy O'Brien. He just sized up de job, liked de looks of it, and says, "I choose dat." See?

Dere was a lot of ready-made kings holding down easy jobs around dere, and some of 'em says to him, "Nay, nay, Pauline! Guess again," dey says. De Duchess tells me dat suited Nap down to de ground. Dey



"DEY TALKED SO MUCH, AND DERE WAS SO LITTLE DOING."

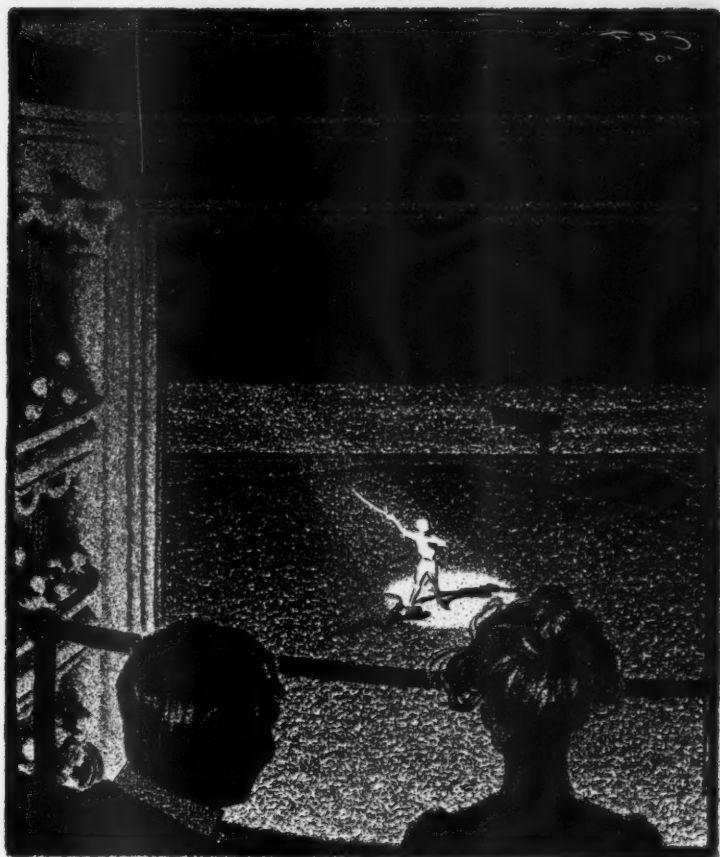
was looking for trouble, and Nap had trouble to give away; and, besides, he was a scrapper from de scrap-basket.

All dose ready-made kings gets deir gangs togedder and puts up a fight. Nap had de loveliest time of his life. Every time he had a scrap he win a new district, and he put his own leaders over more districts dan dere is between de Battery and de Bronx.

He made his brodder Joe leader of de Dago Spanish district, where dey builds targets for Dewey and Sampson; his brodder Lou he put in charge of Holland, which is Teddy Roosevelt's old district; his brodder Romy he sets up over Westphalia, where de hams come from; his brodder-in-law, a fly cop named Murray, who 'd been captain of de Paris Tenderloin, he made leader of Naples, guinney district where de street-sweepers come from. He had one of de grandest shake-ups dere ever was.

Den all de kings what had and had n't lost deir jobs dey calls a caucus, and says, "We must get togedder and turn down dis upstart, or he 'll stampede de convention, and we won't have a place even on de Committee on Music and Fireworks. Let us," dey says, "stand hand to hand, and toe to toe, and heel to heel," dey says, "for shorter hours and longer jobs," dey says. "Let us," dey says, "h'ist de banner of Reform, and spurn de mailed hand of irony from our midst," dey says.

Well, de Reformers quit fighting among deirselves, and Napoleon's gang was n't strong enough to win wit'out no thoid party in de field to split de Reform vote; so de combine come down to de Harlem wit' a majority. Den Nap went over to a place called Elba to race his horses and to wait for de Reformers to begin making faces at each odder. But he came back a steamer or



"NOW DAT I HAS DE FIELD OF WAGRAM ALL TO MESELF, I WILL MAKE A FEW REMARKS."

two too soon, and, in a lovely fight called Waterloo, he met his finish. He was a good one, and I'm sorry I never met him.

I asked de Duchess who it was knocked him out—who got de decision. She says nobody knocked Napoleon out; dat he put himself in de hands of his friends, and dey put him on an island what had no phone to France, so he could n't get his gang to-gedder again.

"Napoleon was not defeated," says de Duchess. "He was betrayed."

She was so cross about it I asked Mr. Paul who win Waterloo, and he says, "Chames," he says, "a long and agreeable study of history, romance, and de drama has led me to believe," he says, "dat de battle of Waterloo was won by a loidy named Becky Sharp," he says.

I don't know if she was Russian, Prussian, or Irish, but she must have been one of

dose Jones of Arkansas goils to put as good a man as Nap out of business.

Well, Napoleon had a son, and his name was Leglong, and he 's de little duke de play is about.

De play shows dat de Reformers was dead leery—afraid, see?—of Leglong, so dey tells his ma to take him over to Austria, and see dat he never learned to play politics, never had a gang, and never tried to run a primary.

De duke's ma—she was de Widdy Napoleon, of course—got gay in Austria and married again, and de little duke, Leglong, was sore dat she forgot her place as Nap's widdy. He told her so, too; and right dere, while de Duchess was whispering to me what dey was saying on de stage, I caught on dat de gent what wrote "Leglong" knew a good t'ing when he seen it, for he'd stole de mix-up of de actors in de piece from anodder play I seen once, and its name is "Hamlet."

Ever see "Hamlet"? Let me tell you: Edwin Boot' used to say to his modder, de queen, "You ought to be 'shamed of yourself, getting gay like dis, and marrying again so soon," he said. "You forget too quick," he said. "I 'm going to get into de ring and do some fighting," he said. "Denmark is rotten," he said. Den de queen said she 'd tell her husband, and Boot' said, "No, don't tell him. I 'll be good," he said. But he had to talk, so he said de old king, what was Boot's pa, was a better man, in or out of a fight, dan de one his ma married.

Listen: Leglong sings just de same kind of a song to his ma. He says he 'll get busy and fight till all de quitter blood is out of him. Here 's what de Duchess tells me he says to his ma:

"Si j'ai du sang des rois, il faut qu'on me le tire."

All de same he don't: he just talks.

His ma sees he 's no wood-sawyer like his pa, so she truns a scare into him. Instead of fighting de quitter blood out of him, he quits and says for her not to peach to Metternich. But he has to talk, too, so he says to his ma, "Forget it." See? Just like we say in America, "Ah, forget it!" He rubs it into her about getting married on de sly in a hurry, and says she forgets so easy. "Vous oubliez si vite," he says, and dat means, "You has a slick mind not to remember."

Say, on de level, is dat "Hamlet"? What?

I told de Duchess dat, and she says, "Naturellement." De two plays is much de same, she says. De English, she says, was always stealing French brains, and most likely de mug what wrote "Hamlet" stole it from "Leglong."

Well, de little duke's ma got shy of her job of keeping Leglong from learning his daddy's game, so de Reformers put a geezer named Metternich over him. He was a sort of Headquarters' detective, and rubbered around trying to keep de little duke from learning Napoleon's record, so he would n't get gay and go out and make a reputation for himself.

Say, dere was no use paying wages to Metternich. Leglong was taught everyt'ing dat would do him any good, and somet'ings dat would n't; but dere was no fight in him—only talk.

Why, say, de Nap push from Paris fixed it up a dozen times to turn de trick and make de little duke king, but he was always short on nerve and long on talk. No one had de right to tell him to cut his lines, so

he talked himself to deat' before he could make up his mind to chase himself to Paris, where his gang was ready to smash de Anti-Vice Committee if he would say de woid.

Dey talked so much, and dere was so little doing, I was getting dat tired feeling, and would went home, but at last de countess got into action, and den dere was trouble for fair.

But foist let me tell you: dere was a actor,—he 's Irish all right, his name is Cooghlan, but he speaks French as well as de Duchess,—and he played de part of a sergeant doing business to get de duke his dad's job. But he was a chappy alongside de countess when she started playing ball. When a gang from a tough ward in Paris comes over to where de duke was, dey says to him, "Get a move on, your Dukeship," dey says. "Play ball," dey says. "De push-cart men in belle Paree is not doing a t'ing but selling your mug on pipes and wifes. It 's up to you," dey says, "to line out a tree-bagger and win de game. Keep your eye on de ball," dey says.

Wit' dat every one began talking again, and Sally Bernhardt, who was de duke, talked more dan any one else. But wit' dis, and wit' dat, and mostly wit' de help of de countess, dey hustled de game along till one night de gang agreed to make a rush to Paris, run de town wide open, give de Reformers de merry ha-ha, and make a Tenderloin of de Boulevard dees Eyetalian, as soon as de duke should show up wit' a claim of a majority.

What happened? Who got busy foist? Was it Leglong? Not a bit like it! It was de countess. Notting was doing wit' de duke but de same old line of talk. It was only by letting Miss Bernhardt and Con Cooghlan talk all de time dat dey manages to fetch 'em as far as de Wagram base-ball field, where de duke's dad once had one of de finest games of his life.

Still notting doing. Instead of taking his bat and swinging on de solus plexer of de Reformers, de duke all to once t'inks of a engagement he has wit' a loidy. De countess says she 'd keep de engagement dressed up in close like de duke's; and she done it, and got into a cutting scrape wit' de loidy's brodder.

Den de countess takes de L road out to Wagram, and when she finds Leglong still talking, she t'rows up bote hands, and says, "For heaven's sake, me dear duke," she says, "get busy," she says. "Get a move on!"

"I cannot leave you—a woman!" he says.

"Small loss to leave a goil!" she says.
 "But you has fought for me," says he.
 "I has," she says, "and made a reputation
 for you," she says. "I 'm a fencer from

De duke asks de countess was de loidy
 on hand at de engagement. She says no,
 but dat de cops was.

See de point? It was a woman who done
 de fighting, got wounded,
 and was telling de man to
 get busy; but it was a man
 who done notting but talk.
 Why, she kept at him till
 de cops came and chased
 her off de lot. Dat left
 de duke alone. Instead
 of making a run for Paris,
 he says, "Now dat I has
 de field of Wagram all to
 meself, I will make a few
 remarks."

Den I had cold feet
 again.

Say, on de level, he talked
 so much de old soldiers got
 up out of deir graves and
 asks him would he please
 move on to de next lot, or
 hire a hall, and leave 'em in
 peace. Dat was where dey
 was not wise. If dere was
 one t'ing more dan anodder
 de duke was looking for, it
 was a chance to talk to
 somebody; so he talked back
 at de G. A. R. till de colonel
 of de post turned out some
 live soldiers to make de
 duke quit.

It was all over but de
 picture and de curtain.
 Leglong took cold on de
 base-ball lot and dies in
 de next act. De only man
 who 'd done any fighting for
 him was a woman; all de
 sneak woik again' him was
 done by a man, de gazeaboo
 Metternich.

When we left de teeater
 de Duchess was crying wit'
 rage. She says to me, "If
 Napoleon's son had only been

Sword Hollow," she says. "But let dat go:
 get a move on. Partez!" she says.

"You are wounded!" he says.

"And you are talking," says she. "Her
 brodder led for me, and I give him le coup
 de contre-pointe," she says.

Dat's French for "knock-out."

a goil," she says, "she'd been in Paris taking
 five o'clock at de Louvre, while dat silly duke
 was raising ghosts to talk to," she says.

It don't count against woman as a fighter
 dat she 's afraid of a mouse, for dere ain't
 no district wort' winning dat is run by mice,
 anyway. What?



"IF NAPOLEON'S SON HAD ONLY BEEN A GOIL," SHE SAYS."

LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BREAK-UP OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY E. P. ALEXANDER, BRIGADIER-GENERAL, C.S.A.

LOOKING back at the situation of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia at the opening of the spring campaign of 1865, it is hard to conceive that any man in it could have failed to realize that its career must soon be brought to a close. To defend Richmond and Petersburg, it was stretched out from the Chickahominy, on the left, to Five Forks, on the right, crossing two rivers, a distance by its shortest roads of over thirty miles, to hold which there were only about fifty thousand men of all arms, and there were, virtually, no more men left where those came from.

In front of us, in many places within pistol-shot, lay the enemy with about one hundred and thirty thousand men, and with no end of men left at home to be had if needed. Had Grant chosen, he could have gotten twice as many, for the United States at that time had nearly a million men in arms. And, indeed, up through the Carolinas were marching Sherman and Schofield, almost unopposed, with nearly ninety thousand more to come upon our flank. Yet the army never seemed to realize at all the drawing near of the inevitable result.

When the Confederate peace commissioners went to the Fort Monroe conference, I recollect a sort of indignant apprehension that they might be led to discuss something less than our absolute independence, and nothing else, I am sure, would have been easily accepted by the army.

It was developed at that conference that by returning to the Union we might not only secure favorable political conditions, but possibly, also, four hundred millions in government bonds as compensation for slavery. Perhaps we may be called monumental idiots in not realizing our desperate situation and in refusing such liberal terms. But, if so, we have paid the penalty of our folly, and is it not now best for all that our cause was *lost*—not *compromised*?

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While I cannot recall the faintest conscious doubt of the final success of our cause, one circumstance makes it evident that that subconsciousness which seems to feel the "haps in the air that a moment may bring" had begun to absorb some idea of what was coming.

The circumstance was this: I had some seven hundred dollars in bank in Richmond. One warm day in March, as the air began to feel springlike and balmy, without any conscious thought, I got a friend going into Richmond to draw my Confederate money and invest it in gold. He brought me a ten-dollar gold piece, which I put in my pocket, and thus I saved that much from the wreck.

General Lee himself was not yet entirely without hope, and on March 25 actually left his own lines and made a furious and bloody, but unsuccessful, assault upon the enemy's strongly fortified position at Fort Stedman, apparently in the belief that he could still cope with the whole Federal army if he could get them out of their intrenchments. This desperate sortie was thoroughly characteristic of General Lee.

When he first assumed command of the army, he came from West Virginia, where there had been no fighting, and some of the Richmond papers assailed him bitterly as vacillating and timid. In conversation on the subject, at the time, with Colonel Ives of President Davis's staff, during a ride along the lines, I asked his estimate of Lee. His reply was impressive. Stopping his horse and turning to face me, he said: "Lee is the most audacious officer in either army, Confederate or Federal. He will fight quicker and longer, and take more desperate chances, than any other general this country has ever seen, and you will live to see it." It was a remarkable prediction to have been made before Lee had ever fought a battle. Many of our subsequent battles recalled it to my mind, but none of them more forcibly than

this brave effort to destroy a veteran army of nearly thrice his numbers.

My command at this time included, with the field artillery north of the Appomattox, the heavy batteries and torpedo defenses of the James River. The enemy's fleet of iron-clads occupied the river a short distance below, and would frequently steam up and exchange shots with our long-range guns.

In the latter part of March a lot of torpedoes were prepared to be set adrift at night, arranged to float with the current down among the enemy's vessels, then settle a few feet under water, anchor themselves promiscuously about, and wait for something to run against them. As it would be impossible to guess how many there were and where they had settled, they would tend to discourage navigation in our direction.

On April 2 I went down into the swamp, where arrangements were being made to launch the torpedoes that night, and spent the whole day in having them filled with powder and made ready. About sundown I returned to my camp for dinner, and there first heard of the events of the previous twenty-four hours at Petersburg. Pickett's division had been captured at Five Forks, the lines at Petersburg were broken, A. P. Hill and many other officers were killed—among them Willie Pegram, the brilliant young colonel of artillery, loved and admired throughout the army.

Our men had fought everywhere as well as ever they fought before, and at many points had driven the enemy back with severe losses; but the thin ranks had been overrun at some places, and, as a whole, the integrity of our system of defense was gone. Longstreet had arrived with Field's division from the north side of the James, and had checked the enemy's advance into town, but the position could no longer be held. About an hour later orders were received to withdraw everything during the night across the James, abandoning Richmond, and to move southward to Amelia Court House, where we would unite with the forces to be withdrawn from Petersburg.

My command was stretched over many miles, and we had a busy night getting it on the road, spiking and abandoning the heavy guns, and arming as infantry the men who had served them. With heavy hearts we left our beautiful lines, prepared with such care for many months, only to be walked over by the enemy in the morning, without receiving a single shot.

About midnight I rode into Richmond.

The scenes there that night I cannot attempt to describe. Troops, trains, and artillery were coming in from the lines and crossing the river by the bridge, while at the same time the city was being evacuated by the government and all its employees, from the President and Congress down to the mechanics in the armories and workshops. In short, about the whole male population was leaving, and a few of the females—all who were able to. I had friends and relatives in each class, and made hasty visits to their houses to see if I could render any help. The one thing needful for those who were to remain was to see that they had a few days' provisions on hand; for with the morning would come the enemy, and the little remaining value of Confederate money would pass away like the morning cloud and the early dew. After seeing what was possible to be done in this line, and taking a hospitable cup of genuine coffee at a house where several weeping ladies were being left by their husbands, I rode down to the bridge to see our batteries as they came by and give them final directions. By that time the city was lighted up with conflagrations, and six miles southeast, at Drewry's Bluff, could be seen the burning of our little fleet of gunboats. The thundering explosions of their magazines were the most tremendous sounds I ever heard, the atmospheric conditions being peculiarly favorable for transmission in our direction.

I think no person in Richmond went to bed that night. Close by the bridge, the Richmond and Danville freight depot, filled with quartermaster and commissary supplies, was burning, and no one was trying to put it out, or even looking on; but a few people were carrying off such things as they wished. A very dissipated-looking old Irishwoman was rolling out bales of blankets and packing them into a little coal-cellar under her house. She packed the cellar full, but before daylight the fire reached her, and took house, blankets, and all. I helped myself to a new saddle and bridle, and my faithful small darky Charley tied on a side of bacon, which, during the next few days, well repaid all the trouble it cost. That was the last issue of Confederate rations in which I ever participated. I do not know to what extent the fires were originally set, if at all, by military order, but I imagine that perhaps orders were given to burn the ordnance storehouses and workshops, and I believe that the fires were purposely spread by a class which always turns up, ready to take advantage of opportunities for plunder. There was no

lack of such characters in Richmond that night. Bands of them roamed the business streets, plundering unprotected stores. I was told that a jeweler shot dead one man who broke into his store, and officers of the rear-guard who left the city after daybreak reported one man left hanging on a lamp-post and two or three other dead bodies lying in the streets. This was probably the work of a provost guard which was about, though I did not see it.

Shortly after daybreak the last of the guns passed, and I went with them, crossing the canal on a bridge already on fire from a burning canal-boat which had floated or been pushed underneath. About sunrise we took our last look back from the hills at the smoking and deserted city, which had been defended so long and so well.

We marched all day, and bivouacked at dark near Tomahawk Church, about sixteen miles from Richmond. But while the command rested and slept I was sent upon a reconnaissance of some roads, which kept me in the saddle during the whole night. Early on the 4th the march was resumed, and crossing the Appomattox on a railroad-bridge, I camped at night near Amelia Court House, utterly exhausted by sixty hours' incessant work and movement. That night was my last night in a tent, as our headquarters wagon was sent off next morning with a train which was captured and burned by the Federal cavalry, leaving us nothing but the clothes we wore, and not our best clothes at that.

At Amelia Court House, on the 5th, we joined General Lee and the troops who had come from Petersburg. We had expected to receive rations at this place, but there had been some mistake, and we had to accept the commissary's apologies in their place.

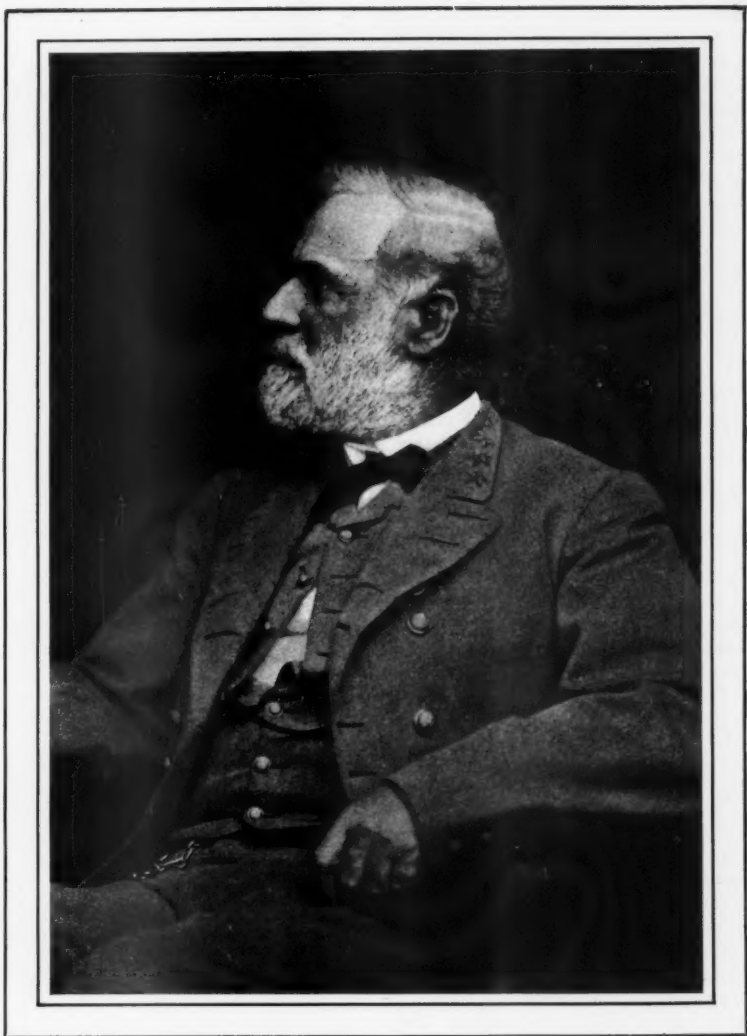
There was here a hurried sort of reorganization of corps, necessary from the death of A. P. Hill, the scattered and more or less broken condition of many divisions, and the joining of the local troops from Richmond under Ewell.

Much of the artillery and the trains were started from Amelia Court House off to the right toward Lynchburg, while what was left of the army, with a few selected batteries and battalions of artillery, stripped of all trains and impedimenta, was to make a break to pass Burkeville and secure our line of retreat to North Carolina, where we would unite with Johnston. About noon I started with General Lee, who went with the head of the column. Only a few miles out, near

Jetersville, we struck a considerable body of the enemy, and preparations were rapidly made to give battle. Our cavalry were feeling them in front, and for a while Lee seemed to contemplate an attack with all his force. Then suddenly orders were changed, and Longstreet, with his corps, was turned off to the right, and ordered to march with all haste to Rice's Station, where we were to take and hold position until the rest of the army could concentrate upon us. It was a long and weary all-night march, only about sixteen miles, but equal to double that distance under favorable conditions. There were several false alarms along the lines during the night, and in one of them two of our brigades fired on each other, killing several men—among them one of our finest artillery officers, Major Frank Smith, who had commanded heavy batteries on the James.

Riding ahead of the guns and infantry with my staff, we arrived near Rice's about dawn, when we turned out in the woods to get an hour's sleep, and to boil and eat a very tough old hen which we had secured as we came along.

By sunrise we were again in the saddle to examine the locality and select a line of battle on which the troops, as they arrived, were posted. But many of those expected never arrived. The enemy had intercepted our line of march, and a very sharp engagement took place at Sailors' Creek, where Ewell, Custis Lee, Kershaw, and about seven thousand men were captured, after a fight severe and bloody, but successful on our part until those engaged were surrounded and overwhelmed. General Lee was evidently much worried at the news brought to him of this disaster, and rode back to see if it were possible to save anything. But the enemy was now close to our line of march everywhere; they broke in at various places, got among our trains, and captured and burned many. Among the commands captured in this way was my own splendid old artillery battalion, now commanded by Colonel Huger. It was peacefully climbing a long hill by a narrow road, when Custer, with a brigade of cavalry, came charging down upon them. Three of the leading guns were unlimbered, and fired two or three rounds of canister upon the Federals when they swarmed over everything. Captain O. B. Taylor, of the leading battery, was called on to surrender, but answered with defiance and orders to his cannoneers to continue firing, whereupon he was shot dead. Huger



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. MILEY & SON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

This photograph, taken shortly after the surrender, is said to be the result of General Lee's first sitting for a picture after the war.

was captured after shooting through the cheek a major who first invited him to surrender, in the ceremonious and complimentary language customary on such occasions. A second invitation coming from a cavalryman, who came up and held a carbine to his head, was accepted. But the major bore no malice, and that night came to thank Huger for a delightful "furlough wound." Custer and Huger had been friends at West Point, and having captured him, Custer took him along all day, as he said, "to let you see how I am going to take you fellows in."

Meanwhile at Rice's Station we skirmished a little, but having a fairly good position, the enemy evidently proposed to turn it in preference to attacking. So when night came, it being impossible now to make the trip directly south to Johnston, we abandoned our lines and changed our course toward Lynchburg. That night march was something fearful. Floundering through rain, mud, and darkness, with worn-out and starving horses dragging heavy guns over a narrow road blocked with troops and trains, we were moving all night, and scarcely advanced a mile in an hour. And there was nothing in the prospects for the morrow to cheer one up.

Day by day, death, wounds, and capture were robbing us heavily of comrades with whom we had been through many campaigns, and now our army was reduced to little more than a collection of fragments, out of food and nearly out of ammunition. The enemy was ahead of us and around us, in numbers that could not be counted. Yet the morale of the men was not impaired, and no one seemed to feel any doubt but that somehow we should still come out all right. Certainly, during all the business beginning at Fort Stedman on March 25, including Five Forks, the Petersburg lines, the defense of Fort Gregg, Sailors' Creek, and all skirmishes up to the final fight at Appomattox Court House on the 9th, the plain, hard, solid fighting of the men was simply wonderful, in view of their surroundings. Up to the very last minute, before the flag of truce stopped the firing, it was as unflinching fighting as it had ever been, and it was not without some successes on a scale proportioned to the numbers engaged.

On the morning of the 7th Mahone captured over a thousand of the enemy's infantry, and on the afternoon of the same day our cavalry brought in General Gregg of the Federal cavalry and many of his men.

And, to anticipate a little in my narrative, on the morning of the 9th itself, our cavalry captured and sent in a section of artillery with horses, harness, and everything complete, down to the red blankets on the horses. I issued them promptly to James N. Lamkin's battery, which had served mortars in the lines about Petersburg, but had been very ambitious to get field-guns. I had promised Lamkin that he should have them, and we considered it a melancholy sort of joke that these came just in time to enable me to make good my word.

About daylight on the 7th we passed through Farmville, and crossed the Appomattox to the north bank, burning the bridges behind us as the enemy's cavalry entered the town. We shelled his pursuing columns across the river for a while, and he shelled us back, and then we continued our retreat. Each day it became more slow and painful, as the animals approached the limits of endurance. At last we had to abandon ordnance-wagons and the caissons, and even some guns, which would mire down and could not be extricated. We would cut down wheels and axles and leave them in the road. The march was kept up until late at night, when I and my staff rode off into a pine thicket and hid, lest stragglers should steal our horses while we lay on the saddle-blankets and slept, with the saddles for pillows.

The 8th was but a repetition of the 7th, except that we were less interrupted by the enemy's cavalry, which had left our flank, and was being pushed forward to get ahead of us at Appomattox.

Soon after sunrise, on the morning of the 9th, I came up with General Lee, halted, with his staff, by the roadside, a mile and a half from the village. Gordon, who was in advance, was already engaged, and the increasing sound of cannon and musketry told that the enemy was in heavy force.

The progress of the column was stopped, and trains were parked in the fields, while guns and infantry moved forward to the sound of the firing. General Lee called me to him, and, walking off from the group, sat down on a log and said: "The enemy seems to be across our road in force this morning. What have we got to do?"

Now, our artillery had not been seriously engaged during the retreat, and was never in better humor for a fight. The cannoners, for some days before, beginning, perhaps, to appreciate the situation, had called out along the road, "Don't let us sur-

render any of this ammunition! We have been saving ammunition all the war! We did not save it to be surrendered!"

I told General Lee of this, and said that I could show up near forty guns with one hundred rounds apiece, if he wished to give battle. He replied that the force in front of us was too great, that while he had, perhaps, fifteen thousand infantry, half of them were mere fragments of different commands, unorganized and largely without arms or ammunition, and that he could scarcely concentrate an effective force of eight thousand men, which was too small to accomplish any valuable results. I was not unprepared to hear this decision, for the last forty-eight hours had made apparent the desperate condition to which we were reduced, and I had views on the matter, which I was glad of so favorable an opportunity to express. So I spoke up:

"Then, general, we have choice of but two courses: to surrender, or to order the army to disperse, and, every man for himself, to take to the woods and make his way either to Johnston's army in Carolina, or to his home, taking his arms, and reporting to the governor of his State. And of these alternatives the latter is the best. For if there is any hope for the Confederacy it is in delay. But, if this army is surrendered to-day, the Confederacy is gone. The morale of this army has sustained both the people at home and the other armies. Our surrender would demoralize all, and Grant turning one hundred thousand men, released from duty here, against Johnston, Taylor, and Kirby Smith, they will all go, one after the other, like a row of bricks. Then, if there is any hope from Europe, we stand a chance by delay; but we destroy it whenever the news of the surrender of this army crosses the water.¹ Or if there is any chance for the separate State governments to make any terms whatever with the Federal government, we stand these chances by delay, and we lose them by a surrender. Intimations, too, have been given that each State may make terms for itself, while the Confederacy will not be recognized. But even suppose there are none of these chances, suppose there is nothing left but to submit to whatever the enemy chooses to inflict, even then there is one thing the men who have fought under you for three years have the right to ask of you. You care little for military reputation. But we are your men, and your fame is very precious to us. The record of this

army as yet is without a blot, and now its last hour has come. Grant is called 'Unconditional Surrender Grant,' and it has been their boast that our fate was to be that of the armies at Fort Donelson and Vicksburg. But the men who have fought under you so long have the right to ask you to spare us the mortification of your asking Grant for terms, and being told, 'Unconditional surrender.' Save us from that!"

I was never in my life so wrought up upon any subject as upon this. Words came to me, and both my argument and my appeal seemed to me unanswerable. For no one could deny the importance of *terms* to prevent vindictive trials and punishments, and there seemed no other chance to secure them. General Lee listened to me quietly until I had quite finished, and then said:

"Suppose I were to adopt your suggestion, how many do you suppose would get away?"

I replied: "I think two thirds of us could get away. We should be like rabbits and partridges in the bushes, and they could not scatter like that to catch us."

"Well," he said, "I have less than sixteen thousand infantry with arms in their hands. Even if two thirds of these got away it would be too small a force to accomplish any useful result, either with Johnston or with the governors of the States. But few would go to Johnston, for their homes have been overrun by the enemy, and the men will want to go first and look after their families. As to any help from Europe, I have never believed in it. I appreciate that the surrender of this army is, indeed, the end of the Confederacy. But that result is now inevitable, and must be faced. And, as Christian men, we have no right to choose a course from pride or personal feelings. We have simply to see what we can do best for our country and people. Now, if I should adopt your suggestion and order this army to disperse, the men, going homeward, would be under no control, and, moreover, would be without food. They are already demoralized by four years of war, and would supply their wants by violence and plunder. They would soon become little better than bands of robbers. A state of society would result, throughout the South, from which it would require years to recover. The enemy's cavalry, too, would pursue to catch at least the general officers, and would harass and devastate sections that otherwise they will never

¹ I was referring to some very private rumors circulated in Richmond a short while before as to an alliance on foot with France and Mexico under Maximilian.

visit. Moreover," he said, "as to myself, I am too old to go to bushwhacking, and even if it were right to order the army to disperse, the only course for me to pursue would be to surrender myself to General Grant. But," he added, "I can tell you for your comfort that Grant will not demand an 'unconditional surrender.' He will give us honorable and liberal terms, simply requiring us not to take up arms again until exchanged." He then went on to tell me that he was in correspondence with Grant, and expected to meet him in our rear at 10 A.M., when he would accept the terms that had been indicated.

My recollection of this conversation is very vivid. When I had finished making my appeal, I did not believe that he could refuse it, for he prized highly the affection of his men, and he had, moreover, all the fighting instincts of a soldier. But he showed me the situation from a plane to which I had not risen, and when he finished speaking I had not a word to say. I had before that fully intended, for myself, not to be surrendered, but to take to the bushes on the first sign of a flag of truce. Many other officers and men had similar intentions. But after my talk with Lee I and all my friends determined to stay and see it out. And I think nobody did run away, except a few of the cavalry out on the flank, who took a professional pride in getting around the enemy, and could not resist the opportunity. And they all came back and surrendered as soon as they got news of the terms given us, and heard also that rations would be issued immediately after the ceremony.

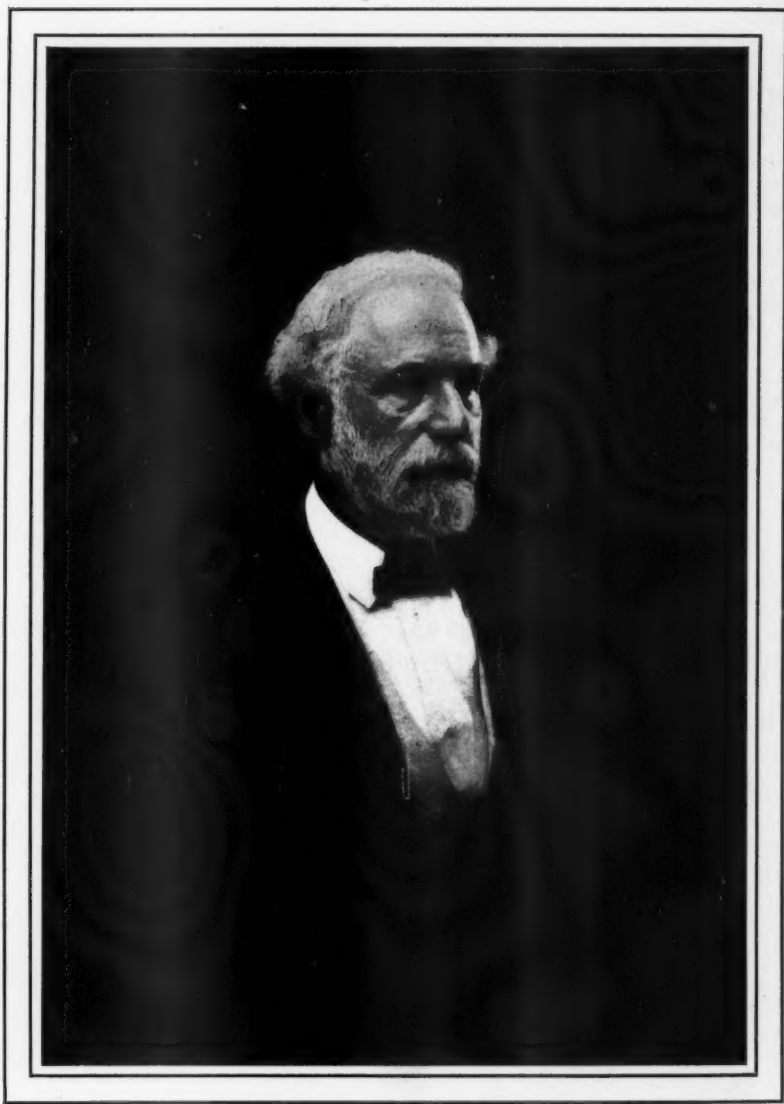
Soon after this conversation I was ordered by Longstreet to select a line of battle for his corps, and form the artillery and infantry upon it, that Gordon, who was being forced in, might fall back upon him. I accordingly selected a line about a thousand yards on our side of the village of Appomattox, and put about five thousand infantry of Field's, Mahone's, and Wilcox's divisions in position upon it, and crammed it full of artillery, making the last line of battle ever formed by the Army of Northern Virginia.

Meanwhile Lee had ridden to the rear to meet Grant, leaving Longstreet in command. When Lee had been gone over half an hour, Fitzhugh Lee, commanding the cavalry, sent word to Longstreet that he had found an opening through which the army could escape. Longstreet called Colonel John C. Haskell, commanding one of our battalions of artillery, who was riding a mare cele-

brated for her beauty and swiftness, and said to him: "Lee has gone to the rear to surrender the army; ride after him, and kill your mare, but overtake him and tell him what Fitzhugh Lee has reported." Haskell immediately dashed down the road at utmost speed, and after going about three miles passed the rear-guard, and turning a bend in the road, found Lee, with his staff, dismounted by the side of the road, awaiting an answer to a communication he had sent in to the Federal lines for Grant. Going at full speed, Haskell passed the group a short distance before he could stop his horse. Lee came forward to meet him as he turned back, saying: "What is it? What is the matter?" and then, without waiting for an answer, said: "You have killed your beautiful mare! What did you do it for?" Haskell gave his message, and Lee questioned him about the situation, and finally told him to tell Longstreet to exercise his own judgment as to what he should do. Meanwhile, however, Fitzhugh Lee had found that the supposed opportunity to get through the enemy's line did not exist, and one of Longstreet's staff was sent to follow Haskell and report. Haskell's mare did not die, but was sold after the surrender to a Federal officer for a high price.

While this was going on the situation at the front was growing more critical. Gordon found his short line threatened by an overwhelming force of infantry, while large bodies of cavalry were enveloping his flanks. He called upon Longstreet for help, and Longstreet sent his inspector-general, Major R. M. Sims, to suggest a flag of truce to the Federal commander in his front, to ask a suspension of hostilities pending Lee's interview with Grant.

Gordon requested Sims to bear the message, but cautioned him not to let our men know of his errand. Sims rode out to the left flank, where a line of our cavalry, dismounted behind a fence, were exchanging a hot fire with the enemy along the edge of a wood some two hundred yards off. Then, putting spurs to his horse, he galloped rapidly across to the enemy's line. He had in his haversack a white towel, and as he drew near the enemy he pulled it out and displayed it. As soon as it was recognized (which was not until he was quite near), the enemy ceased firing, and Colonel Whitaker came to meet him. Sims asked to be taken to Sheridan, but was told that Custer was near and in command of that part of the field, and it was decided to see him. Going a short distance to the rear, they came upon Custer moving at a gallop,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. MILEY & SON, TAKEN IN 1867. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

with a brigade of cavalry, to envelop our left flank. Custer presented a striking appearance with his long sandy-colored hair on his shoulders, a red cravat with streaming ends, a large scarf-pin, and brilliant stones in his hat and shoulder-straps. He asked what was wanted, and Sims gave his message: that Gordon requested a truce pending a meeting between Grant and Lee.

Custer said: "We will do no such thing. We have your people now where we want you, and will listen to no terms but unconditional surrender."

Sims replied: "Well, sir, we will never submit to that, but you will allow me to carry your message back to General Gordon."

To this Custer assented. During this interview Sims had been followed and joined by Major Brown of Gordon's staff, and the two officers returned together, escorted by Whitaker and another officer.

Gordon was found at the court-house, where the street was now filled with stragglers and wounded, and he requested Brown and the two Federal officers to go over to the right and endeavor to find Sheridan and secure a suspension of hostilities from him. Meanwhile the opposing forces on the left seemed to find out that something like a truce was going on, and without any general order the firing on each side was gradually discontinued. At this stage of the proceedings Custer undertook a little game of bluff on his own responsibility. Accompanied by an orderly, and waving the orderly's white handkerchief, he left his lines and galloped across to ours, approaching them at a point occupied by the Rockbridge Artillery of Hardaway's battalion, under the immediate command of Major W. H. Gibbes.

As the Federals rode up they were surrounded by the cannoneers and some infantry skirmishers, who, not exactly appreciating the situation, and covetous of good boots, actually dismounted the orderly and were about to swap boots with him, and even proposed a like trade to Custer, when he called out to Gibbes: "Gibbes, I appeal to you for protection." Gibbes at once recognized him, having known him as a cadet at West Point, and, on his request, took him to Gordon. As other parts of the line were still firing, Gordon sent Major W. W. Parker of the artillery to order a cessation of fire. A battery called Johnson's, from Richmond, Virginia, commanded by Captain John W. Wright, was the last to receive the order, and fired the last gun. Gordon referred Custer to Longstreet, and

Gibbes conducted him. Custer, with much assurance in his manner, told Longstreet that he had come from Sheridan to demand the immediate and unconditional surrender of the army. Longstreet, who was generally imperturbable, made no reply until Custer had sharply repeated his demand, when he said coolly that Lee was in communication with Grant on the subject, and that pending their conference neither he (Longstreet) had the right to surrender, nor Custer or Sheridan to make such a demand. Custer answered: "Sheridan and I are independent here to-day, and have our troops in position to crush you out at once, and unless you make an immediate and unconditional surrender we will pitch in."

At this Longstreet blazed out angrily to the effect that they might "pitch in" as soon as they pleased, but that he (Custer) had best get back into his own lines immediately, or his unauthorized presence and his arrogant errand would not be overlooked. Custer made no reply except to ask a safe-conduct back. Longstreet shortly directed his assistant adjutant-general, Colonel Osman Latrobe, to send some one with Custer, and Gibbes and an orderly escorted him back.

Meanwhile Sheridan and Gordon had met near Appomattox Court House, and a suspension of hostilities had been agreed upon until the meeting between Lee and Grant.

After some delay Lee had received a message from Grant that he had left the rear of our army and was passing along his own lines around to our front. Lee accordingly returned, and passing through our line of battle, dismounted close in front, in an apple-orchard, near a house said to be the home of Sweeny, celebrated as a minstrel and banjo-player before the war. Here he was left standing alone for a few minutes, having sent his staff off on various errands, and as he expressed a desire to sit down, I had some rails brought from a fence near by, and a seat piled for him under one of the apple-trees, a short distance from the road. He sat there for perhaps two hours, close in front of Longstreet's line of battle, until Babcock of Grant's staff came from Appomattox to escort him there to meet Grant.

I made my bivouac in that orchard that night. Relic-hunters had already begun to cut limbs from the apple-tree under which Lee sat, and within twenty-four hours it was literally dug up by the roots, and not a chip of it was left. I have always regretted since that I did not appreciate how I should come to value some memorial of the

event, and myself secure a piece of the tree as a memento; for I have since tried in vain to get a piece even as big as a tooth-pick. I think it was carried off entirely by Confederates who, standing in our last line of battle, saw Lee sitting under the tree awaiting Grant's messenger. I have never even heard of more than one piece of it since. One of my sisters, "refugeeing" through Carolina, first heard the story of the surrender from a Texan who had been present and seen Lee under the tree, and had cut himself a walking-stick from it, and was now footing it for home.

We learned after the surrender that Sheridan complained of some movements of our troops after the flag was sent in. I do not know what was the occasion of the complaint, but some half-hour after the firing had ceased, the captain of a battery pointed out to me a Federal cavalry regiment moving around our left flank, and begged permission to fire a shot at them. Knowing, however, Lee's intention to surrender, I refused permission. It was about one o'clock when Babcock came from the enemy's line, and Lee, with Colonel Marshall, rode with him back to Appomattox, and then the whole army knew what was taking place.

I think it was after three o'clock when we saw Lee returning. We wished to express to him in some way our sympathy and affection, and I ordered all the cannoneers to be brought from the guns and formed in line along the road, with instructions to uncover in silence as he rode by. He had hardly reached the line, however, when some one started a cheer, which was taken up by others, and then both infantry and artillery broke their lines and crowded about his horse in the road. The general stopped and made a short address. Briefly, it was about as follows:

"I have done for you all that it was in my power to do. You have done all your duty. Leave the result to God. Go to your homes and resume your occupations. Obey the laws and become as good citizens as you were soldiers."

There was not a dry eye in the crowd that heard him, and even he seemed deeply moved. The men crowded around to try and shake his hand or touch his horse, and some appealed to him to get us all exchanged and try it again; but he made no reply to such remarks. Then he rode on to his camp, and the crowd broke up, and then ranks were formed once more and marched off to bivouac, and the Army of Northern Virginia was an army no

longer, but a lot of captives awaiting their paroles. But it had written its name in history, and no man need be ashamed of its record, though its last chapter is a story of disaster. And surely those qualities in its commander for which men are loved and admired by friend and foe shone out here with no less luster than on any other field.

My story would be very incomplete did I not refer to the manner in which our exceedingly liberal treatment by Grant was regarded. It was, in the first place, a great surprise, for Grant had never before given any terms to an opponent. Now he seemed anxious to give us everything we could ask for. We knew our inferiority in force and our desperate condition too well to ascribe it to any hesitation to give us battle again. The generosity of his terms could only be ascribed to a policy of conciliation deliberately entered upon. Of course we were sore and mortified, so much so that we had not much to say to any one; but it put everybody in some sort of hope that, after all, defeat might not mean utter destruction. And (to anticipate in my narrative for a few days) I participated in a conversation with Senator E. B. Washburne, who was with the Federal army at Appomattox, in which he declared emphatically that President Lincoln's policy would be entirely on the same line. Mr. Washburne was asked what Lincoln intended to do with the Southern States. He replied very impressively that he had had a long, confidential talk with Mr. Lincoln on the subject since the capture of Richmond, and while he was not at liberty to go into details, he would say that the liberality of Mr. Lincoln's plans would surprise both the North and the South, and he ventured the prediction that within a year Lincoln would be as popular at the South as at the North. I understood him to imply that Mr. Lincoln intended to give money to the South, probably as compensation for the slaves.

Grant's policy of conciliation was followed by every one in his army, even to the teamsters along the roads. Several old acquaintances hunted me up, and, while delicately avoiding all disparagement of Confederate currency, hinted that as a paroled prisoner I might find it convenient to have some variety in my pocket-book, and that it would be a great personal favor if I would let them lend me some of the surplus greenbacks with which they were burdened. Such offers, too, were not confined to those who had been special friends. Afterward, in riding forty miles

through the troops and trains of the Federal army, I met with not a single word or look which did not seem inspired with kind feeling and a disposition to spare us all the mortification possible.

I think no one who was not at that surrender can fully appreciate the calamity wrought to the South by the assassination of President Lincoln. For Wilkes Booth slew also the kindly and generous sentiment which already inspired the army, and which would doubtless soon have pervaded the whole country.

But to return to camp on the night of the 9th. The only event of the evening was the arrival of some Federal rations. There was no demonstration over it; but many events have been honored with salutes and hurrahings to make men hoarse which never gave one half the internal satisfaction that these rations did.

I think the full moral effect of the surrender was hardly felt until the next morning, being obscured by the excitement attendant upon it. The next day seemed to usher in a new life in a new world. We had lived through the war. There was nobody trying to shoot us, and nobody for us to shoot at. Our guns were gone, our country was gone, our very entity seemed to be destroyed. We were no longer soldiers, and had no orders to obey, nothing to do, and nowhere to go.

Looked at merely as a business proceeding, the simple method of paroling the Confederate army and taking charge of its surrendered property was admirably short and effective. Arms were stacked, and guns harnessed up and drawn out along the roads, and the Federal officers came and removed them. Our own captains signed parole papers for their men, colonels for regimental officers, generals for their staffs and regimental commanders. My parole read: "The bearer, E. P. Alexander, Brig. Gen. of Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, a paroled prisoner of war, has permission to go home and there remain undisturbed until exchanged."

And then came the general breaking up: the partings with Lee, Longstreet, and the other generals under whom we had fought; with comrades with whom we had shared four years of march, bivouac, and battle;

and with the private soldiers, whose enduring courage and devotion no man could know without love and admiration. And not without emotion could we say good-by even to the guns themselves, and to the poor brutes that had drawn them over so many miles of road and upon so many fields of battle. The fate of our artillery horses was pitiable. We had been out of forage for I do not know how many days, and the horses were rapidly giving out before the surrender. The limit of their endurance now seemed to have been reached, and when they finally pulled the guns to the place of surrender, several hours' delay occurring in their removal, numbers of them lay down and actually died from starvation, harnessed to their guns.

I have omitted a remarkable coincidence which I came upon at Appomattox, and which is worthy of mention.

When I first joined the Army of Northern Virginia in 1861, I found a connection of my family, Wilmer McLean, living on a fine farm through which ran Bull Run, with a nice farm-house about opposite the center of our line of battle along that stream. General Beauregard made his headquarters at this house during the first affair between the armies—the so-called battle of Blackburn's Ford, on July 18. The first hostile shot which I ever saw fired was aimed at this house, and about the third or fourth went through its kitchen, where our servants were cooking dinner for the headquarters staff.

I had not seen or heard of McLean for years, when, the day after the surrender, I met him at Appomattox Court House, and asked with some surprise what he was doing there. He replied, with much indignation: "What are you doing here? These armies tore my place on Bull Run all to pieces, and kept running over it backward and forward till no man could live there, so I just sold out and came here, two hundred miles away, hoping I should never see a soldier again. And now, just look around you! Not a fence-rail is left on the place, the last guns trampled down all my crops, and Lee surrenders to Grant in my house." McLean was so indignant that I felt bound to apologize for our coming back, and to throw all the blame for it upon the gentlemen on the other side.



THE LAST DAYS OF LEE'S ARMY.¹

BY COLONEL CHARLES MARSHALL,
Aide-de-camp and Military Secretary to General R. E. Lee.



HE march was continued during the 8th of April, with little interruption from the enemy, and in the evening we halted near Appomattox Court House, General Lee intending to march by way of Campbell Court House, through Pittsylvania County, toward Danville, with a view of opening communication with the army of General Joseph E. Johnston, then retreating before General Sherman through North Carolina. General Lee's purpose was to unite with General Johnston to attack Sherman or call Johnston to his aid in resisting Grant, whichever might be found better. The exhausted troops were halted for rest on the evening of April 8 near Appomattox Court House, and the march was ordered to be resumed at 1 A.M. I can convey a good idea of the condition of affairs by telling my own experience.

When the army halted on the night of the 8th, General Lee and his staff turned out of the road into a dense wood to seek some rest. The general had a conference with some of the principal officers, at which it was determined to try to force our way the next morning with the troops of Gordon, supported by the cavalry under General Fitz Lee, the command of Longstreet bringing up the rear. With my comrades of the staff, and staff-officers of General Longstreet and General Gordon, I sought a little much-needed repose.

We lay upon the ground near the road, with our saddles for pillows, our horses picketed near by, eating the bark of trees for want of better provender, our faces covered with the capes of our overcoats to keep out the night air. Soon after one o'clock I was aroused by the sound of a column of infantry marching along the road. We were so completely surrounded by the swarming forces of General Grant that at first, when I awoke, I thought the passing column might be Federal soldiers.

I raised my head and listened intently. My doubts were quickly dispelled. I recalled the order to resume the march at that early hour, and knew that the troops I heard were moving forward to endeavor to force our way through the lines of the enemy at Appomattox Court House. I soon knew that the command that was passing consisted, in part at least, of Hood's old Texas brigade.

It was called the Texas brigade, although it was at times composed in part of regiments from other States. Sometimes there was a Mississippi regiment, sometimes an Arkansas regiment, and sometimes a Georgia regiment mingled with the Texans; but all the strangers called themselves Texans, and all fought like Texans.

On this occasion I recognized these troops, as they passed along the road in the dead of night, by hearing one of them repeat the Texan version of a passage of Scripture with which I was familiar—I mean with the Texan version. You will readily recall the original text when I repeat the Texan version of it that fell upon my ear as I lay in the woods by the roadside that dark night:

The race is not to them that's got
The longest legs to run,
Nor the battel to that peopel
That shoots the biggest gun.

This simple confession of faith assured me that the immortal brigade of Hood's Texans was marching to battle in the darkness.

Soon after they passed we were all astir, and our bivouac was at an end. We made our simple toilet, consisting mainly of putting on our caps and saddling our horses. We then proceeded to look for something to satisfy our now ravenous appetites.

Somebody had a little corn-meal, and somebody else had a tin can such as is used to hold hot water for shaving. A fire was kindled, and each man in his turn, according to rank and seniority, made a can of corn-meal

¹ This article is part of an address delivered before the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland, January 16, 1894, at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, and printed for private circulation. On account of its authoritative character

it is here given in supplement to General Alexander's paper. Readers of this magazine will recall General Horace Porter's account of the surrender from the point of view of a staff-officer of General Grant, printed in THE CENTURY for October, 1897.—EDITOR.

gruel, and was allowed to keep the can until the gruel became cool enough to drink. General Lee, who reposed as we had done not far from us, did not, as far as I remember, have even such refreshment as I have described.

This was our last meal in the Confederacy. Our next was taken in the United States, and consisted mainly of a generous portion of that noble American animal whose strained relations with the great chancellor of the German Empire made it necessary at last for the President of the United States to send an Ohio man to the court of Berlin.

As soon as we had all had our turn at the shaving-can, we rode toward Appomattox Court House, when the sound of guns announced that Gordon had already begun the attempt to open the way. He forced his way through the cavalry of the enemy, only to encounter a force of infantry far superior to his own wearied and starving command. He informed General Lee that it was impossible to advance farther, and it became evident that the end was at hand.

Early on the morning of April 9, General Lee arrived near Appomattox Court House, which was occupied by the enemy. According to the proposal contained in his letter of April 8 to General Grant, General Lee, attended by myself, and with one orderly, proceeded down the old stage-road to Richmond to meet General Grant, and while riding to the rear for this purpose he received the message of General Gordon that his advance was impossible without reinforcements. We rode through the rear-guard of the army, composed of the remnants of Longstreet's corps. They had thrown up substantial breastworks of logs across the road leading to the rear, and cheered General Lee, as he passed, in the way they had cheered many a time before. Their confidence and enthusiasm were not one whit abated by defeat, hunger, and danger. It is lucky for the Secretary of the Treasury that this rear-guard was not permitted to try its hand at increasing the pension-roll with which he is now struggling. Those men made no fraudulent pensioners. When they were done with a man, he or his representatives had an indisputable claim to a pension under any kind of a pension law. But as soon as General Lee received the report of General Gordon as to the state of affairs in front, he directed that officer to ask for a suspension of hostilities, and proceeded at once to meet General Grant.

General Lee, with an orderly in front

bearing a flag of truce, had proceeded only a short distance after passing through our rear-guard, when they came upon the skirmish-line of the enemy advancing to the attack.

I went forward to meet a Federal officer who soon afterward made his appearance, coming toward our party. This officer proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel Charles A. Whittier of the staff of the late General Humphreys, whose division was immediately in our rear. Colonel Whittier delivered to me General Grant's reply to the letter of April 8, declining to meet General Lee to discuss the terms of a general pacification, on the ground that General Grant possessed no authority to deal with the subject.

I took this letter of General Grant's back to General Lee, who was a short distance from the spot where I met Colonel Whittier, and General Lee at once dictated the letter of April 9, requesting an interview in accordance with the offer contained in Grant's letter of the previous day.

When I placed this letter in the hands of Colonel Whittier I saw indications that the Federal troops in our immediate front were advancing, and I knew that in a few minutes they would meet the skirmishers of our rear-guard. I knew that if such a meeting occurred, to use a common expression, "the fat would be in the fire," so far as a suspension of hostilities was concerned.

I therefore told Colonel Whittier the purport of the letter I had given him, and expressed the hope that hostilities might be suspended until it could reach General Grant.

He soon returned and told me that he had reported my request that hostilities be suspended pending the correspondence, but that he had been directed to say that an attack had been ordered, and that the officer in command of the force had no discretion. He added that General Grant had left General Meade some time before, and that General Lee's letter could not reach him in time to receive orders as to the intended attack.

I expressed my regret, and asked him to request the officer commanding the troops then moving to the attack to read General Lee's letter to General Grant, saying that perhaps that officer would feel authorized, under the circumstances, to suspend the movement and avoid the useless sacrifice of life.

I have said that, as General Lee passed through his rear-guard on his way to the place where the conference I have mentioned took place, the men cheered him as of old. They were the flower of the old Army^o of

Northern Virginia, and I felt quite sure that if the officer commanding the advancing Federal troops should consider himself bound by his orders to refuse my request for a suspension of hostilities until General Lee's letter could reach General Grant, the rear-guard of the Army of Northern Virginia would secure all the time necessary.

Colonel Whittier again returned to the Federal lines, and when he came back informed me that General Meade had read the letter of General Lee, and had agreed to suspend operations for one hour.

General Lee then returned to the front, and, with General Longstreet, proceeded to a small orchard at the foot of the hill on which the line of battle was formed, where he awaited the reply of General Grant. He sent into the Federal lines a formal request for a suspension of hostilities. As he was much fatigued, a rude couch was prepared under an apple-tree, upon which he reclined until the approach of a flag of truce from the Federal line in our front was announced.

Soon afterward Colonel Babcock of General Grant's staff was conducted to the presence of General Lee, and delivered to him the following letter:

April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. Army:

Your note of this date is but this moment (11:50 A.M.) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road. I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

Colonel Babcock told General Lee that he had been sent forward by General Grant with instructions to make any arrangements for the meeting that General Lee desired within the Federal or Confederate lines.

General Lee directed me to accompany him, with one orderly, and immediately mounting his horse, rode with Colonel Babcock toward Appomattox Court House.

We passed through an infantry force in front of the village, and General Lee directed me to find a suitable place for the meeting.

I rode forward, and asked the first citizen I met to direct me to a house suitable for the purpose. I learned afterward that the citizen was Mr. McLean, who had lived on the battle-field of Bull Run, but had removed to Appomattox Court House to get out of the way of the war. Mr. McLean conducted me to an unoccupied and unfurnished house in a very bad state of repair. I told him that it was not suitable, and he then offered his own house, to which he conducted me.

I found a room suitable for the purpose in view, and sent back the orderly who had accompanied me to direct General Lee and Colonel Babcock to the house. They came in presently, and Colonel Babcock said that, as General Grant was approaching on the road in front of the house, it would only be necessary for him to leave an orderly to direct him to the place of meeting.

General Lee, Colonel Babcock, and I sat in the parlor for about half an hour, when a large party of mounted men arrived, and in a few minutes General Grant came into the room, accompanied by his staff and a number of Federal officers of rank, among whom were General Ord and General Sheridan.

General Grant greeted General Lee very civilly, and they engaged in conversation for a short time about their former acquaintance during the Mexican War.

Some other Federal officers took part in the conversation, which was terminated by General Lee saying to General Grant that he had come to discuss the terms of the surrender of his army, as indicated in his note of that morning, and he suggested to General Grant to reduce his proposition to writing. General Grant assented, and Colonel Ely S. Parker of his staff moved a small table from the opposite side of the room, and placed it by General Grant, who sat facing General Lee.

When General Grant had written his letter in pencil, he took it to General Lee, who remained seated. General Lee read the letter, and called General Grant's attention to the fact that he required the surrender of the horses of the cavalry as if they were public horses. He told General Grant that Confederate cavalrymen owned their horses, and that they would need them for planting a spring crop.¹ General Grant at once accepted the

¹ Colonel Marshall here credits General Lee with the allusion to the need of the horses in the spring planting. This would appear to be an error, since, as shown on page 941, General Gibbon states that the words were used by General Grant. In that he agrees with General Grant himself, who, in his "Memoirs," states that the

reference was his. Also, General Horace Porter, who has given to the world the most detailed account of the conversation (see *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for October, 1897), attributes it to Grant, in the words "to work their little farms."—EDITOR.

suggestion, and interlined the provision, allowing the retention by the men of the horses that belonged to them.

The terms of the letter having been agreed to, General Grant directed Colonel Parker to make a copy of it in ink, and General Lee directed me to write his acceptance.

Colonel Parker took the light table upon which General Grant had been writing to the opposite corner of the room, and I accompanied him. There was an inkstand in the room, but the ink was so thick that it was of no use. I had a small boxwood inkstand which I always carried, and I gave it, with my pen, to Colonel Parker, who proceeded to copy General Grant's letter.

While he was so engaged I sat near the end of the sofa on which General Sheridan was sitting, and we entered into conversation. In the midst of it General Grant, who sat nearly diagonally across the room and was talking with General Lee, turned to General Sheridan and said:

"General Sheridan, General Lee tells me that he has some twelve hundred of our people prisoners, who are sharing with his men, and that none of them have anything to eat. How many rations can you spare?"

General Sheridan replied: "About twenty-five thousand."

General Grant turned to General Lee and said: "General, will that be enough?"

General Lee replied: "More than enough."

Thereupon General Grant said to General Sheridan: "Direct your commissary to send twenty-five thousand rations to General Lee's commissary."

General Sheridan at once sent an officer to give the necessary orders.

When Colonel Parker had concluded the copying of General Grant's letter, I sat down at the same table and wrote General Lee's answer.

I have yet in my possession the original draft of that answer. It began: "I have the honor to acknowledge." General Lee struck out those words, and made the answer read as it now appears. His reason was that the correspondence ought not to appear as if he

and General Grant were not in immediate communication.

When General Grant had signed the copy of his letter made by Colonel Parker, and General Lee had signed the answer, Colonel Parker handed to me General Grant's letter and I handed to him General Lee's reply, and the work was done. Some further conversation of a general nature took place, in the course of which General Grant said to General Lee that he had come to the meeting as he was and without his sword, because he did not wish to detain General Lee until he could send back to his wagons, which were several miles away. This was the only reference made by any one to the subject of dress on that occasion.

General Lee had prepared himself for the meeting with more than usual care, and was in full uniform, wearing a very handsome sword and sash. This was doubtless the reason for General Grant's reference to himself.

At last General Lee took leave of General Grant, saying that he would return to his headquarters and designate the officers who were to act on our side in arranging the details of the surrender. We mounted our horses, which the orderly was holding in the yard, and rode away, a number of Federal officers standing on the porch in front of the house, looking at us.

When General Lee returned to his lines, a large number of men gathered about him, to whom he announced what had taken place and the causes that had rendered the surrender necessary.

Great emotion was manifested by officers and men, but love and sympathy for their commander mastered every other feeling.

According to the report of the chief of ordnance, less than eight thousand armed men surrendered, exclusive of cavalry. The others who were present were unarmed, having been unable to carry their arms from exhaustion and hunger. Many had fallen from the ranks during the arduous march, and unarmed men continued to arrive for several days after the surrender, swelling the number of paroled prisoners greatly beyond the actual effective force.



PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF APPOMATTOX.

BY THE LATE JOHN GIBBON, MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. A.



It was the morning of the 3d of April, 1865, and the forked roads at Sutherland's Station, eight or ten miles west of Petersburg, presented a busy scene. Both roads were blocked with wagons, artillery, and troops, all facing west. In the forks stood a house, and in the yard was a group of officers sitting or lying on the grass. Suddenly a great shout was heard from the troops down the road, and looking in that direction, we saw General Grant rapidly approaching on horseback, with his staff behind him. As he neared the gate and pulled up, the officers rose to meet him. Just then a despatch was placed in his hand, and opening it before dismounting, he glanced at it, and said to those about him: "Weitzel entered Richmond this morning at half-past eight." The announcement so quietly made was greeted with a cheer, and this being taken up by the nearest troops, the news rapidly spread that our four years' goal was in our possession.

Waiting only long enough to get orders from General Ord, I sprang upon my horse and rode rapidly forward to where my command was resting. Hearing the cheers and seeing a party of horsemen approaching on the run, the men rapidly gathered on the side of the road to hear the news. Reaching the first regiment, I called out, "Richmond is in our possession!" and, without checking my horse, rode through the command, repeating the words. Men sprang to their feet, and, as they caught my meaning, threw their caps in the air and cheered with every evidence of delight. As I drew up at the head of the column, and the last cheer died away, a man sang out from the ranks: "Stack your muskets and go home!" This was received with renewed cheers and loud laughter.

But there was hard work yet to be done before the final result was accomplished, and we resumed the march westward toward Burkeville Junction.

A glance at the map shows a line twenty miles long joining Richmond and Petersburg, running north and south. Directly

west of the middle of this line, and some thirty miles from it, is Amelia Court House. It is the apex of an isosceles triangle, and is about equally distant from the two cities. It was Lee's natural point of concentration on the abandonment of his lines. Meade, with his army, was pushing northwest on the road to Amelia Court House nearest the Appomattox River, while our column, under Ord, marched on the road farther south, following the South Side Railroad. General Grant accompanied our column, and on the night of the 4th his headquarters were close by us. With General Potter, who was his classmate, I paid him a visit, and, seated about his camp-fire of rails, we talked over the situation. The general spoke very freely and unreservedly, and every now and then seemed to be intently studying the problem before him. He received and read a despatch, and said, rather to himself than to us: "I don't see *exactly* what Lee is driving at." But this doubt did not interfere with our work, and the next day we were pushing westward again.

With our cavalry in front, and the whole Army of the Potomac on the north of us, we marched along, totally regardless of precautions. While passing through a piece of thick timber, with General Grant and his staff riding alongside the column, three or four mounted men in Confederate gray suddenly made their appearance, and very confidently rode forward to meet the general. They proved to be Sheridan's scouts, and brought a despatch from that officer announcing the presence of Lee's whole army at Amelia Court House, ending with the expression of a wish that General Grant were on the spot. The general quietly dismounted from the little black pony he was riding, ordered his saddle transferred to his large thoroughbred, and questioned the leader of the scouts as to his ability to conduct him across the country to Sheridan. Being assured of that, he started off with a few of his staff, the scouts, and some orderlies, and we saw no more of him for two days.

We pushed ahead, and near midnight

reached the junction at Burkeville, after a march of twenty-seven miles, to find that Jefferson Davis, with his cabinet, had passed down on his way to Danville the day before. The next day parties were sent out to destroy the railroad, and late in the day our troops were again in motion, this time on a road leading north toward the High Bridge, to which point a party of cavalry under General Ord's adjutant-general (Read) had preceded us. This party fell in with a portion of the enemy's cavalry near the bridge, and after a hard fight was defeated, General Theodore Read being killed.

After a march of eight or nine miles my column came in sight of the enemy intrenched at Rice's Station, and while deploying, preparatory to an assault, darkness came on, and we bivouacked for the night. Daylight revealed the fact that the enemy had left, and we pushed on in pursuit, receiving news from Sheridan of his fight the day before at Sailors' Creek, only a few miles from us. We had not heard a gun, the direction of the wind and heavy timber drowning the sound.

Following the retreating forces, we came in sight of Farmville, to find that the enemy had crossed the river, destroying the bridges behind him. The main body of Lee's army had crossed lower down, at the High Bridge, but so closely followed by the troops of the Second Corps as to be unable to destroy a foot-bridge on which our troops crossed in pursuit. Lee's army being then to the north of the Appomattox River, any prospect of his being able to form a junction with General Johnston's army was at an end.

Taking possession of the town, my troops were placed in position along the southern bank of the river, from where the enemy's troops could be seen going into position to resist the Army of the Potomac, which was pushing forward after them. Several large hospitals were found in the town, occupied by sick and wounded, and in charge of Confederate surgeons. General Grant arrived in the course of the day, and established his headquarters at the hotel in the town. A large number of negroes were running about the streets in a great state of excitement, and it became necessary to place guards about the place to check pillaging, which had already begun. The white people were evidently very uneasy, but the provost guard soon restored order and confidence.

In the afternoon I was seated on the hotel porch, talking to General Grant, when two or three men in gray uniform came riding by.

General Grant noticed them, and turning to me, said: "You had better keep an eye on those people, or the first thing you know some of them will be riding over into Lee's army and giving him information." Despatching a staff-officer to overhaul and bring back the party, we were again surprised with the information that the men were Sheridan's scouts.

That evening General Ord and I called on General Grant at his room in the hotel, and in the course of conversation General Grant remarked, in his quiet way: "I have a great mind to summon Lee to surrender."

I suspect he had already made up his mind to do so, and the idea struck me as peculiarly appropriate. Forced to form his line of battle on the other side of the river to resist our further pursuit, much of his artillery and transportation in our possession, Lee's chances for reaching Lynchburg with his much-reduced and half-famished army were very slim. General Grant must have had the matter already well prepared in his mind, for shortly afterward his adjutant-general (Seth Williams) was on his way to the enemy's line with the now historic note of April 7.

We did not wait to hear the result of this summons, but, bidding General Grant good night, retired, with orders to move promptly at five o'clock the next morning. That hour found us on our way again, pushing westward, with detachments watching the river crossings to our right. At Prospect Station we overtook a part of our cavalry, and were there joined by the Fifth Corps, under Griffin, which came in from the south on the Prince Edward Court House road. As soon as the cavalry got out of our way we resumed the march, leaving the road open for the artillery and ambulances by marching the infantry in the fields alongside.

We had left our wagons far behind, and provisions were becoming scarce. Foraging parties were therefore thrown out on both sides of the road, with orders to collect all the cows, calves, sheep, and hogs to be found, and drive them into the road, to accompany the column. These orders were gladly obeyed, and each new arrival of food was greeted with cheers by the troops, who pushed along with a will, every one being now fully alive to the fact that we were marching for a prize which could not much longer evade our grasp. It was hot and dusty, and many of the exhausted men fell out by the way. Riding at the head of the column, I halted at a point where the road

we were on approached the railroad, and while waiting for the arrival of the troops I received the following despatch:

CAVALRY HEADQUARTERS,

APPOMATTOX STATION, April 8, 1865.

GENERAL GIBBON: We have captured four trains of cars with locomotives. The trains were loaded with supplies. One of the trains was burned. Thirty pieces of artillery and a large number of wagons and prisoners. If it is possible to push on your troops we may have handsome results in the morning. Very respectfully,

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General.

P. S. We captured 1000 prisoners, including 1 general officer and from 150 to 200 wagons.

Now I looked more eagerly than ever for the head of my column. While waiting impatiently for its appearance, a staff-officer of General Ord's rode up with a message from him, saying the troops were much scattered and exhausted, and he had ordered them to halt for the night, as they had marched far enough. In hot haste I sent a staff-officer to inform General Ord of the despatch I had received, and urging him to permit such of the troops as were able to march to come on. General Ord at once countermanded his order, and the poor, weary, foot-sore fellows pushed ahead again. General Ord soon afterward came up, and after dark, when the head of the column appeared, it broke out into loud cheers as the men caught the sound of the locomotive whistle of the captured trains that came rumbling to the rear under charge of a cavalry sergeant.

As the troops came up, they were at once assigned positions for the night, and after a hurried supper from the bacon and hard bread on the captured trains, the men sank to sleep with no pickets out, and with orders for the leading division (Foster's) to resume the march promptly at three o'clock.

All in our column slept the profound sleep of tired men, and on opening my eyes the next morning I found, to my amazement, that it was broad daylight, and not a sound of any kind was to be heard in the camp. Springing up, I called loudly for staff-officers and orderlies, and, as soon as a horse could be saddled, despatched a staff-officer to General Foster, with orders to place his division in motion at once. In a few minutes the officer came back with the information that the division had moved promptly at three o'clock.

I hope the recording angel has long since blotted out the oath I uttered, coupled with the remark that "General Foster is a better soldier than I am."

Hastily swallowing a cup of coffee, Gen-

eral Ord and I rode rapidly forward, passed the head of the column, and reached a little house on the road just beyond Evergreen Station, occupied by General Sheridan as his headquarters.

Giving orders for my troops to be massed in a field close by half filled with cavalry, we entered the house, to find General Sheridan just preparing to go to breakfast, a meal we were glad to share with him. Here we discussed the situation and what disposition to make of the infantry. Sheridan reported his cavalry in line across the Lynchburg road, hourly expecting to be attacked. The sooner we could place infantry across that road the better. Ord proposed to place my corps across the road and Griffin's on my right. I said: "Place *both* corps on that road, and make a *sure thing* of it. Lee is not coming in here [on our right], for it will take him farther from the Lynchburg road, and he cannot get back to it." Sheridan said: "That's my idea exactly." And with that understanding I started my troops forward.

As we approached Appomattox Station and crossed the railroad, a heavy fire opened on the cavalry in our front, and it soon became evident that a serious engagement was going on. The fire became warmer and warmer, and, from the sound, was evidently coming toward us. The whole country was covered heavily with timber, through which nothing could be seen. North of the track the road forked. The right-hand one, an unfrequented wood road, led directly toward the firing, now becoming rapidly warmer than ever. The left-hand fork was a plain, well-broken road, almost at right angles with the other, and leading *away* from the firing; but this led to the Lynchburg road, and for that I was aiming.

Pushing rapidly along, the firing progressing farther and farther to my rear, I at length reached the broad "big road" to Lynchburg, and formed Foster's division in line of battle across it, with a battery of artillery in the road, intending to bring John W. Turner's division up and form it as a support to Foster's left. But by this time the fire in our rear had made progress, and the shells from our front began to scream through the trees about us, stampeding the led horses and stragglers of the cavalry. Fearful of delaying the advance longer, I directed Turner to face his division to the right and move forward at once through the timber on Foster's right. Preceded by skirmishers, the line moved through the timber,

and the popping of the rifles soon showed that we had come in contact with the enemy. The fire rapidly grew warmer, and then suddenly ceased, and on riding to the front I found my line of battle just emerging from the woods to the open ground in front, no enemy in sight and no bullets flying.

Riding forward to the picket-line, passing on the way a piece of the enemy's artillery dismounted, I caught sight, away off to my right, of masses of troops moving into position, and a little farther beyond came in sight of the village of Appomattox, with troops in the valley on the other side. These last were evidently the enemy's. In front of our troops a party of horsemen was moving toward the court-house. It was General Ord and his staff, and joining him, I was informed that Lee had surrendered. Together we rode into the village, a little straggling place of a dozen or two houses, an open square in the middle, on one side the court-house, on another a rather pretentious house with a flight of wide steps leading up to the broad porch. Standing about were staff-officers, and orderlies holding horses, and inside the house (McLean's), we were told, Generals Lee and Grant were having their conference. As we rode up, General Custer, with his long yellow locks, came down the steps, carrying on his shoulder a little oval marble-topped table, a relic, it was said, of the surrender, which General Sheridan, after paying a twenty-dollar gold piece for it, had presented to his favorite cavalry leader.

Sending orders to my troops to go into position on the hills overlooking the town, with a line of pickets duly posted, I dismounted, and, with many other officers, loitered about the square, anxiously waiting to hear the result of the negotiations. All war-like sounds had ceased, but both armies had picket-lines out in front. The town was between the two, and prominent officers on both sides, who had not met, except in battle, for four years, mingled together and chatted about the coming event. All wore an air of anxiety, but all seemed hopeful that there would be no further necessity for bloodshed.

Here I again met Longstreet, last seen between the picket-lines in front of Richmond, and General Henry Heth, an old friend and classmate with whom I had last shaken hands nearly five years before at Camp Floyd in far-distant Utah. Nobody felt much like talking. One question absorbed all thoughts: Was the war to cease or not? This nobody felt much disposition to discuss while the two great chiefs were talking over the matter in

the adjacent house. It was a quiet which might precede the reopening of the storm, or might be the end of the tornado which had been sweeping over the land for four years. All felt, I think, that, reduced as Lee was in fighting strength, he was, even yet, not prepared to yield if unreasonable terms were demanded.

To those of us who were waiting outside the time dragged slowly, as it always does when the mind is on the alert for some anxiously expected event.

While we were thus waiting, some one said, "There is Cadmus." Looking up, I saw General Wilcox, another classmate, riding into the square on a sorry-looking gray horse whose thin ribs bespoke the scant forage on which he had been subsisting. The rider was dressed in a long, thick overcoat, and after he had dismounted and saluted the group of officers, I asked him if he was cold, that he wore an overcoat. He grimly replied, "It's all I have"; and opening the coat, he showed us that a shirt was the only garment underneath. Pointing to a pair of bags on his saddle, he said, "That's all the baggage I have left," and turning to General Sheridan, he remarked: "You have captured all the rest, and you can't have that till you capture me." Heth was dressed in a new suit of Confederate gray, and accounted for the fact by saying that, when he found we were capturing all their baggage, he concluded to put on all his good clothes, and save them till the end in preference to the old ones.

At last some one came out of the McLean house and announced the fact that Lee had surrendered his army. I for one felt like uttering a loud yell of delight, for it was a relief to realize the fact that that great army was our prisoner, that the war was probably over, and that our country was triumphant.

Never before had I felt prouder of being an American citizen, for never before had it been so thoroughly demonstrated that America was a nation and entitled to be so considered throughout the world. But the very natural feeling of triumph was restrained in the presence of our late foes, to be in the future, as we hoped, a part of that nation, and we took the announcement of the surrender as quietly as was possible under the circumstances. The news soon spread, and some cheering was heard from the troops when it reached them. A little while after that, a thrill of excitement went through every one as the sound of heavy

musketry fire reached our ears from away off on the left of my line, fear being felt lest some unfortunate collision had taken place there before the news of the surrender was received. A staff-officer was at once despatched to ascertain the meaning of the firing, and he returned with the news that a brigade of colored troops in position in rear of my left flank had, on receipt of the news, thrown up their pieces and fired an exultant volley, much to the surprise of their less demonstrative and better disciplined white comrades. We had one more surprise that afternoon, and its occurrence will serve to show our nervous, excitable condition. We had pitched our tents and begun to realize the grand results of the day when our ears caught the sound of a cannon away off on the other side of the court-house. Another and another gun followed, but at regular intervals, and we all felt relief when some one said: "The Army of the Potomac has heard of Lee's surrender, and is firing a salute in honor of our victory."

I visited General Grant at his tent in the afternoon, and found preparations going on for his departure. He informed me that he intended to leave me, with my corps and General Griffin's (the Fifth), to receive the surrender of Lee's army, collect the public property, arms, etc., and transport them to Burkeville Junction.

Soon after dark the two tired armies sank to rest with no prospect that the coming day would be ushered in, as usual, with the sounds of conflict. I doubt if even the two picket-lines, which still held their positions, kept up a very vigilant watch, and doubtless many a poor weary sentinel slept at his post that night without the fear of the penalty attached to the crime. We who were in front of our pickets slept more soundly than we should have done behind them twenty-four hours before.

The morning of the 10th opened bright and clear, and no mere man of peace can realize the relief we experienced, on opening our eyes, at the thought that we were lying between the picket-lines of two great armies without the slightest prospect of having to engage in a fight.

Early in the morning it became noised abroad that General Grant was to have another interview with General Lee, and a number of our generals and staff-officers assembled in the village to witness it. Riding out to the edge of the town, and halting on the slope of a hill from where Lee's picket-line and a part of his troops could be

seen, the party remained seated on their horses, awaiting Lee's appearance. In a few moments he came riding through his picket-line, attended only by two orderlies. As he approached he spoke to one of his orderlies, and pointing to a party of his own men seen approaching along the road toward the town, directed him to ascertain where they were going outside of his lines. The orderly returned almost immediately, and reported something to him with which he seemed satisfied, for he gave no other orders, and then spoke to General Grant, who rode forward a few steps to meet him. As the two sat talking on their horses only a few steps from us, we had a full opportunity not only to note their bearing, but to hear most of the conversation. I had not seen Lee for about six years, and his appearance is thus described in a letter written the next day:

Soon after our arrival General Lee came riding up, attended only by two orderlies. He looks pretty much the same as usual, but older, and his face has a very sad expression. I did not see him smile once during the interview. He has the same quiet, subdued, gentlemanly manner for which he was always noted.

As the two generals sat talking together, General Grant turned and beckoned to General Seth Williams, his adjutant-general, who rode forward. I was curious to see the meeting between Lee and Williams. Some years before the war, when Lee was superintendent of the Military Academy, Williams was his adjutant, and was known to be a great favorite with him. As Williams approached, the two shook hands, but there was nothing in Lee's face, as he gravely and courteously received him, to indicate that he had ever met him before. After talking a little while General Grant beckoned me forward, and on approaching General Lee pretty much the same scene took place as with Williams. General Grant said: "General Lee is desirous that his officers and men should have on their persons some evidence that they are paroled prisoners, so that they will not be disturbed"; and General Lee remarked that he desired simply to do whatever was in his power to protect his men from anything disagreeable. I said I thought that could be arranged, as I had a small printing-press, and could have blank forms struck off, which could be filled up, and one given to each officer and man of the army signed by their own officers, and distributed as required. To this he assented. He then turned to General Grant and said: "General, you have ex-

cepted private horses from the surrender. Now, most of my couriers and many of the artillery and cavalry own their own horses. How will it be about them?"

General Grant replied at once, speaking to me: "They will be allowed to retain them." Turning to General Lee, he added: "They will need them in putting in their spring crops." The remark struck me as peculiar, and I have no doubt it did Lee, for Grant could have said nothing which demonstrated more completely his idea that the war was over, and that these warlike men and horses would go at once to work *planting corn*.

The party then soon broke up, and Generals Griffin, Merritt, and I [the Union officers designated to arrange the details of the surrender], accompanied by a number of other officers, rode through the picket-line to Longstreet's headquarters, escorted by a member of his staff.

The six officers appointed to arrange the details of the surrender met in a room of the hotel of the town; but this was a bare and cheerless place, and at my suggestion we adjourned to the room in the McLean house where Grant and Lee had held their conference. Here we at once organized and began to discuss the subject before us, and after talking for a while it was suggested that I should write out the several propositions covering the surrender. This I did in pretty much the same shape as that finally adopted. When I came to the fifth clause I paused, for there was an important question involved: Who should be considered as included in the surrender? It was known that a part of the cavalry had made its escape toward Lynchburg just about the time the surrender took place. The matter was discussed for a few minutes, when General Gordon rose to his feet and made quite a speech, during which he said that, as they had been treated with so much liberality, he felt disposed, so far as he was concerned, to act liberally also, and that he considered his *personal honor* (with emphasis) required him to give the most liberal interpretation to every question which came up for decision. Longstreet sat still and said nothing, but when Gordon sat down he remarked very quietly that he proposed the surrender should include all troops belonging to the army, except such cavalry as actually made its escape, and any artillery that was beyond *twenty miles* from Appomattox Court House at the time of the surrender. This proposition was at once accepted by

unanimous consent, and the terms as agreed to were duly drawn up and signed that night.

Mindful of the prize I had seen Custer carrying off, and having no surplus twenty-dollar gold pieces to pay out, it occurred to me to secure a cheaper table. I therefore directed that the old pine camp-table which I had used all through the war be placed in the room. This was covered with a blanket, and when, at 8:30 P.M., the members assembled to sign the final agreement, they signed on this table. Triplicate copies were signed, one being retained by the officers of each army. The third copy I kept, and afterward presented to the Historical Society of Maryland, in the rooms of which, in the city of Baltimore, it is now preserved.

The final agreement having been determined upon, it only remained to carry out its provisions, and this was begun that same afternoon by the cavalry marching up and laying down their arms.

My corps press was at once set to work to print off the requisite number of blank paroles, but it soon became apparent that our few printers would speedily break down at the task, some thirty thousand being required. The adjutant-general reported that the press would have to be run all night and probably all the next day. I therefore directed him to send out and make a detail from the corps of the requisite number of printers to supply relays for the press until the job was finished. This was done, and we obtained all the printers we wanted, and the next day the paroles were ready for distribution. If we had needed fifty watchmakers or blacksmiths I presume we could have had them just as readily.

The following day (the 11th) Turner's division of the Twenty-fourth Corps was paraded just outside the town, and in its presence the infantry commands marched up, stacked their arms, deposited their colors upon them, and, being supplied with rations and the blank paroles, took up the line of march toward their homes. In many cases they passed to the rear through our troops. There our men crowded to the sides of the road to look at them, but in not a single instance did I hear of a rude word or taunting remark being used by our troops. In fact, their forbearance was so marked that many of our late opponents spoke of it in praise. The simple fact was that these men had earned our admiration and consideration by their conduct in battle, and we could not

afford, now that we were the victors, to treat them with disrespect.

While the surrender was going on a staff-officer reported to me that some of the regiments had been seen to tear up their colors, declaring that they would not surrender them. General Longstreet happened to be present when this report was made, and I called his attention to the matter. Having ascertained in what command it was done, he at once despatched a staff-officer with a message to the general in command stating that, General Lee having surrendered the army, his surrender should be carried out in good faith, and that the troops were bound in honor to surrender their colors with their arms. After that we had no further trouble, and the troops continued to march up and deposit their arms and colors until the whole was completed, Turner's division being replaced for a part of the time by a division from the Fifth Corps.

General Lee's army being entirely without provisions, we were obliged to supply them from our stores, and the condition of matters is thus referred to in one of my letters:

We have had to supply Lee's army with rations, they being entirely without any. As for the poor horses and mules, many of them will die for want of forage. They look terribly thin and worn down. Some of the men have had nothing to eat for three days but parched corn, and I cannot help respecting men who have fought so long and so well in support of their opinions, however wrong I may think them. The officers say very little about politics, but I think they have pretty much come to the conclusion that the Southern Confederacy has come to an end, as we all certainly do. All those of the old army whom we met seem not to have changed at all, and many references were made to old and happier times.

By the 12th nearly the whole army had been paroled, and most of the officers and men had left for their homes. Rolls in duplicate had been prepared of the different commands, and on the back of these was placed a blank form of parole, to be duly filled out and signed by the commanding officer. Such officers as did not belong to any party organization signed a different form of parole. And in addition each officer and man, when he separated from his command, was given one of the blank paroles to which I have referred after it was properly filled out and signed by his immediate commanding officer. Before the surrender was completed I happened to meet General Lee, and this subject coming up in conversation, he objected to this arrangement, saying that probably the

United States authorities would not respect the signatures of *his* officers, and that these paroles ought to be signed by *our* officers; but both General Longstreet (who was present) and I explained to him that that was impracticable for the lack of time, and he finally said he would leave the whole subject in the hands of General Longstreet.

We were kept busy for two or three days receiving the arms and collecting the guns from the surrounding country, some of which were found dismounted and buried in the woods. I then prepared to carry out General Grant's instructions, given to me just before his departure for Burkeville Junction, to which point the main body of the Army of the Potomac was moved back.

On the 11th I received a deputation from Lynchburg proposing to surrender the town, and asking our protection from their own stragglers, who had shown some disposition toward riot and plunder. General Mackenzie's cavalry was at once started for that place; it reached there the next day, and found an immense quantity of public property in the town. Turner's division was afterward sent up to Lynchburg to collect the public stores and destroy what could not be brought away.

Receiving on the 11th a request from General Lee's adjutant-general for a small escort for the general for a few miles on his way to Richmond, it was sent, and the next day, while seated in the McLean house, I received a message saying that General Lee was at the door and would like to see me. I told the messenger to ask him in, but he came back to say that the general declined to dismount. Going to the door, I found General *Fitz* Lee seated on his horse, and looking, I thought, somewhat uneasy. He had been a cadet under me at West Point, and I had not seen him for years. As I looked at him a vision of the past came up before me, and I could only think of a little rollicking fellow dressed in *cadet* gray, whose jolly songs and gay spirits were the life of his class. My salutation of "Hello, Fitz! Get off and come in," seemed to put him at his ease at once, and brought him to his feet. He came into the house and told his story. Early on the 9th, seeing that surrender was inevitable, he had, with his cavalry force, made his escape and proceeded toward Lynchburg; but becoming convinced that the war was virtually ended, he rode to Farmville and reported to General Meade. He was advised to return to Appomattox and be paroled. He became my guest for

the night, and, lying on the floor, slept as soundly as a child, after, as he said, having had no sleep for a week. Nothing could dampen his high spirits, and with us he seemed to rejoice that the war was over. With a grim humor, he took from his pocket a five-dollar Confederate note, and writing across its face, "For Mrs. Gibbon, with the compliments of Fitz Lee," he said: "Send that to your wife, and tell her it's the last cent I have in the world."

On the 14th I rode to Lynchburg, but I returned to Appomattox the next day, and a few days afterward, having gathered up everything, we took our way back to Burkeville Junction, leaving, by direction of General Grant, surplus "wagons for the country people to pick up."

The number of flags surrendered with Lee's army was seventy-two. They were carefully boxed up and afterward delivered to the Secretary of War in Washington.

Some months after the surrender I heard General Henry A. Wise give an amusing account of his experience with the printed parole he carried with him. He was on his way to his home near Norfolk, mounted on a fine blooded mare, when he stopped one day at a roadside tavern in Mecklenburg County to get something to eat. Our cavalry was then in that part of Virginia on its way to Danville, and good horses were very rapidly picked up by straggling and foraging parties. On coming out of the tavern to where he had hitched his mare, General Wise found a cavalry soldier mounted on her back and about to ride off, while a sergeant stood looking on. Wise demanded in a sharp tone what the man was doing, at the same time ordering him to get off the mare. The sergeant turned to him and asked:

"Who the devil are you?"

"I am General Wise of the Confederate

army, and you can't have my mare," was the reply.

Neither the sergeant nor the man appeared to attach much importance to this piece of information, and the latter was about to ride off, when Wise exclaimed in a loud tone:

"I have got General Grant's *safeguard*, and am under its protection!"

The sergeant demanded to see this "safeguard," and Wise produced his printed parole, duly filled out with his name and signed.

The sergeant's countenance fell, for he had evidently heard of the penalty (death) attached to the violation of a safeguard. But suddenly his face brightened with hope, as he said, with considerable contempt in his voice:

"How do I know but what this is a forgery?"

Wise, however, was equal to the occasion, and exclaimed:

"A *forgery*! You know perfectly well it's no forgery, sir, and that no enterprising Yankee would go up to a d—— little country village like Appomattox Court House and set up a printing-press to print off a *forgery*! Now get off that mare"—to the soldier—"and give her up, or I will follow you to your commanding officer, if it's to h—— or Halifax!" (the next county).

Wise said the man quietly got down off the mare and gave her up to him without another word. This he thought an evidence of the power of his parole. I considered, however, that he was fortunate in striking a rather mild specimen of a cavalry "bummer."

The table upon which the final agreement was signed was, the next day, placed in the hands of one of the clerks at my corps headquarters. After carefully smoothing off and sandpapering the top, he placed upon it the following inscription:

ON THIS TABLE

was signed the Final Agreement for the surrender of the "Army of Northern Virginia," at Appomattox C. H. Va., 8.30 P. M. April 10th 1865 by LT. GEN. J. LONGSTREET, MAJ. GEN. J. B. GORDON AND BRIG. GEN. W. N. PENDLETON, C. S. A., AND MAJ. GEN. JOHN GIBBON, BVT. MAJ. GEN'L. CHARLES GRIFFIN AND BREV. MAJ. GEN. W. MERRITT, U. S. ARMY.

NOTE ON THE SURRENDER OF LEE.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U. S. A.,

Late Major-General United States Volunteers.



In the morning's attack, on the 9th of April, the cavalry, reduced in numbers, had no chance against Gordon's well-formed infantry. Crook and I had agreed to fight as long as was possible, in the hope that Gibbon's infantry (Ord's command) would make its appearance. This it did in "the very nick of time." As soon as Gordon saw it deploy in his front, he hesitated and halted, and finally withdrew to a reasonable distance. Then came the truce, and it was agreed that there should be no more fighting until, I think, two o'clock. The officers met and talked over old times. I saw many Confederates whom I had known at West Point. When we parted, about two o'clock, they all expressed regret that the "incident could not be closed at once," and were sad, they said, that fighting must continue. We knew that they had no chance, and thought that they knew it too.

About the time of the expiration of the truce General Grant came on the field near the part of the lines commanded by me, and asked the whereabouts of General Sheridan. I rode with him to where General Sheridan was in the town of Appomattox, and after some conversation between them, Grant, Sheridan, and their staffs, and a number of officers rode to the front of our lines on to what might have been called the neutral zone separating the two armies. After General Grant had proceeded a hundred yards or so in the direction of the Confederate lines, General Lee, accompanied by two or three officers, rode out of his lines and met General Grant and his party. Just before the meeting, the officers accompanying General Grant reined up their horses, halting fifteen or twenty yards before the generals met. They approached each other until within a few feet, or perhaps side by side, facing in opposite directions, and after a few words drew off to the left as we faced, dismounted, and

talked. Soon they mounted again, and turning their horses' heads toward the Union lines, rode, followed by the Union officers who had accompanied General Grant, into the single road-like street of Appomattox, halted in front of the McLean house, and, dismounting, entered. They were in the house together less than one hour, I should think. I was not in the room, but once, on the suggestion of Colonel Babcock of Grant's staff. I went to the doorway and looked in, and saw the generals and their aides seated, the latter writing busily, the others engaged in conversation.

When General Lee came out of the house he was attended by his one staff-officer. As he stepped into the front yard a number of Union officers saluted him by raising the hat; he returned the salute in like manner, and then, looking in the direction of the Confederate army, smote the palms of his hands together three times, his arms extended to their full length.

General Lee then mounted his horse, a gray gelding, and rode down the incline toward his army—and I saw him no more.

If I heard any conversation between Generals Grant and Lee, it has escaped my recollection; but from the circumstances attending the surrender I am convinced but few, if any one save a single aide of each, heard the conversations.

It was through me that General Grant increased the generosity of the terms granted, by letting the private soldiers who owned their horses keep them, the same as was permitted to the officers in the written surrender. He gave me verbal directions to this effect on the afternoon of the surrender. This was done on representations made by General G. W. Custis Lee, the senior present in cavalry command on the Confederate side, through me to General Grant, and not as represented by Badeau in his "Military History of General Grant," Vol. III, page 685.



CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.

BY MARY ADAMS.

PART ONE.



THE night is wild and wet. It makes faces at me when I go to the window, like a big gargoyle; it has the dignity that belongs to ugliness and character. I'm afraid I was born a heathen for beauty's sake, for all the Christian there is in me—and that is scandalously little—is kept busy going into sackcloth and doing penance for my esthetic sins. I have never loved any person who was not beautiful. But then I have never loved many people—Father and poor Ina.

The wind starts a long way off to-night, and stirs and strengthens with a terrible deliberation. By the time it reaches you, nothing can withstand it, and you don't care whether anything can or not. I feel as if I could open the window and let myself drop, sure that it would lift me up and carry me, and I should n't in the least mind where. I dream of doing that often.

To-day I found something which pleased me. It was in that old French book of Father's that I read aloud in to keep up my accent. It was about a princess in a shallop on a river—no, I'll copy it, rather; it seems to me worth while, which is saying something, for most things do not strike me that way. I wish I knew why.

The princess was a sea-princess, but she lived in an inland country, and when the water-soul within her called, she had only a river wherewith to satisfy it. So she floated out in her shallop upon the river, nor would she let any person guide the shallop, neither her men nor her maidens, but loved the feel of the oar, and the deference of it to her own soft hands. And she chose the hour that precedes and follows the setting of the sun, for it was a fair hour, and the river was comely. And drifting, she thought to row, and rowing, she thought to drift; so, drifting and rowing, she had her will, for no one gainsaid her. And she was a fair princess, though a haughty, and many men crowned her in their hearts, but to none of them did she incline. And certain knights took boats and sought to overtake her upon the river, for she seemed to drift. But when they drew nearer to her, drifting, they perceived that she was rowing,

and, row they never so sturdily, she did keep the shallop in advance of them, nor did she concern herself with them, for she was a princess, and she had the sea in her heart, while they were but knights, and contented themselves with the river, having been born with river-souls, in the river country. And these wearied her, so that she rowed the stronger for her disdain, and escaped them all, though now and then but by a shallop's length.

Now it chanced that there appeared upon the river a new oar, being the oar of a prince who did disguise himself, but could not disguise his stroke; nor did he row like these others, the knights who rowed upon the river for her sake who disdained them, and this the princess, being expert in such matters, perceived. But the prince did not seek to overtake the princess, whereat she marveled; and she glanced backward over the river, and observed him that he rowed not to overtake her, but drifted at the leisure of his heart.

And every day, at the hour which precedes and follows the setting of the sun, the prince drifted at the leisure of his heart. Then did the leisure pass out of the heart of the princess, and she marveled exceedingly, both at herself and at him who did not overtake her. And while she glanced, she drifted. And it befell that on a certain day she glanced, and behold, he was rowing steadily. Then the princess bent to her oars, she being strong and beautiful, and so escaped him like the others, and he saw that she smiled as she escaped. But he rowed mightily, for he was a prince, and he gained upon her. And she perceived that he gained upon her, and it did not suit her to be overtaken, for thus was her nature, and she followed her nature, for she was princess, and it was permitted her. And she smote the water, and turned her shallop swiftly, and disappeared from his sight, and from the sight of all those others whom he had distanced upon the river. And the light fell, and the dusk rose, and they twain, the escaped and the pursuing, the fleeing and the seeking, were alone on that part of the river. For it is not a frequented part of the river. And the princess hid from him. And she believed him to have passed by unwitting, so she stirred in her shallop to find her oars, but lo! she had lost them. And she was adrift upon the river, and it was dark. Now, while she sat there in perplexity, but mute, for she was royal, she heard the motion of oars, as they had been muffled, and it was not easy to follow the sound thereof, for it was a subtle stroke, although a mighty. And she recognized the stroke, and she remembered that she had lost her oars.

So the prince lifted her into his own shallop, and she, for she was royal, gainsaid him not.

I have translated as I copied, and the mistakes will speak for themselves, as mistakes always do. Of course it is a version of Atalanta,—one of those modern things that copy the antique without a blush,—yet I rather like it. I never had any patience with Atalanta.

I HAVE been pursued all day by a fragment that I cannot mend or join, and I think it must have come from some delicate Sèvres cup or vase, of the quality that breaks because it is so beautiful:

I never know why 't is I love thee so:
I do not think 't is that thine eyes for me
Grow bright as sudden sunshine on the sea.

It is thy face I see, and it befell
Thou wert, and I was, and I love thee well.

A man wrote that, I'm sure, but he was different from men; and no woman could have written it, though she were like women. I must ask Father to look it up for me. He is the most accurate quoter I ever knew, and I suppose I have his instinct for quotation, without his accuracy. I hate etiquette, barbed-wire fences, kindergarten cubes, mathematics, politics, law, and dress-coats. I like to wear bicycle-skirts, and not to give an account of myself, and to run about the grounds in the dark, and to get into a ruby gown before the fire and write like this when I come in. It is one of the nights when March slips into the arms of May, and chills her to the heart. I know two things in this world that never, never tire me and always rest me—I wonder if they always will? One is a sunset, and the other is an open wood fire.

Mr. Herwin has come in, and is reading to Father; the thick ceiling, floor, and carpet break the insistence of his voice, and it blurs into a rhythm, like the sound of waves. I don't altogether like his voice, and it's more agreeable taken through a medium of fresco and Wilton carpet. Robert Hazelton had a pleasant voice. Poor Rob! But he was too short, and he is very plain.

Oh, that wind! It roars like a fierce, elemental, raging creature that does n't know what it wants, but is destined to have it at any cost. I can't help that feeling that if I opened the window and just let myself out, the storm would be kind to me, and I should be upborne, and swept along safely, over

the tops of trees, as I am in my dreams (they are usually elms, and very high, and I wonder why they are cultivated trees, and wish they were pines and live-oaks, but they always remain elms), and I think I should never be carried too high, so as to get frightened, or lost among clouds, and so dashed down. I am sure I should stay, like a captive balloon, at just about that height, within sight of earth and houses and people, but well out of their reach, and floating always, now wildly, now gently, if it stormed or if it calmed, with the cold freedom of the dead and the warm sentence of the living. And I think—

Father is sure not to miss me; the secretary is good for another hour at least. The next best thing to jumping out of the window is to get into the garden. The storm is growing gloriously worse. I believe I'll go.

I WENT. Golf-skirt and waterproof and rubber boots, wind in the face, rain on the head—I went. Slapped on the cheek, smitten in the eyes, breath-beaten and storm-shaken, a fighter of the night and the gale, for the love of storms and for the love of fighting, that was I. I seem to myself to have been a creature of the dark and the weather, sprung of them, as the wet flowers were sprung of the earth, and the falling torrents were born of the clouds. I seem to myself to have been a thousandfold more myself out there. The drawing-room girl in low dresses and trains, receiving beside her father, doing the proper thing, saying what everybody says,—even the girl who likes Strauss waltzes, and dances once in a while till morning,—looked out of the window at this other girl, like distant relatives. The girl in the garden disowned them, and did n't care a raindrop what they thought of her. Oh, I did n't care what anybody thought of me! What's the sense in being alive if you can't hurl away other people's thoughts and respect your own? I suppose, if it comes to that, it's well to have your thoughts respectable. Truly, I don't think mine have ever been disreputable. Come, Marna Trent! Out with it! Have they? No—no. I really don't think they have. I can't answer for what they might be, if it stormed hard enough, and I'd been to too many receptions, and I could n't get into rubber boots and a waterproof and run about gardens.

When you come to think of it, what's a garden? The walls are stone, and pretty high; there are broken glass bottles all along the top, to keep burglars out and the cat

in; James locks the iron gate at eleven; the shrubbery is all trimmed like bushes that have just come from the barber's; there is n't a weed to be seen, and the paths are so narrow that I get my golf-skirt wet. Why, if I were a man, I should be outside, in the clubs, the streets, the theaters,—God knows where,—doing bohemian things, watching people in the slums, going to queer places with policemen, tramping up and down and watching the colored lights on the long bridges, taking tremendous walks out into the country, coming home at any hour, with a latch-key, and wearing a mackintosh—no, I should wear an oil-coat, a *long* oil-coat, and a fisherman's sou'wester, and I should go—I wonder where? and I should do—I wonder what?

But I am a girl; and I stay in the garden. And that's bad enough, for the other girls don't care about gardens. I heard a woman tell another woman one day that I was "very imprudent." She said I "went out evenings." I laughed then, for I could afford to, and I did n't care what she said. I don't feel so much like laughing now. The worst thing I ever did in my life I've done to-night within the last half-hour.

I'm glad that woman does n't know it.

I have n't been outside of my father's garden, either. And you know, Marna Trent, how much you respect your father's garden. In the first place, it's a garden, and in the next, it's your father's. I believe the storm-soul got me, as the water-soul took Undine, when nobody expected it.

"*The princess was a sea-princess, but she lived in an inland country*"—poor thing! I always thought I should like to go to school with a princess, and be able to say "Poor thing!" to her, for of course they're nothing but other girls, only they can't wallow round among wet things in rubber boots and golf-skirts. Who would be a princess if she could be the daughter of an ex-governor, and live in a big, dull suburban place, with a garden seven acres across?

I went out into the garden, I say, and it stormed like the Last Day (I've always thought it would come in a spring freshet), and nobody saw me, for the servants were n't about, and the secretary was reading "The Life of Rufus Choate" to Father (Father always chooses some of those contemporary things); and I saw the top of Mr. Herwin's head as I crept by the library windows—he has rather a nice head, if his hair were n't too curly. I don't like curly men, but straight ones, like Father. I stood on tiptoe

and peeked in, but I kept a good way off. Father looked very handsome and peaceful and happy in his big leather chair—dear Father! The secretary was reading dutifully. I believe he does it to increase his income while he is studying law, for one day I told him I could n't bear lawyers, and he cultivated a grieved expression, which was not becoming, and I told him so. I never have been able to get on with Mr. Herwin. There's an Heir-to-the-Throne-in-Disguise manner about him which, in my opinion, the circumstances don't justify. I feel like a panther stroked the wrong way every time I see him. It's two years, now, since he has been around. I should think Father would get tired to death of him, but he says he is "a brilliant young man."

I wonder what he'd say now? But I don't see that there is any particular need of his knowing; I hate to worry Father. He's always had the most absurd confidence in me; it's perfectly irrational, but pretty solid. It's like the garden wall, with broken bottles on top. Who knows what I should have done without it? I hope I should have drawn the line at eloping with the coachman. An hour ago I had never done anything very special that I would n't be willing to have my father know. He might have seen any other page in this book; I'd have given it to him if he asked for it. I wonder if this is the way people feel when they have done some dreadful thing—like one person before the deed and another person after, and not able to convince anybody else that it is n't the same person at all. I feel very strangely, and a little seasick, as if I had just got off a shipwreck.

I went out into the garden, and it stormed as if the skies were breaking up and coming to pieces on the earth, and burying it under—you might think they were ashamed to see it. And the wind had worked its temper into a hurricane, and, oh, but I loved it! I loved it! And I ran around in it, and I stiffened myself and fought against it, and turned and drew my waterproof-hood up, and fled before it; and I don't know which I liked the better, the battle or the flight, for I love everything that such a storm as that can do to you. My waterproof was drenched before I got past the smoke-bush and the big spiræa in the clump by the tree-house, and my golf-skirt was n't short enough: it hit the borders, and they sopped at me like sponges squeezed out. And there was a hole in my rubber boots, and I could feel my feet squash in the wet. And the wilder it was,

and the wetter, the happier I felt. And I began to sing, for nobody could hear me, it raved so out there among the trees. I sang opera and ballads and queer things—all the love-songs I ever knew, and that one I like about the skipper's daughter and the mate:

"A man might sail to Hell in your companie"—
"Why not to Heaven?" quo' she.

And pop! in the middle of them, something dashed at me, and it was Job. I thought he was shut up in the kitchen, for his feet were wet, and he had a sore throat, and I'd given him some hot whisky; and I scolded him. But I must say I appreciated it to have him take all that trouble to find me—there's no flatterer in this world like your own dog. So I picked him up, and put him under my waterproof in one of the dry spots.

"Job," I said, "you know better than this!"

Then the storm lifted up its voice, and spoke, quite distinctly, so close to me that I jumped:

"And so do you," it said.

And there stood a man.

I jumped, but I did not scream—I have so much consolation; but I have n't another atom. He was very wet, but not so wet as I, and he seemed to shed the storm from his mackintosh as if it had been impudence. He looked exceedingly tall in the dark, and his soft felt hat was crushed down over his face in a disgraceful way. I had never noticed how square his shoulders were.

"Sir," said I, "how did you get here?"

"Why, I followed Job, of course," he said.

"Could you follow him back?" I suggested quite pleasantly.

"Not immediately—no."

"If James should come out by accident—and he might, you know—he would shoot you for a burglar, as surely as you stand here. I don't see," I said—"really, Mr. Herwin, I don't see what you are standing here for."

"I will explain to you if you like," answered the secretary. He spoke so steadily, with that Heir-to-the-Throne manner of his, that I found it impossible to endure it, and I said:

"I think you forget what is due to me. You had better go back and read 'Rufus Choate' to my father."

"That is unworthy of you," he answered me very quietly. Of course I knew it was, and that did n't make me feel any better. I let Job down, for he squirmed so under my

waterproof, and insisted on kissing Mr. Herwin, which I thought very unpleasant of him; so he ran around in his bare feet and sore throat,—I mean Job did,—and if he has pneumonia it will be Mr. Herwin's fault, and I shall never forgive him, never. By this time we had begun to walk up and down, up and down, for it was pretty cold standing still to be rained on so, and we splashed across the garden, fighting the gale and running from it—first this, then that—we two, I and a man, just as I had done alone. Job splashed after us, in his insufferably adorable, patient way, only the paths were so narrow that Job had to walk chiefly in the box border, which was wetter than anything.

"You had better go into the house," the secretary began.

"I'm not ready to go into the house."

"You are getting very wet."

"That's what I came out for."

"Sometime you'll do this once too often."

"I have done it once too often, it seems."

"I meant, you risk pneumonia. It is intolerable."

"It is Job who has pneumonia, not I. Pick him up, won't you? Put him under your mackintosh. He must be sopping. Thank you. Why, thank you! I really did n't think—"

"Don't you really think that I would do anything whatever that you asked me to?"

"I never gave the subject any consideration, Mr. Herwin."

"Then," he said, wheeling, "consider it now!"

A cataract of rain swept down from the trees over our heads, and drowned the words off his lips. A street light looked over the wall. I could see the broken bottles glisten, and a faint, electric pallor flitted over that part of the garden by the tree-house in the Porter apple-tree. Now, the tree-house has a little thatched roof, and it is n't quite so wet in there, though it is only lattice at the sides, and sometimes I go in there when my storms are particularly wet—for nobody would think what a difference there is in storms; some of them are quite dry.

"Come!" said the secretary. And he took hold of my hand as if he had been an iron man. Of course all he meant was to put me into the driest wetness there was till the torrent held up a little; but when I found myself alone in that tree-house in the storm, in the dark, with that man, I could have stabbed him with something, if I had had

anything sharp about me. But I had the sense left not to say so.

"I've always wanted a name for this tree-house," I began; "now I've got it."

And the man said, "Ararat!" before I got the word out. I did n't suppose he was that kind of man. And I began to feel quite comfortable and to enjoy myself, and it is the scandalous and sacred truth that I began not to want to go in. And at that point, if anybody would believe it, the secretary took it upon himself to make me go in.

The storm had gone babbling down,—it had got past the raving stage,—and he put out his hand to help me down the tree-house steps, but he did n't say anything at all, and I would rather he had said anything. The street light looked over the wall at us, and I felt as if it were a policeman, while I climbed down from Ararat. It is a very unbecoming light. I hope I did n't look as ghastly as he did.

So I said, "You are hoarse, Mr. Herwin. You have taken cold already," just as one says, "Won't you have another lump of sugar?" at an afternoon tea. I admit that my remark was the more exasperating, seeing that the man was as dumb as a stuffed eagle. Then he opened his mouth, and spake:

"You will come in now, Miss Marna, won't you? Your father might be worried."

Now he spoke in quite a proper tone, gently and deferentially, as a man should, and I said yes, I would go in; for I am quite willing to please people when they speak to me properly. So we came in, up the wet paths, between the box borders, and the rain had stopped. And Mr. Herwin did not talk at all, while we went past the spiræa and smoke-bushes, but Job wriggled out from under his mackintosh and kissed him in the most unmitigated way. So we came on, and the library lights fell out on us from the window where I had peeked in; and Father was asleep in his big chair before the fire. And it came over me like that! what a thing I'd done—prancing about in a dark garden, in a storm, alone in a tree-house with the secretary, and only Job to chaperon me. For I never have done such a thing before in my life. I never did anything I should n't want the servants to know. And I wondered what Father would think. So I pulled up my waterproof-hood over my bare, wet head, to hide the scorching of my cheeks. But the man had the manners not to notice this. He did something much worse, however. He began, in a "personally conducted" tone that I object to:

"Do you often go out this way, in such storms?"

"Always."

"You might get one of those dangerous colds people are having."

"I could n't get cold that way, any more than an English sparrow."

"The next time you do it," said Mr. Herwin, "I shall go, too. In fact," he said, "every time you do it, I shall come out and bring you in."

"Very well," I said; "that would only make it the more interesting."

The secretary looked at me with a kind of proud motion of his head, for he saw that I taunted him. I was sorry by then, and I would have stopped him, but it was too late. Before the library window, in the face of the porch light, in the sight of my father, he told me how he felt to me.

"Oh, what a pity!" I said—

If he had talked that way, if he had looked that way, if I had known he felt that way, out on Ararat, in the dark and wet, I should have said something so insolent to him as no man ever could forgive a woman for, not if she were sorry till she died for having said it. But it was not storming any more. And it seemed different in the light and quiet, and with Father so near. So I answered as I did. What could a girl do more? I'm sure I was quite civil to the secretary. I can't see any particular reason why he should get up such an expression as he did. And he dropped Job, too, and Job growled at him—there's positively no limit to that dog's intelligence.

So I said good night, but Mr. Herwin did not answer me. He lifted his hat, and stood bareheaded, and Job and I came, dripping, into the empty hall.

Now we are quite dry and happy. Job is done up in his gray blanket that matches his blue-skye complexion, bundled before the fire. He has had another dose of whisky; I suspect he has got a little too much. I have had a hot bath, and got out of everything and into something, and now my ruby gown—especially the velvet part of it—seems to me to understand me better than anything in the world. The rain has quite stopped, but the wind sings down the chimney. It has that tune in its head, too, and seems to be humming it:

"A man might sail to Hell in your companie."

But it never gets quite through, comes to a pause, falls short of heaven, and spoils the sense.

Father is still asleep in the library.

Maggie has come and gone for the night. The house is preposterously still. Mr. Herwin did not come in again. I did n't know but he would.

(Copy.)

"MY DEAR MR. HERWIN: I hope I was not uncivil to you the other evening. I was really very wet and cross. I did not mean to be ugly, you know, but I'm liable to break out that way. It's a kind of attack I have at times: I growl, like Job. I hope you quite understand that I esteem you very highly, and that I am always ready to be your friend, although I cannot be what you ask.

"Most sincerely yours,
"MARNA TRENT."

(Copy.)

"DEAR MR. HERWIN: I fail to see why I should be snapped up in this way, as if I had been in the habit of forcing an unwelcome correspondence upon you. I must call your attention to the fact that you never received a note from me before, and this, I beg you to observe, is the last with which you will be annoyed. I did not suppose my friendship was a matter of so little consequence to people. For my own part, I think friendship is much nicer than other things. According to my experience, that is the great point on which men and women differ. I am, sir,

"Very truly yours,
"M. TRENT."

There are people so constituted that they must express themselves at any proper or improper cost, and I'm afraid I'm one of them. I admire the large reserve, the elemental silence, that one reads about, in what I call the deaf-mute heroes and heroines; but I can't imitate it, and whether I'm above or beneath it, I perceive that I have n't the perception to know.

There are four ways in which a woman can relieve her mind, if she does n't lavish her heart: a mother, a girl friend, a lover, or a book will serve her. None of these four outlets is open to me. Ina! Poor Ina! You sweet, dead, only girl I ever truly cared for! Sometimes I wonder if my mother's lovely ghost is a little jealous of you, because I can't remember her to love her as I loved you. Pray tell her, dear, if you get a chance in that wide world of yours and hers, that I have never thought about her in all my life as much as I have this spring. She seems to float before me and about me, in the air, wherever I go or stir.

A good many people have told me that I ought to be a writer, which only shows the massive ignorance of the average human mind. It sometimes seems to me as if I must carry "Rejected, with thanks" written all over me, I have explored that subject so thoroughly. I am told that there are persons who have got manuscripts back seventeen times, and have become famous at the eighteenth trial trip; but my pluck gave out at four experiences with prose and two at poetry, and I am done with a literary career for this world.

There is a fifth method of self-preservation. You can become your own author, publisher, printer, binder, reader, critic, and public; and a common blank-book, with a padlock if you choose, is competent to carry your soul and the secrets thereof, if you have any, or to convince you that you have some, if you have n't, which is substantially the same thing. I call mine "The Accepted Manuscript."

It is a week to-night since I added anything to the Accepted Manuscript, and I've nothing but copies of a couple of humiliating notes to fill the gap. Since that evening when I went out into the tree-house in the storm, the secretary has not seen fit to speak to me at all. If I meet him at the door, he lifts his hat, and if I go into the library while he is reading to Father, he lifts his eyes, and their expression is positively exasperating. I never denied that Mr. Herwin was a handsome man, and melancholy becomes him, I'm bound to admit. But he has that remote air, as if I had been caught stabbing him, and nobody knew it but himself and me, and he would n't tell of me, lest I be held up to human execration; it is a manner quite peculiar to Mr. Herwin. I don't pretend to know how the man does it, but he contrives to make me feel as if I had committed high treason, as if I had got entangled in a political plot against my own nature.

I wish Father would dismiss him and get another secretary.

I told him so yesterday, for I got a chance when we met in the hall, and I was going out to drive in my dove-colored cloth, trying to open my chiffon sunshade that stuck. He opened it for me—he is quite a gentleman, even when I don't choose to be quite a lady, and I will own that no inviolable lady ought to have said what I said to the secretary. And the aggravating thing about it was that the secretary laughed—he laughed outright, as if I had amused him

more than I could be expected to understand. He had the sunshade in his hand, and he held it over my head, and he said: "What pretty nonsense!" But he looked at the white silk and chiffon, with the sun shining through it. I was n't quite clear what he meant. I'm not accustomed to have my sunshades called nonsense, or my language either. I never heard of a governor's secretary before who was impertinent to the governor's daughter. I can't see that Senator Herwin's having been an honest person, and dying poor, accounts for it. I have been told that Mrs. Herwin was a Southern beauty, the extravagant kind, and that she led her husband a life. I never saw her, but I'm sure the secretary resembles his mother. He looks remarkably handsome when he is insolent.

(Copy.)

"MY DEAR MR. HERWIN: I have spent twenty-four hours trying to decide whether to put your note into the fire, return it unanswered, or show it to my father. It is really unpleasant to receive such things. You put one in such a brutal light! As if it were a girl's fault because a man liked her. I don't wish to be ill-mannered; I'd rather be barbarous: but you compel me to say, sir, that I disapprove of your persistence altogether. Pray, do you think I am the kind of woman who can be browbeaten into loving people? Perhaps you take me for the other sort that waits to be coaxed. Learn that I am neither.

"But believe me to be,

"Sincerely yours,

"MARNA TRENT.

"P.S. I told you that I esteemed you and would be your friend. You refused my friendship, and now you wonder that I decline your love. It seems to me that a man ought to be satisfied with what he can get, and not make such large demands that nobody can possibly meet them. If I were a man, and loved a woman as much as all that, I would—well, I would do quite differently."

(Copy.)

"DEAR MR. HERWIN: Certainly not. Why *should* I tell you what I would do if I were a man? I cannot see that the circumstances call for it.

Very truly,
"M. T."

(Copy.)

"MY DEAR SIR: Your last note is disagreeable to me. I must beg you to forego

any further correspondence with me on this subject. It is one on which it is, and will be forever, impossible for us to agree.

"M. TRENT."

(Copy.)

"MY DEAR MR. HERWIN: The world is so full of women! I read the other day that there are forty millions in this country. I think if you really would exert yourself, you might manage to love some other one of them. And then you and I would both be quite happy. You are not a dull man (I grant you that), but you don't seem to understand my point in the least. It is not that I have a highly developed aversion to you. It is that I do not wish to love any man—not *any* man. Pray consider this as final. You can be so agreeable when you are not troublesome.

"MARNA TRENT."

(Copy.)

"DEAR FRIEND: Now you are quite reasonable and possible. I never had any objections to your *friendship*; it was you who objected to mine. Since you are willing to meet me on that basis at last, I find you interesting and valuable to me; and I am perfectly willing to write to you in this way once in a while, since you wish it, though I prefer to mail anything I may feel like saying to your address. I was sorry the day I left a note in the second volume of 'Rufus Choate,' and I would rather you did not send things by Maggie. There's something about it I don't just like. I never allowed my heroine to do it in the novel I wrote. You never knew I wrote a novel, did you? I never told anybody before. It is because we are friends that I tell you. That is my idea of a friend—somebody you can say things to. I am mistaken in you if you ask me why I never published it. That's one thing I like about you—you are not stupid. You are one of the people who understand; and there are not enough of them to go round, you know. I never knew but one person who understood—that was my girl friend, Ina. She died. Sometimes I think she died because she understood too much—everything and everybody. People wasted their hearts on her; they told her everything, and went bankrupt in confidence as soon as they came near her.

"Job and I are sitting in the library, and Father has gone to bed. You have been gone half an hour. The June-beetles are butting their heads against the screens on

account of the lights, and Job barks and bounces at them every time they hit. The moths are out there, too, clinging to the wire netting, and flying about stealthily—beautiful little beings, some of them, transparent as spirits, and as indifferent to fate as men and women. How joyously they court death! To look at them one would think it quite a privilege.

"I found the roses when you left, and the poems, out in the hall on the hat-tree. You are very thoughtful and kind, and, to tell the truth, I don't mind being remembered. I have never read much of Edwin Arnold. I shall begin with the long one about Radha and Krishna. I have turned the leaves a little. I must say I don't think Krishna was in the least worthy of a girl like that. Why did she waste herself on such a fellow?"

"So you liked my shade hat with the May-flowers? That is very nice of you. The disadvantage about a man friend is that his education in millinery is defective, as a rule. I was quite pleased that you knew it was a May-flower. Father asked me if they were hollyhocks, and I told him no, they were peonies.

"Faithfully your friend,
"MARN A TRENT.

"P. S. I forgot to say yes, thank you; I will drive with you on Sunday, if you wish."

(Copy.)

"OH, now you have spoiled it all! How could you, how *could* you begin all over again, and be disagreeable? Do you suppose I would have walked in the garden with you, by moonlight, by *June* moonlight, if I had n't trusted you? I don't trust people over again when they shake my trust, either, not if I can help it. That is one of my peculiarities. I have attacks of lunacy,—idiocy, if you will,—but I swing back, and come to my senses, and look at things with a kind of composure which I don't wonder that you did not count on. I don't think it is characteristic of girls, as girls go, and I know that it is not considered admirable or lovable by men. But I cannot help that, and I don't want to help it, which is more. I prefer to swing back and keep the balance of power.

"Sir, you did wrong to make love to me again, when I had trusted you to make friendship. No, I shall be quite unable to play golf with you on Saturday, and I shall not be at home on Sunday afternoon. I am going out to the cemetery to put some flowers on Ina's grave. And on Monday Father

has invited an old friend of ours, Dr. Robert Hazelton, to dinner, so I shall be preëngaged all that evening, while you are reading to Father, and probably much later. And on Tuesday I am going to a dance at the Cur-tises'. There is one thing I am convinced of: it is the greatest mistake, both in life and in literature, to suppose that love is the difficult, the complicated thing. It is not love, it is friendship, which is the great problem of civilized society. The other is quite elemental beside it.

"M. T."

June the thirteenth.

IF I loved Mr. Herwin, of course I would not, in fact I perceive that I could not, make him so miserable. I think he is the handsomest man, when he is unhappy, whom I ever knew in my life. I like to be quite just to people. He has the bewildering beauty of a pagan god (I mean, of course, one of the good-looking gods), but he has the exasperating sensitiveness of a modern man. And then, he has the terrible persistence of a savage. I think he would have been capable of dashing whole tribes to war for a woman, and carrying her off on his shoulder, bound hand and foot, to his own country, and whether she loved him or hated him would n't have mattered so much—he would have got the woman. It must be very uncomfortable to be born with such a frightful will.

But I do not love him. I have *told* him that I do not love him. I have told him till I should think he would be ashamed to hear it again. But it seems only to make him worse and worse. He has a kind of sublimated insolence such as I never met in any other person, and when I scorn him for it, I find that I admire him for it—which is despicable of me, of course, and I know it perfectly.

He had the arrogance to tell me to-day in so many words that I did n't understand myself. He said—but I will not write what he said. The Accepted Manuscript rejects the quotation.—Oh, if I could talk with Ina! My poor Ina!—If I could only put my head on my mother's lap a minute! It seems to me a lonely girl is the loneliest being in all the world.

June the fourteenth.

I PUT the date down. I put it down precisely, and drive it into my memory like the nail that Jael drove into living flesh and bone and brain. Now that I have done it, I wonder that I am not as dead as Sisera.

I have told a person to-night—I, being sane and in my right mind, competent to sign

a will, or serve as a witness, or be treasurer of a charity bazaar—I, Marna Trent, have told a person that I—

How long ago was it? Forty-five minutes, by my watch. We were in the drawing-room, for Father had two governors and three senators to dinner, and he had them prisoners in the library, and the secretary was let off. So Job was lying on the founce of my white swiss with the May-flowersembroidered on it, and the lights were a little low on account of the June-beetles, and there was a moon, and our long lace curtain drifted in and out, and blew against me, and I got twisted in it like a veil.

And the secretary said— Then I said— He looked like that savage I wrote about—the one that flung all the tribes into war. If he had picked me up and jumped over the garden wall with me, I should n't have been surprised in the least. The terrible thing is that I should n't have much cared if he had. For the man did look as glorious as a deity. But he had the divine originality to tell me that I loved him.

And the veriest squaw in the latest great and gory North American historical novel could n't have acted worse than I did.

For I said I did.

As soon as the words were out of me, I could have killed myself. And when I saw the expression on his face, I could have killed him (that is, I could have if, say, it had been the fashion of my tribe). There never was a civilized woman who had more of the "forest primeval" in her than I, and never one who was less suspected of it. I am thought to be quite a proper person, like other well-bred girls; and the curious thing is that the savage in me never breaks out in improper ways, but only smolders, and sharpens knives, and thinks things, and hums war-cries under its breath—and carries chiffon sunshades, and wears twelve-button gloves and satinslippers or embroidered May-flowers all the while. And nothing could prove it so well as the fact that my hand and my brain are writing this sentence, putting words together decently and in order, while I have fled into a pathless place and hidden from myself. If he were here this minute, searching my soul with his splendid eyes, that man could never find me. I cannot find myself. There is no trail.

All I know is that I got straight up, and went out of the drawing-room, and left him alone. Any school-girl might have done as silly a thing. I can't say that I take any particular comfort in the recollection of the

fact. But I am convinced I should do it again under the same circumstances.

For the lace curtain blew so, and fell over my head and face, and I stood up to push it away, and he sprang to his feet, and his arms—and I dipped under them, as if we had been playing that game that children call "Open the gates to let the king come in"—and so I whirled about, and swung out, and I found I was free, and I ran.

He has n't gone yet. It is perfectly still in the drawing-room. That is his cigar on the piazza. I wonder what he's waiting for?

I PUT my head out of the window just now to ask him, for it is very tiresome up here, and cigar-smoke makes me nervous. So I leaned out a little way, and I said:

"What are you waiting for, Mr. Herwin?"

"You."

"You 'll wait a good while, then."

"Oh, no, I sha'n't."

"Sir, I find you insufferable."

"Dear, I find you adorable."

"Mr. Herwin, go home. I am not coming down."

"Marna, come down. I am not going home."

"Then you will spend the night on the piazza. What are you waiting for, anyway?"

"To take something."

"Call James. He has the keys of the wine-cellar."

"Are you going to be insufferable?"

"Well, I 'd rather be anything than adorable."

"But, you see, you can't help yourself."

"You 'll find I can. . . . What is it you are waiting to take, Mr. Herwin?"

"One of my rights."

"You have no rights, sir."

"Oh, yes, I have. . . . Marna, come down!"

"I might, if you spoke to me properly."

"Won't you come down—please?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you. But I do not please." And then I shut the window down. But it is a pretty warm night, and I could n't stand it as long as I thought I could. So I opened the window after a while, as softly as a moonbeam sliding around the edges of a leaf. I did n't think anybody could hear me. That man has the ears of an intelligent Cherokee. But I shall not write down what he said. The Accepted Manuscript declines the publication of such language. So I answered, for I had to say something:

"Where is Job, Mr. Herwin?"

"On my lap."

"I must say I don't think much of his taste. What is he doing?"

"Kissing me."

"Oh, good gracious!" . . .

So I shut the window down again, and I locked it, too. Pretty soon Job came up to my door and cried, and I let him in. But I did n't go down. And I did n't open the window. And there is n't air enough in this room to fill the lungs of a moth. And Job's tongue hangs out of his mouth like a long, pink ribbon, he pants so. It is ten o'clock.

It is half-past ten. I have opened the window far enough to tuck my silver hand-glass under—the little one. By the pronounced absence of nicotine from the atmosphere, I infer that the secretary has given up a bad argument and gone home. —I wonder, by the way, what kind of home he has? It never occurred to me to wonder, before. Some sort of chambers, I suppose, among a lot of bachelors. I should think he must be quite comfortable and happy.

The governors and the senators have gone, too. I have kissed Father good night, and sent Maggie away, for I could n't bear the sight of her to-night, and had hard work not to tell her so. And now Job and I are locked in. Job is asleep in his basket bed by the window; and when the June-beetles butt on the screen, he growls in his dreams, for there never was anybody so intelligent as Job; but when the moths come, they are so beautiful and so stealthy, he does not growl. As I write, they whirl and flit, and retreat and advance, and yield and persist, like half-embodied souls entangled in some eternal game. That invisible barrier between them and delight and death seems to tantalize them beyond endurance.

It is eleven o'clock.

It is half-past eleven. I have n't begun to undress. I think there never was anything worse than the weather to-night. I cannot get breath enough to think. Job squirms about in his basket, and sits up and begs like a china dog in a country grocery. I think he wants a walk. I believe I'll slip out into the garden with him; I've done it before, as late as this. The moon is as bright as an army with banners. There is something martial and terrible about it—it seems to move right over one, as if it had orders to prepare for a vast battle of the elements. I believe there'll be a tremendous easterly storm to-morrow. I always know before the

weather bureau does when an easterly is on the way. Perhaps I may come to my senses out in the garden.

It is twelve o'clock—it is, to be precise, half-past twelve o'clock.

I did come to my senses out in the garden—or I lost them forever, and the terrible thing is that I cannot tell which.

For Job and I went out into the garden, and the world was as white as death, and as warm as life, and we plunged into the night as if we plunged into a bath of warmth and whiteness—and I ran faster than Job. The yellow June lilies are out, and the purple fleurs-de-lis; the white climber is in blossom on the tree-house, and the other roses—oh, the roses! There was such a scent of everything in one—a lily-honey-iris-rose perfume—that I felt drowned in it, as if I had been one flower trying to become another, or doomed to become others still. It was as quiet as paradise. I ran up the steps to Ararat, and Job stayed below to paw a toad. The little white rose followed me all over the lattice, and seemed to creep after me; it has a golden heart, and such a scent as I cannot describe; it is the kind of sweetness that makes you not want to talk about it. The electric light in the street was out, for this suburb, being of an economical turn of mind, never competes with the moon. There was moon enough—oh, there was enough, I think, for the whole world! For, when that happened which did happen, it seemed to me as if the whole world were looking at me.

As I sat, quite by myself, in Ararat, behind the vines, all flecked with leaf-shadows and flower-shadows (and thinking how pretty shadows are on white dresses and on bare hands and a little bit of your arm), I heard Job's tail hit the foot of the tree-house steps. And as I looked, it began to wag in the most unpardonable manner. Then I knew what had happened, and my heart leaped in my body like a live creature that had been caught in a trap. My lips moved, but they were as dry as a dead, red maple-leaf; my words refused me, and there could n't have been a rose in the garden as red as my cheeks, for I felt as if I could have died of fear and joy, and of shame because I felt joy. There is something terrible about joy. It does n't seem to mind any of the other emotions.

"Do not be frightened," he said quite gently. "It is only I."

It was only he. It was only the only person in the world who *could* have frightened me, out there in Ararat in my father's garden,

at more than half-past eleven by the June moon.

He came up the tree-house steps, tramping steadily, and he made no more apology for his behavior than the moon did, or the west wind, which, by now, had begun to stir and rise.

"You intrude, Mr. Herwin," I said. "Since you do, I must go into the house."

"Presently," he said serenely. But I looked up into his eyes, and I saw that he was not serene. And he stood between me and the tree-house steps. And I said:

"Let me pass, sir!"

"In a minute, Marna."

"Let me pass *this* minute!"

"My beautiful!"

"You presume, Mr. Herwin, and take a liberty."

"Perhaps I do. I beg your pardon. Go into the house, if you will."

He stepped back. I moved to go down the tree-house steps, but I tripped over something—it was Job; for Job had forgotten his toad, and he had come up into Ararat, wiggling and waggling at the secretary, and he took my dress in his teeth to shake it the way he does, and that tripped me, and I fell.

I should have gone clear down the tree-house steps, the whole length, but he caught me. And when he had caught me he did not let me go.

"I will not *take* it," he said, between his teeth. And he went as white as the moon. "You shall give it to me."

"I will never give it to you!" I cried.

"What if I held you here until you did?"

"I should hate and abhor you."

"You could n't hate me."

"When you speak like that, I despise you."

"No, you don't; you love me."

"I wish you a very good evening, Mr. Herwin."

"I wish you to be my wife, Miss Trent."

"I must decline the honor, sir."

"But I decline the declination. . . . You love me!"

"Do you think it is proper—keeping a girl out here at midnight, this way?"

"We will make it proper. We will tell the whole world to-morrow morning. I will wake your father up, and tell him now, if you say so."

"I don't say anything—not *anything*, you understand."

"You have said everything, dear," he answered in another tone, and he spoke so reverently and so solemnly that my spirit died within me, and I felt, suddenly and

strangely, less like a girl in love than like a girl at prayer. And the tears came to me, I don't know why, from some depth in me that I had never known or felt in all my life; and they began to roll down my cheeks, and I trembled, for I was more afraid of my own tears than I was of him, or of his love.

"God forgive me!" he said. "What have I done? I have made you cry!" And he took my face between his hands.

Oh, Mother, Mother! My dead Mother! The man took my face between his hands, and he kissed me on the lips.—Mother, Mother, *Mother!*

It is two o'clock. I cannot sleep. I am sitting up straight here in my night-dress. I think I shall never sleep again. The night grows cruelly bright and brighter all the time. I wish the moon could be put out. I feel as if my eyelids had been burned off, as if my eyes would never feel any softness or darkness again. I wonder if there are people in the world who would not feel as unhappy if they had committed a great sin as I feel about that kiss?

The music over at the Curtises' has but just stopped. Somebody has been serenading one of the Curtis girls—a college crowd, I think. They sang a thing I do not know. But the German words came over quite distinctly:

Er hat mich geküsst.

My cheeks blaze till they smart and ache. I feel as if the whole world knew. I feel as if the climbing rose told, and the iris, the June lilies, and even the poor gray toad that Job tormented; as if every sweet, loving, gracious thing and every little, common, unpopular thing in nature conspired against me; and as if the moon sided with them, and the warm west wind drove them on.

And the moths—now I have it! It was the moths. They who delight in dying, and die of delight—they would be the first to tell of me. They would see me led to delight and death, and not be sorry for me at all. Nobody would be sorry for me.

Er hat mich geküsst.

And yet I do not wish or mean to marry this man—nor any man; no, not any man. That is my nature.

Why has not my nature as much claim to recognition as his nature? I can't see that he has a monopoly in natures. In that Indian

poem which he sent me were some words. They keep close behind my thoughts, as close as Job keeps to my shadow:

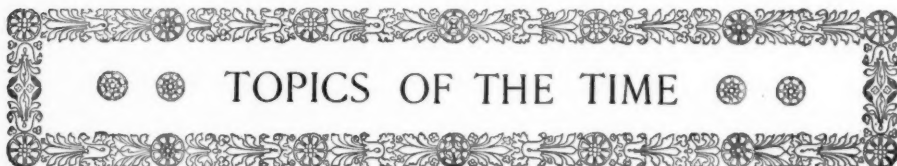
Thy heart has entered: let thy feet go too.
Give him the drink of amrit from thy lips.

But Radha was quite a dignified person. Nobody took any liberties with *her*. Krishna

was bad enough, but he did not steal. That a man should kiss you when you do not mean to be his wife—it is a dreadful thing. I can't think of anything worse that could happen to a girl. He has made me so unhappy that I never want to see his face again.

I think I really shall ask Father to dismiss the secretary.

(To be continued.)



Tolerance.

RELIGIOUS toleration is greatly in the ascendant in America in our day. It is not universal, but it is dominant. In the early years of the magazine, when Dr. Holland was enthusiastically preaching from this pulpit a liberal orthodoxy, he was assailed by the then representatives of institutions which since that time have themselves been under criticism for that very lack of firmness in the faith of which he was accused. Doubtless Dr. Holland's own writings, so clear, so devout, so humane, were themselves largely instrumental in bringing about the very tolerance which now exists.

Tolerance in religious matters is further advanced than tolerance in some other matters. Take, for instance, the liquor question: that is to-day more of a firebrand than the question of fire everlasting itself. There are many persons—very good and in many directions very tolerant persons—who are able to tolerate no difference of opinion whatever on the question of spirituous liquor. They are addicted to totality—to total abstinence for themselves, and total abstinence, by law and compulsion, for every other person. They especially are attached to the idea that the law should be "total," even if the practice does not conform to the law. Those who are troubled by the blackmail and other evil effects of trying to stop by law the consumption of alcoholic beverages on Sunday in a community like New York, where a very large portion of the population refuses to consent to the prohibition,—those who are so troubled, we say, are apt to charge the upholders of Sunday prohibition with being more anxious about the law than about the facts. On the other side of the question, certain clergymen and other "reformers," who, in certain circumstances, would consent to some modification of the severity of the law, maintain that they are not in favor of more drinking on Sunday, but of less, and that less under stricter regulations and oversight.

It is not of the question directly at issue that we wish to speak, but of the unfortunate circumstance that so many good men refuse to con-

sider the matter coolly and sensibly and in relation to the actual facts and conditions, and approach it with preconceived notions and in a spirit of inflexible intolerance. And yet, even in this field, we see a growth of tolerance on the part of men who are among the strictest advocates of temperance. Nor is all the tolerance monopolized by those who object to intolerance.

In the political arena intolerance is constantly being tempered in America by independent movements not only in city elections, where non-partisanship is the new watchword of the patriot, but also in State and national elections. There is at the present moment, however, an example of political intolerance on a large scale in the way that criticism of the governmental action with regard to "expansion" is received by those who deprecate such criticism. Because any given "anti-imperialist" may have said or done unwise things would hardly seem to be a reason for branding as deficient in patriotism all those who have serious doubts as to the wisdom, morality, or political consistency of every part of our national policy (so far as we have had one) and practice (so far as it is known) in regard to the Philippines. When a man is endeavoring to get at facts, or arrive at a just conclusion concerning the course his country should pursue, in so complicated and grave a matter as the forcible government of distant provinces, it is hardly the part of good citizenship to threaten him with ostracism if he should conclude that, while some things had been well done, some other things, on the contrary, had been badly managed, and that it would be better if, in the end, the nation should hold strictly to its fundamental principles. To abuse and grossly ridicule as good a citizen as one's self for differing from one on some question of national policy is not only not argument: it is, to our thinking, the very opposite of patriotism. If free political debate were to cease in a free country, how long would that country continue to be free? In this matter, also, there is, however, a distinct growth of tolerance.

The intolerant state of mind is injurious both to the State and to the individual. It goes with

conceit and deadly pride. The strange thing is that men are apt to plume themselves upon their intolerance. It is evident that a man's conduct and a nation's conduct should be the result of thought and judgment; but intolerance stops thought and destroys judgment.

A Novelist "by First Intention."

THE increase among us in the last few years in the number of books of fiction is one of the most remarkable of current literary phenomena, and its significance may well employ the thoughts of the discerning. That it is significant is easy to say; but it is less easy to determine what its exact significance may be. Is it merely the result of a commercial impulse? And if so, is the quality of the product thereby discredited? Is there nothing behind it but a covetous ambition inspired by the financial success of a few novels of extraordinary vogue? And, in general, is the need or desire of money a legitimate motive for literary work?

We dare affirm it is. The old slur upon the "pot-boiler," except when it is aimed at obviously insincere and conscienceless work, is without pertinence or point. Some of the greatest work in the world has had its origin in the necessity of having three meals a day, or at least two. Certainly the impulse of the money consideration cannot make an artist; but, on the other hand, it is a poor artist that it can spoil, while it has been the means of discovering many a one to himself. Unless we are to give up much that the world would not willingly let die,—much of Goldsmith, Scott, Hawthorne, Dickens, and Thackeray, and many another,—we must acknowledge the legitimacy of the motive, and acknowledge that a man may write for money without impairing the artistic quality of his work; indeed, even with a dignity of the sort that comes from fulfilling a fundamental duty to himself and others.

But to acknowledge the legitimacy of such a motive is not to acknowledge its supremacy. And while one must not dogmatize about how the best work is done,—the butterfly of genius escaping the meshes of the finest theories,—a reader takes special satisfaction in the work which seems to

be the natural, unforced product of an author's mind. The surgeons say of a wound that closes without artificial aid that it heals "by first intention." We perhaps do not wrench the simile too much in trying by this phrase to convey a quality in some literature which gives it a sort of charm and permanence, indeed an inevitableness, of its own.

In this class we place the work of Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, whose novelette "The Rescue" comes to its conclusion in this number of *THE CENTURY*. We believe that many, even though not acquainted with Miss Sedgwick's previous stories, will recognize her by this exhibit as "a born writer" rather than a made one. Her first volume, "The Dull Miss Archinard," revealed the characteristics of her maturer writing—a capital style, unusual perception of human life, and a powerful portrayal of fresh and natural dramatic scenes. "The Confounding of Camelia" showed a remarkable widening of range and deepening of insight—growth, but not change; the same easy style and rich vocabulary, and the same precise expression without primness or niggling consciousness. We are confident that readers of "The Rescue" have not failed to see in it these artistic qualities. In all three novels we find a generous measure of the dramatic faculty: the penetrating sense of human character in action upon others, and the power of creating, or, rather, apparently looking on and describing, scenes of great emotional stress. Miss Sedgwick seems to have the coefficient of every emotion; she never shirks any clash of her personages, and she has the crowning virtue of a writer—the instinct for what is interesting. To mention but one of her creations: Claire Vicaud, if not as subtly drawn as Becky Sharp, is not unworthy to be classed with her as a well-modeled sinister figure of the sinister type. But the whole of one of Miss Sedgwick's stories is always greater than any of its parts. She is one of those who fulfil Matthew Arnold's injunction to "see life steadily and see it whole." Her level-headedness, her sense of proportion, and her fine ethical perception are to be trusted to insure a continuance of the high standard already shown.



OPEN LETTERS

Salvini's Tribute to Ristori.

WE have received from Signor Tommaso Salvini the Italian text of his address in Rome on the eightieth anniversary of the birth of Adelaide Ristori, January 29, 1902. Both of these distinguished actors being cordially remembered and enthusiastically admired in the United States, the following paragraphs from the address will

be read with interest. The translation is by Miss Maria H. Lansdale.

Adelaide Ristori, who to-day arouses a sentiment of love and loyalty in every heart, who by the possession of every admirable trait, both physical and mental, compels the respectful homage of our esteem and of our affection, was born in Cividale, a little town of Friuli, and was the child of humble actors.

Barely arrived at maidenhood, she exhibited a marked

inclination for the stage, an inclination from which the narrow circumstances of her parents failed to divert her; and fortunate it proved that such was the case. This fourteen-year-old girl attracted the notice of the most distinguished actresses of that day, Carlotta Marchionni, who with loving solicitude undertook to initiate her into the difficult mysteries of their art. These the youthful apprentice mastered with such marvelous rapidity that she was shortly called upon to fill flattering rôles in a number of dramatic companies.

I do not say that to Carlotta Marchionni alone is due the credit of having developed the unusual gifts of the young girl. Instinct and indefatigable study had largely to do with the results, since, if guidance and teaching likewise assisted greatly, these could not have borne fruit had they been sown in sterile ground. If the seed was good, the soil responded with all its substance, and the plant grew vigorously, producing fruit at once rare and fragrant.

At the age of twenty Adelaide Ristori had already become the idol of the entire Italian public, and although she was obliged to compete with reputations already established, such as those of Antonietta Robotti, Carolina Santoni, Amalia Fumagalli, and, more difficult still, with the memory of other yet more celebrated actresses, such as Carolina Intennari, Maddalena Pelzet, and her own teacher, Carlotta Marchionni, yet she triumphed over them all, and this youthful flower, exhalant in the field of art the perfume of her intellect, of her lofty and noble nature, and of her Raphaelian beauty, exerted a greater power of attraction than any of them.

She had attained the age of twenty-five when she became associated, as leading lady, with the Domeniconi Company, which later went by the name of the "Roman Company." It may be confidently asserted that at this period there was aroused in the young actress a preference for tragedy; and even though her inclination was rather for the delicate naturalness of comedy and the portrayal of dramatic passion, yet who could fail to be stirred and moved to tears by the pitiful and tragic fate of a Pia di Tolommei, a Juliet, a Francesca da Rimini, and an Esther of Engaddi?

Contrasting those days with the present (speaking as an artist), I regret having lived so long. Then reigned the intellectual masterpieces of Alfieri, Metastasio, Goldoni, Pellico, Nota, Marengo, and a host of other gifted writers, though not to the exclusion of the works of the best French dramatists. Then heads of families felt no scruple about taking their children to entertainments at once instructive and agreeable, which portrayed the loftiest sentiments, the most exemplary conduct, and a generous love of country; then freedom of speech and action was subordinated to the requirements of public decency and the dignity of the profession, and this decency and this dignity were rigorously preserved by Adelaide Ristori throughout her long and brilliant career. For our illustrious dean it did not suffice to be proclaimed the most brilliant star of the Italian dramatic stage. Her justifiable ambition led her to aspire after fresh honors, and drew her to that all-devouring furnace called Paris, which tries every metal of the human intellect, determining whether it be of gold or tinsel. But for Adelaide Ristori the chemical process was not needed. Cast into the crucible in the form of fine gold, she issued therefrom like purest ore.

Ladies and gentlemen, national wars are not waged with the sword alone nor by brute force, but often by the force of intellect and the power of genius, literary, scientific, and artistic; and it is such wars converted into victories that are known by the names of Myrrha, Fedra, Medea, Judith, Camma, Pia, Francesca, Mary Stuart, Juliet, Elizabeth, and Marie Antoinette.

Adelaide Ristori was the initiator of those triumphs won afterward by many able artists whose pride it was to bear unfurled the banner of Italian art to the remotest corners of the globe. What Julius Caesar and Napoleon Bonaparte were in the fields of war and politics, Ristori was in dramatic art. Traveling from one end of Europe to the other, she might have said, with Caesar, "Veni, vidi, vici." Mightier than Napoleon, she subdued not only the greater part of Europe, but the Americas as well; and, far more fortunate than the great general, she was not relegated to an island, there to lament over vanished power and bitterly to reproach herself for her immoderate ambition. Ah, no. She was able to devote the last flash of her genius to a tribute to her former companion in art, Ernesto Rossi, whose early death she commemorated in a canto of the Divine Poet delivered in the Costanzi Theater. This was her last appearance on the stage. It were idle to attempt to recall all that has been said and written of this favorite child of Melpomene and Thalia, only to enumerate whose triumphs would be an arduous and endless task.

The fame she had won, her gracious presence, and her delicate, innate breeding inspired the confidence, the admiration, and the affection of a most distinguished gentleman, who, seeking her hand in marriage, was proud to be able to adorn her brow with a coronet. This coronet she wore and still wears with simple dignity, just as she wore and still wears that other more glorious crown which she owes solely to her own genius.

In her new social station she has made many distinguished friends, and it is gratifying now to be able to record that the various charges and missions of a political nature which she has undertaken have redounded in every case to the advantage and prosperity of her country.

The "Head of a Young Man" by Velasquez.

(SEE FRONTPIECE OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.)

VELASQUEZ is the soul of Spanish art, as Rembrandt is of Dutch art. I was never more impressed with the power of the great Spaniard than while engraving this "Head of a Young Man," which is in the Duke of Wellington's collection at Apsley House, London. Its magnificent technic is beyond all praise. It is a virile head, treated in a manly way, and a more splendid example of strong, squarely defined shadows, combined with exquisite finesse of modeling, would be difficult to find, unless, indeed, among the master's own works. It belongs evidently to the third and most matured style of the artist, resembling, in its impressional unity, refinement of drawing, and breadth and mystery of chiaroscuro, the wonderful "Æsop" of the Prado. Note the masterly contour of the forehead, or the well-defined shadow about the nostril in contrast with the subtle delineation of the nose in the fusion of its boundary with the off cheek, or the fluency of the modeling in the broad masses of light. An anatomist would say that you feel the skull beneath; but with Velasquez nothing especially arrests the eye save the fact of the impression as a whole—the character of the thing as the light revealed it; and he makes you feel, above all, the entrancing mystery of light.

The canvas measures thirty by twenty-five and a half inches, and the bust is life-size. It is very thinly painted throughout the dark surfaces, but is

more heavily overlaid in the lights. The touch is choice, discreet, and of restrained power and dignity, as well as of nice discrimination in the passages from light to dark, culminating in the high light upon the forehead.

I have endeavored to suggest by a mixture of line and stipple, taking my cue from the brushwork, the quality of the handling in the flesh, which

is differentiated from that in the hair, and these again from the treatment of the black cloak and the nuanced depth of the warm umbery background. The coloring of the whole is golden, neutral, and subdued, yet rich and of a fine glow.

We are indebted to the Duchess of Wellington, who cheerfully accorded us every facility for photographing and studying the work.

Timothy Cole.



Rousey's Prayer at Antietam.

ROUSEY was a well-known character in a West Virginia town. He was devoid of most things worldly, excepting flesh and an unbounded capacity for lying.

One evening Rousey was sitting on one of those little rear overhanging platforms which Western houses like to stick out over Western rivers and call galleries. His long legs were stuck up on the railing, and his head was resting against the wall behind him, when he said in his slow, drawly tone: "Colonel, did I ever tell you how I prayed at Antietam? No? Well, I'll tell you about it.

"You mind, I was captain of a company. When we got in under fire at Antietam, the cannon-balls were setting the grass ablaze and striking sparks from every elder-bush and fence-stake for miles around; and the fuses from the shells kept the air so full of sparks that my handkerchief got as scorched as an ironing-blanket while I was holding it over my mouth to keep them out. I had to keep my hair wet from my canteen to keep it from blazing. I said to myself: 'Rousey, your time has come.'

"Just then along came a command to lie down; and, colonel, I never laid so flat to the ground in my life; I laid as flat as a plank on a foot-walk. The shot and shell, grape and canister and bullets, were going over me so thick that the whole firmament above me was lead color. It occurred to me just then that I was six feet long and pretty nigh four feet thick, and that the chances for me were only two feet better lying down than they were standing up. I made up my mind that my only safety lay in praying. So I joined praying; and I put up the best prayer I knew how. I was n't much used to it, but no servant of the Lord in good training was ever more in earnest than I was.

"After a while, along came a command to get up. I got up gently and unobtrusively. If there had been more than two feet of difference between my thickness and my height, colonel, I don't be-

lieve I would have done it, but as it was I got up. There was n't a button left on my uniform!

"Just as I was going off the field, as we were ordered, I overtook the chaplain of my regiment, and says he, 'Rousey, how did you make out?'

"Says I, 'Chaplain, nothing but prayer saved me.'

"Well,' says he, 'Rousey, I'm glad you've come to it at last, and acknowledge its efficacy.'

"I do, chaplain, I do,' I said. 'I'm not a good hand at it, but I did the best I could, and I put it up in earnest. It was short, but it was drawing, like a dinner-horn.'

"What did you say, Rousey?' asked the chaplain, for he thought maybe that prayer of mine might come of use in the regiment.

"Colonel, as I stood there, with my uniform coat on, and not a button on it to show my rank, or a bit of pantaloons to shelter forty inches of me, I told him the truth. 'Chaplain,' I said, 'I put up these few words: 'Lord, good Lord, please stretch me out as thin as a shoe-string, with the pointed end toward the enemy.'"

Charles McIlvaine.

Papa's Mistake.

PAPA distinctly said, the other day,

That in the night, when I'm asleep so sound,
The earth keeps turning over all the time.

And every morning it's been half-way round.

I thought how grand to see the big round world
Go turning past this window in the hall;

And here I'm up at four o'clock to watch.

And there is nothing going by at all!

I thought that deserts, palm-trees, and giraffes

Might just be passing by the time I came;

And now, instead of all those lovely things,

Here's this old yellow-rose bush just the same.

Emily P. Wolcott.

A Shakspeare Masquerade.

THE storm had passed; the air was still;
So, by the leave of Gentle Will,
I shut the sovereign book of plays
To woo the queen of winter days;
But royalties are all akin,
As world without to world within.

A carnival of sleeted snows!
The elms were keen *Mercutios*,
Dazzling with such a diamond wit
No *Capulet* could suffer it.
In muffled bush I marked her fret,
The crook-backed nurse of *Juliet*.

Two opalescent briars pricked
Like *Beatrice* and *Benedict*.
Beyond their tinkling repartee
Stood marble-wrought *Hermione*,
With ghost and mantled *Prospero*
And many a "mockery king of snow."

Across the sparkling crust had gone
The fairy feet of *Oberon*,
And high upon a crystal wall
A tuft of grasses showed to all
How poor old *Lear's* white hair had tossed
A last defiance to the frost.

Enskied and sainted *Isabel*
Had stolen from her nunnery cell,
And where the burdened hemlock threw
Dark shadow on the drift, I knew
A sable-suited *Hamlet* bowed
Above *Ophelia* in her shroud.

Katharine Lee Bates.

In Lighter Vein.

IN Lighter Vein I would excel,
I would assume the cap and bell;
Fain would I banish irksome prose,
Transform my cabbage to a rose,
My sonnet to a villanelle.

Away with tragic masks! Expel
All save the Muses who impel
The laughing lyric charm that flows
In Lighter Vein!

In vain! The critics know too well
Old port from sparkling muscatel;
My triolets, ballades, rondeaus,
Will not adopt the jocund pose—
Nor are they yet, I grieve to tell,
In Lighter Vein!

Margaret Ridgely Schott.



A NEW COMPLAINT.

STORK: "May I help you to another fish?"

OWL: "No, thanks; a heavy dinner makes me drowsy at night."

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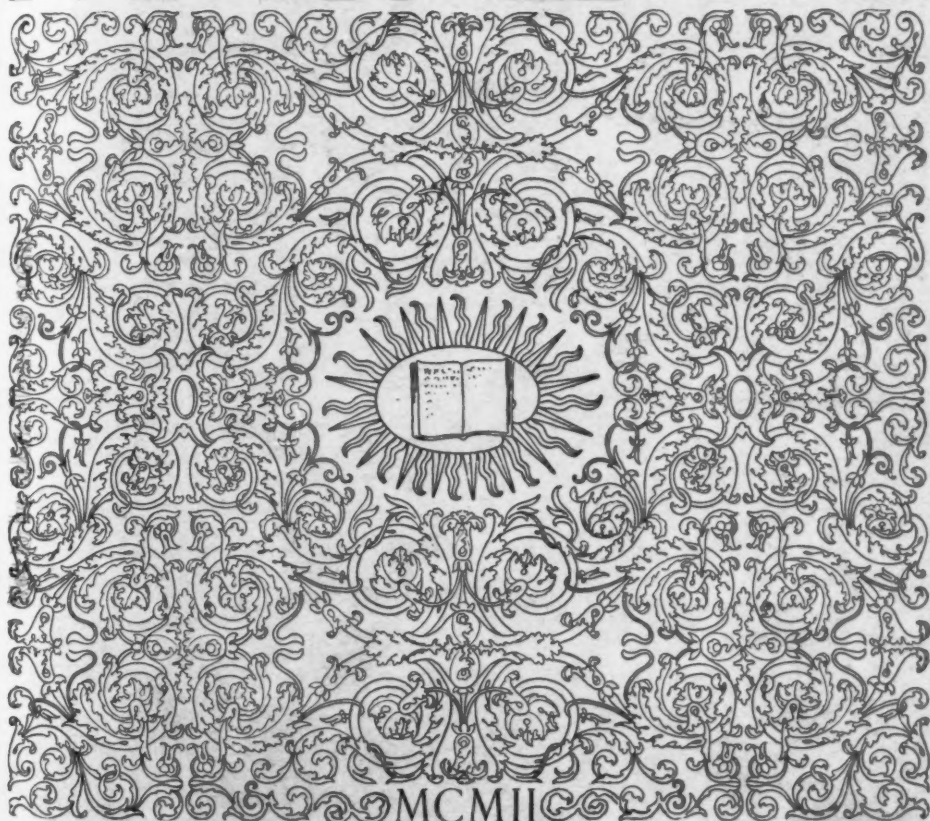
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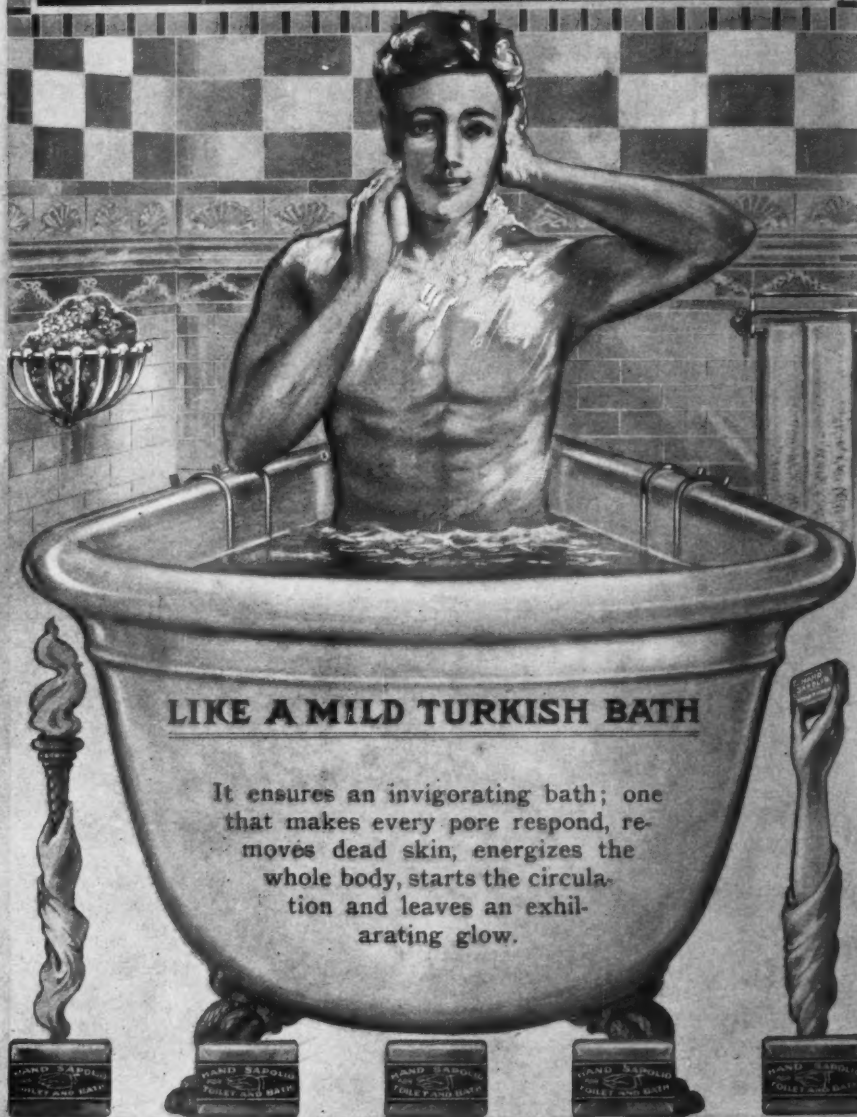
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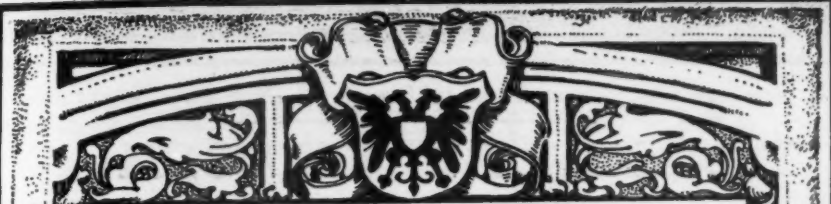
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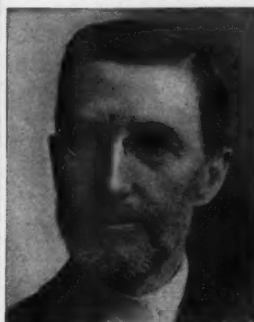
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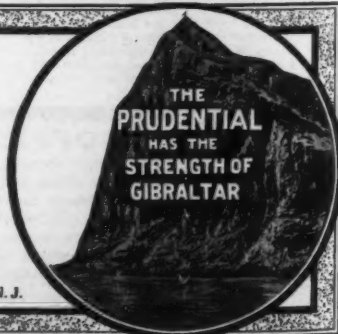
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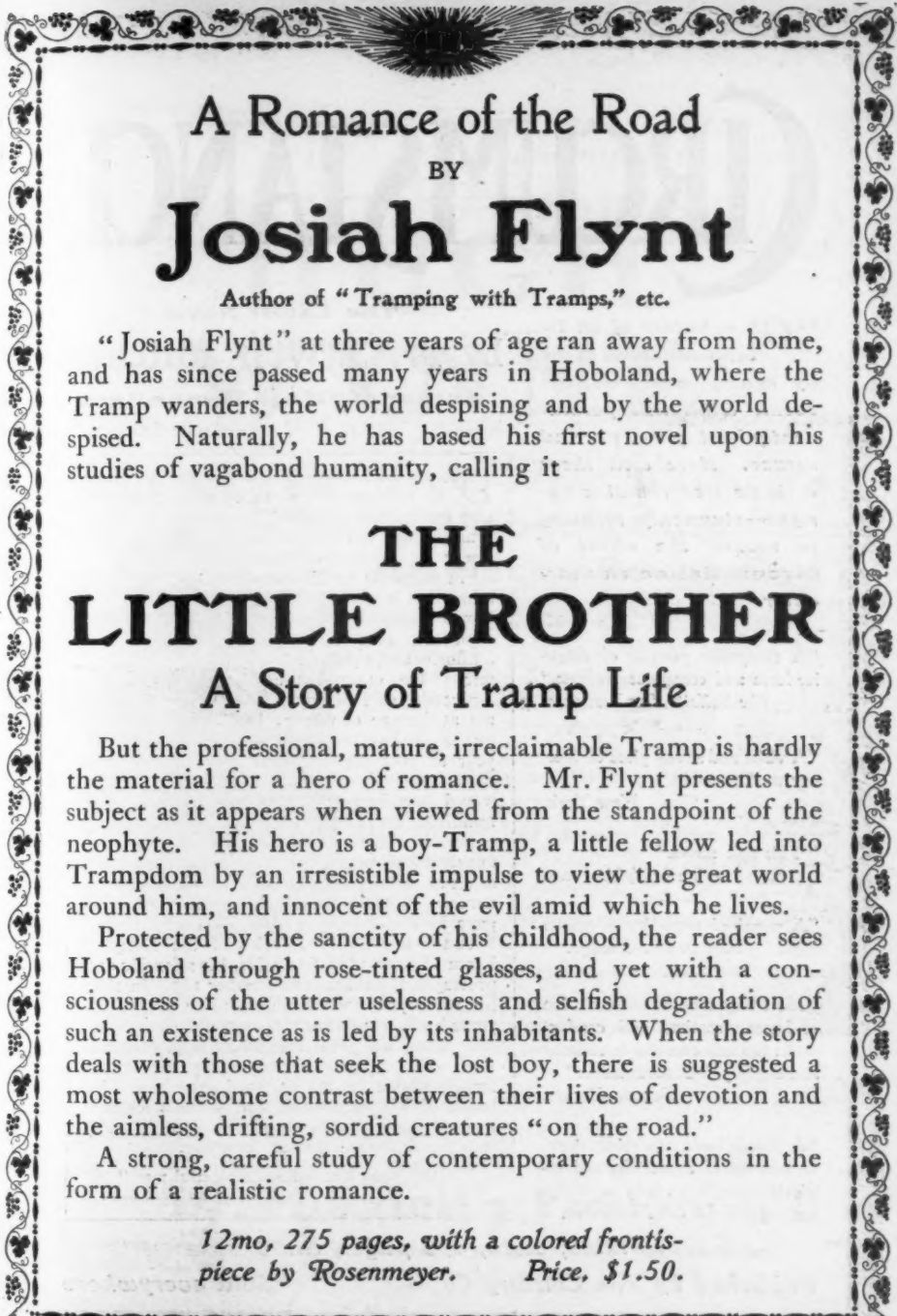
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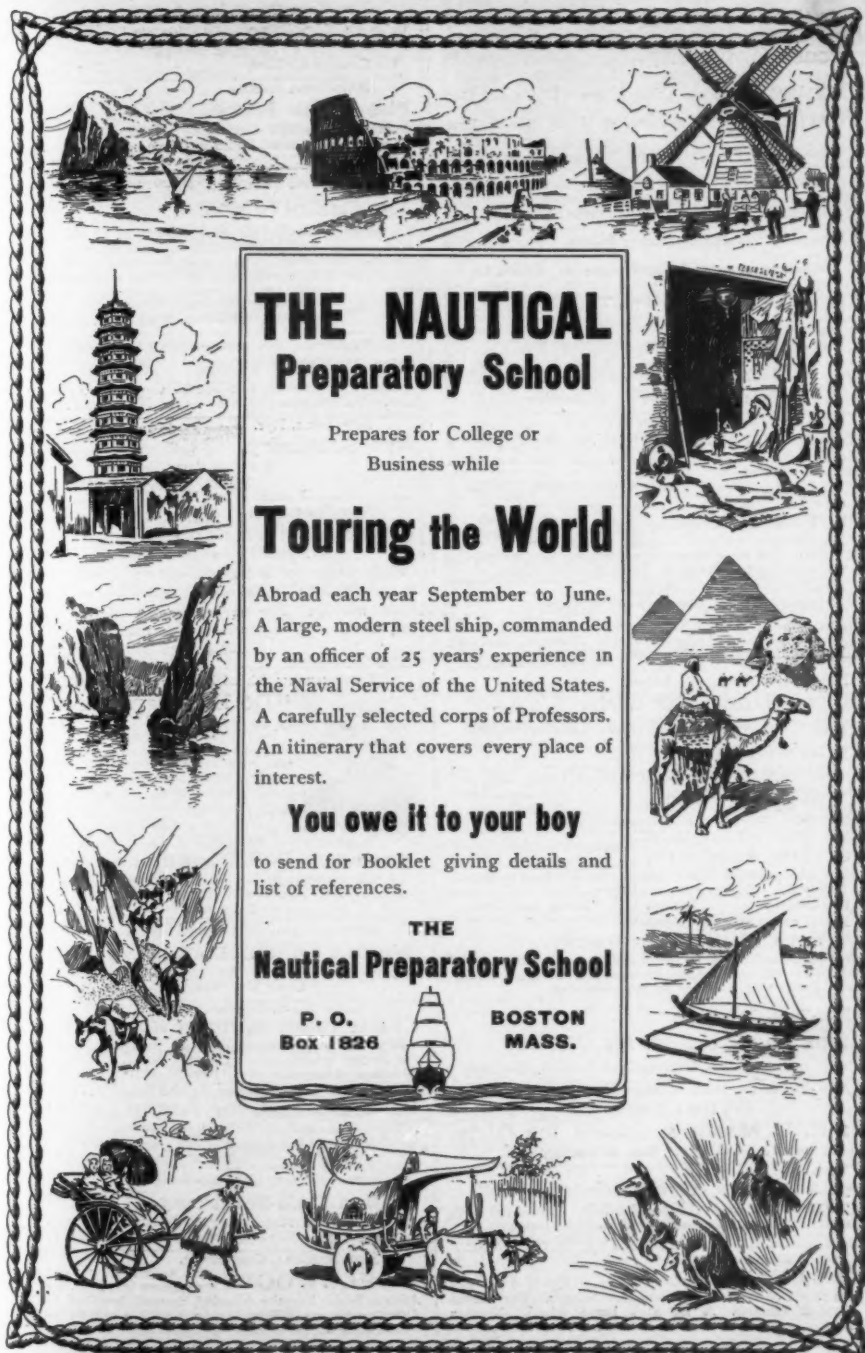
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The New Moulded Record "Hard Wax," and the New Reproducers

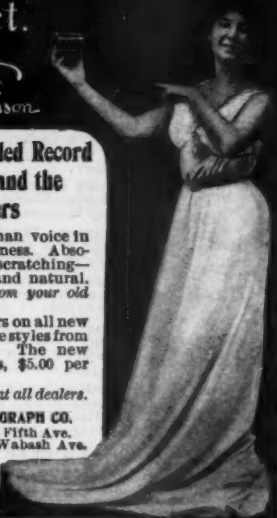
duplicate the human voice in volume and clearness. Absolutely free from scratching—perfectly smooth and natural. A new result from your old phonograph.

New Reproducers on all new phonographs. Nine styles from \$10.00 to \$100.00. The new Records, 50 cents, \$5.00 per dozen.

Full particulars at all dealers.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO.
New York Office, 135 Fifth Ave.
Chicago Office, 144 Wabash Ave.

Foreign Dept.
15 Cedar Street
New York



1852 1902

WEBER PIANOS

Admired and endorsed by Great Artists and the Musical Public for half a century; exclusively used to-day by the Maurice Grau Company during the season of Grand Opera in the leading cities of the United States and Canada. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

WEBER WAREROOMS

108 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
266 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO

The Musical Possibilities

locked up in your piano can never be realized without an automatic piano player.

No human performer can really do what the Cecilian can and does do in every home.

A piano is an expensive investment.

It should be more than a mere ornament. It should contribute to the enjoyment and pleasure of home life.

The Cecilian will make your piano available for every possible occasion, from a small dancing party to a sacred concert.

"Perfection Without Practice" is the name of a booklet which will tell you why the Cecilian is better than all other piano players.

The price of the Cecilian is \$250.

One dealer in each town sells it.

Ask us the name of your nearest dealer. He will sell it on the easy-payment plan.

**THE FARRAND ORGAN COMPANY,
DETROIT, MICH.**

The Cecilian Plays it

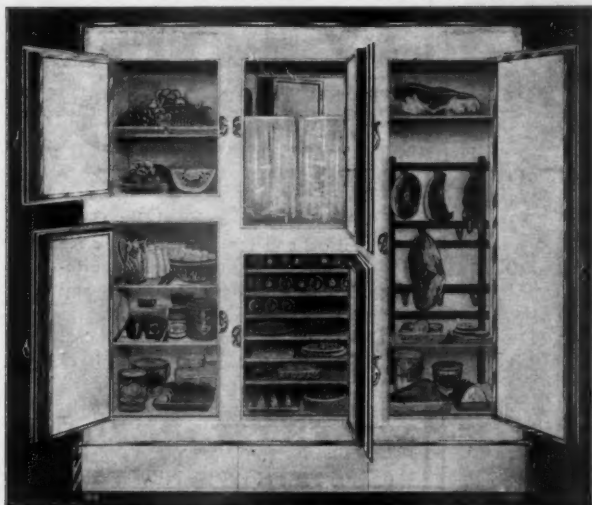


HOUSE FURNISHINGS 36

OPAL

Snow White inside and out (like cut), or
Oak Cases with Opal Lining.

The King of Refrigerators.



Absolutely Sanitary.

Will not absorb moisture or odor.

As easily wiped clean as a china dish, because it has no cracks, joints or screws, or an outside glaze surface and soft clay body to crackle, craze and soak water, as does porcelain tile.

Opal is a Solid Enamel made in large pieces. It is always cold as a stone jar and a perfect non-conductor, therefore an **Ice Saver** and a **Money Maker**.

Cold Dry Air Circulation, producing the lowest degree of temperature of any refrigerator made.

Outside Walls 4 inches thick, consisting of 6 non-conducting materials giving perfect insulation.

Opal Trimmings are all solid **Brass heavily nickeled**. Impossible to rust or corrode.

Special Sizes built to order to fit any space desired. If your dealer does not handle the "Opal" we will sell you direct from our factory.

Individuals, Dealers, Professional Men, Hotels, Clubs and Institutions that want the **Best Refrigerator made**, write for

Large Illustrated Catalogue, sample piece of Opal and prices, **free**.

EUREKA REFRIGERATOR CO., 1426 Temple Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A.

Pearline

The Modern
Soap Powder

Mine

(Yours for the asking)

For Washing
Dainty and
Delicate Things

which I dare not trust to
the ordinary wash and for
coarse washing and cleaning
which I dare not attempt
without the aid of **Pearline**

Avoid
Imitations



Vose PIANOS

HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS

and are receiving more favorable comments to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

WE Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a **VOSE** piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
160 Boylston Street, - - - Boston.

IF YOU WANT A

Guitar Mandolin or Banjo

Drop a postal card today for a beautiful Souvenir Catalogue of the world famous

WASHBURN

Instruments. We will inclose with it (free) a copy of this prize poster "Mr. Bunny." Size 12x18 inches, five colors. Washburns are most reasonable in price and supply exquisite enjoyment for a lifetime. Without a rival for tone or workmanship. Used by all leading artists and sold by best dealers. Manufactured by



LYON & HEALY,
113 Adams St., Chicago.

A MARKED REDUCTION.

The Celebrated **COLUMBIA RECORDS** are now

Type AB Graphophone, using both large and small records.

Price
\$25.00



30 cents each;
\$3.60 per dozen.

NEW LINE OF EXTRA LOUD
Moulded Records.

Price: 50 cents each; \$5.00 per doz. They are world beaters.

All COLUMBIA RECORDS can be shaved and the blank recorded upon. This is true of no other new record on the market.

Write for Catalogue
A. D.

Graphophone arranged for large cylinder.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY.

NEW YORK, wholesale and retail, 93 Chambers St.; retail only, 573 Fifth Ave.
BOSTON, 164 Tremont St. SAN FRANCISCO, 125 Geary St. ST. LOUIS, 709 Pine St. BUFFALO, 645 Main St.
PITTSBURG, 615 Penn Ave. WASHINGTON, 919 Pennsylvania Ave. MINNEAPOLIS, 306 Nicollet Ave.
PARIS, 34 Boulevard des Italiens. LONDON, 123 Oxford Street, West. BERLIN, 65-A Friedrichstrasse.
Apr. 1903.

That
is it!



2
sticks
post paid
for **10¢**

or at your Grocers

It is the very best ironing Wax because,

**IT'S ODORLESS, LASTS LONGER,
NEVER DRIPS, CLEANS THE IRON,
IS IN A PATENT AUTOMATIC HOLDER**

And gives that beautiful soft silky gloss
to the work that no other Wax will.
Yes, it's the best Wax and something else, for
we chemically treat the Wax, that's the secret

FLAME PROOF CO.

1 UNION SQ. NEW YORK

Utensil of genuine
will have
you may



NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO



We make 1320 kinds Booklet for the asking

Vapo-Cresolene



Established 1879.

**CURES
WHILE
YOU
SLEEP**

**Whooping Cough,
Croup, Asthma,
Catarrh, Colds,
Coughs, Bronchitis,
Grippe, Hay Fever.**

Do you know the danger which lies behind a simple sore throat or cough?

All children's diseases of the throat—Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, etc., begin in that way.

This is the warning which should be heeded. Don't delay an hour, particularly when contagious diseases are about, but start the Cresolene vaporizer at once.

Use it when you or the baby cannot sleep because of a suffocating cold in the head, or distressing cough.

Once used, you will never be without CRESOLENE.

Ask your physician about it, or write for descriptive booklet with proofs of its value.

All Druggists.

CRESOLENE THROAT TABLETS

A safe and simple remedy soothing and germ destroying in its action.
To be used for coughs and irritable conditions of the throat.

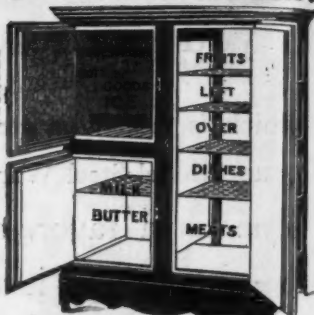
At your druggists', or from us for 10 cents in stamps.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,
180 Fulton Street, NEW YORK

Vapo-Cresolene

The Leonard-Cleanable Refrigerator Real Porcelain Lined

This Porcelain is the same material that the blue and white preserving kettles are made of. A luxury at the price of a necessity.



**Made
in
Grand
Rapids.**

**This
Style,**

Polished, quarter sawed golden oak case; size, 35 in. long by 22 in. deep, by 45 in. high. Porcelain Lined, \$28.00. Sliding shelves adjustable to any height. Other styles and sizes from \$20.00 to \$60.00. In zinc lined, \$1.50 to \$30.00. LISTEN!—In common Refrigerators air circulation is through ends, front or lid. When anything is spilled in air passage, it decays and taints the inaccessible walls. Yaww! With the LEONARD-CLEANABLE every part is accessible. It strains the back to remove the whole ice box which some makers compel. Here is a vital point! THE LEONARD-CLEANABLE ALL METAL ICE BACK purifies the condensation and prevents ice water dripping upon food. Avoid refrigerators with under wooden sticks—they mold and become musty. Still Another Point: OUR EIGHT WALLS WITH BINEHAL WOOL INTERLINING save ice bills. Where is another equal to the Leonard! We ship the Leonard to you freight free anywhere east of Omaha or north of Tennessee, where we have no dealer pro rata beyond. Guaranteed to be greater value than any other, or your money returned without comment. Sample of our Porcelain lining with booklet: How to Use a Refrigerator and catalogue sent FREE.

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR CO. 24 Ottawa Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

LIFEBUOY



Carton of two cakes of Lifebuoy Soap by mail 10 cents, if dealer can not supply you. Costs us 13 cents alone for postage, hence soap free. Money refunded to any one finding cause for complaint. Valuable booklet free for the asking.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, NEW YORK OFFICES: 31 5TH AV

For Winter and Snow Landscape Work

Use plates on your No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak by having a

GOERZ Plate Attachment

fitted to it and obtain the best results.

For this kind of work Isochromatic and Double-Coated plates are used.

Focus your picture on the ground glass.



EXCELLENT for HOME PORTRAITURE

The New Plate Attachment has met with instant approval and fills a long-felt want. Send in your Kodak and have one fitted to it. For further information and circular address your dealer, or

C. P. Goerz Optical Works
Room 10, 52 E. Union Square, New York.

An Attractive Wedding Gift for \$5.00



19928 Sterling Silver Candlestick (5 inches high) with candle, shade-holder, and silk shade of latest design. 19945 Sterling Silver Mustard Pot, 2 1/4 inches high, with ruby glass lining, and sterling spoon, in dainty silk case. 19944 Sterling Silver Bonbon Dish, 5 1/4 inches in diameter, clover border, grey finish, with sterling silver Bonbon Tongs, in dainty silk case. On receipt of five dollars, we will send, safely, prepaid to any address, any one of these gifts with privilege of exchange by purchaser or recipient.

Our catalogue *O* will interest you. It gives photographic illustrations and lowest prices of thousands of articles, including diamonds, watches, rings, and gold jewelry, as well as everything in silver. The character of the goods we sell has made ours the largest mail business in solid gold and sterling silver in this country.

DANIEL LOW & COMPANY,

Established 1867.

229 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.



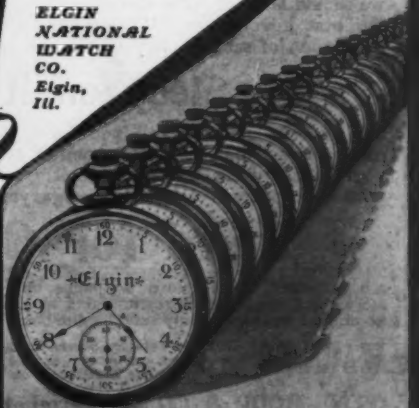
Once
a day
our Govern-
ment Observers
tick the correct time
to thousands over the
wires.

Elgin Watches

tick it continually to mil-
lions. Every Elgin watch
has the word "Elgin"
engraved on the works

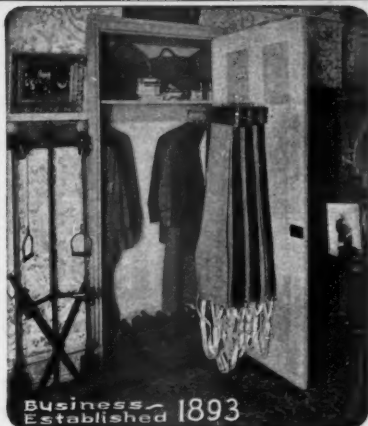
Send for free booklet
about watches.

**ELGIN
NATIONAL
WATCH
CO.
Elgin,
Ill.**



HOUSE FURNISHINGS 42

The "PRACTICAL" TROUSERS HANGER AND PRESS



Business Established 1893

Doubles the capacity of closet, is substantial and elegant and keeps the trousers "smooth as if ironed."

A set of 6 Trousers Hangers and 3 Closet Rods—or 5 Trousers Hangers, 3 Rods, and 6 Coat Hangers—sent express paid for \$5.00. Single Trousers Hangers, 75c.; Single Rods, 25c. postpaid. For \$1 we will send 1 trouser hanger and 1 rod and afterward the balance of the set for \$4.00. Our 100-page illustrated book FREE on request. Goods returnable above expense, and money refunded any time within 60 days.

PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO., 429 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The best lamp
in the world is
not best, without
the chimney I
make for it.

MACBETH.

My name on every one.

If you'll send your address, I'll send you the
Index to Lamps and their Chimneys, to tell you
what number to get for your lamp.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

The Ostermoor Express Mattress \$15. Prepaid to Your Door

deserves the success it has achieved. If one Patent Elastic Felt Mattress did not sell another, we should have stopped advertising long ago. Some-one has said, "A pleased customer is the best advertisement," and we have many orders every day solely on the recommendation of satisfied buyers—not because of what *we* say—even though you may

Sleep on it Thirty Nights

and if it is not even all you have *hoped for*, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any \$50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail "no questions asked." Made in all sizes at proportionate prices. We simply urge you to

Send for Our Free Book

a handsome little volume of 80 pages, finely illustrated, that tells the whole story and gives some interesting facts and surprising figures. You are under no obligation to buy—only send for the book.

WARNING Not for sale by stores or agents anywhere. Our name and guarantee on every genuine mattress. If you REALLY want an Ostermoor Mattress, you must call or write to

OSTERMOOR & CO., 122 Elizabeth Street, New York City.





This trademark label on every piece.

Our Glass Makers

have a standard of color and purity which is beyond criticism. The quality of the materials has kept pace with our skill and experience, and it is now safe to say there is nothing left to be attained in the color, clearness and brilliancy of our glass; nothing foreign approaches it. Sold all over the United States.

C. DORFLINGER & SONS, 915 Broadway, New York

The Year 1847

was a memorable one, inasmuch as at that time Rogers Bros. first introduced and sold their electro-silver plated spoons, and to-day that year is a part of the trademark appearing on the original and genuine

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Spoons, Forks, etc.

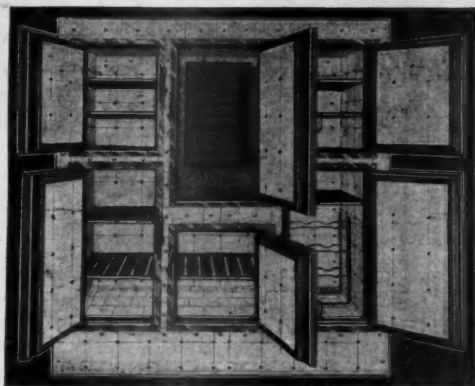
With their great success has come a host of cheap imitations, so that unless you observe the trademark closely, you are likely to receive a cheap and unsatisfactory substitute in place of "Silver Plate that Wears." Send for illustrated catalogue No. 61 C.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
(International Silver Co.,
Successor),
MERIDEN, CONN.

Our "1847 Rogers Bros." goods are sold by leading dealers everywhere.



HOUSE FURNISHINGS 44



Built to order for Mr. Frank Torrance, Springfield, Ohio

Iced from Outside House. Unequalled for Economy of Ice.

Physicians, prominent men, hospitals and sanitariums endorse the McCray Refrigerators.

McCray Refrigerators are Guaranteed

Catalogues and estimates sent free. Catalogues: No. 38 for Residences, No. 45 for Public Institutions, Hotels and Cold Storage Houses, No. 55 for Groceries and Meat Markets.

Order now to secure prompt delivery.

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, 217 Mill Street, Kendallville, Indiana

Branch Offices

New York—341 Broadway.
Chicago—55 Wabash Ave.
Columbus, O.—356 N. High St.

Washington—619 11th St., N. W.
Detroit—7 and 9 Clifford St.
Pittsburgh—545 Liberty St.

Boston—52 Commercial St.
St. Louis—404 N. Third St.
Columbia, S. C.—1510 Main St.

San Francisco—108 Front St.
Toronto—23 Wellington St.
Birmingham, Ala.—1839 3rd Ave.

Address main office unless you reside in one of above cities.

McCray Refrigerators

*Fine Tile,
Odorless Wood & Other Linings
Built to Order*

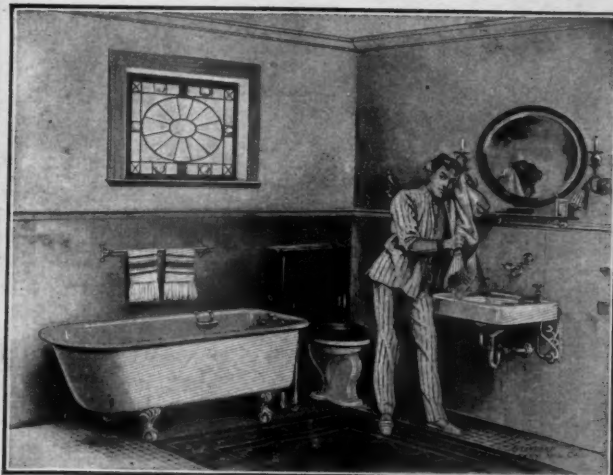
Also a full line of stock sizes ready for immediate shipment.

For Residences, Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Groceries, Meat Markets, Hospitals, Public Institutions, etc.

THE MCCRAY SYSTEM

Insures perfect circulation of pure, cold air; absolutely dry; never sweats; therefore is

PERFECTLY HYGIENIC



THE FIXTURES AND TRIMMINGS shown in the above illustration cost approximately \$130.00. We make many others at various prices, but all of the first quality. Next month we will illustrate in this magazine a modern bathroom of unusual beauty to cost \$995.00.

STANDARD SANITARY MFG. CO., Box (B), Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE Pride of the Modern Home is the dainty, modern bathroom. The low cost of

"Standard"

Baths and Porcelain Enameled Ware enable every home to have the comfort of a luxurious, cleanly bathroom, which shall be sanitary, practical, beautiful and economical.

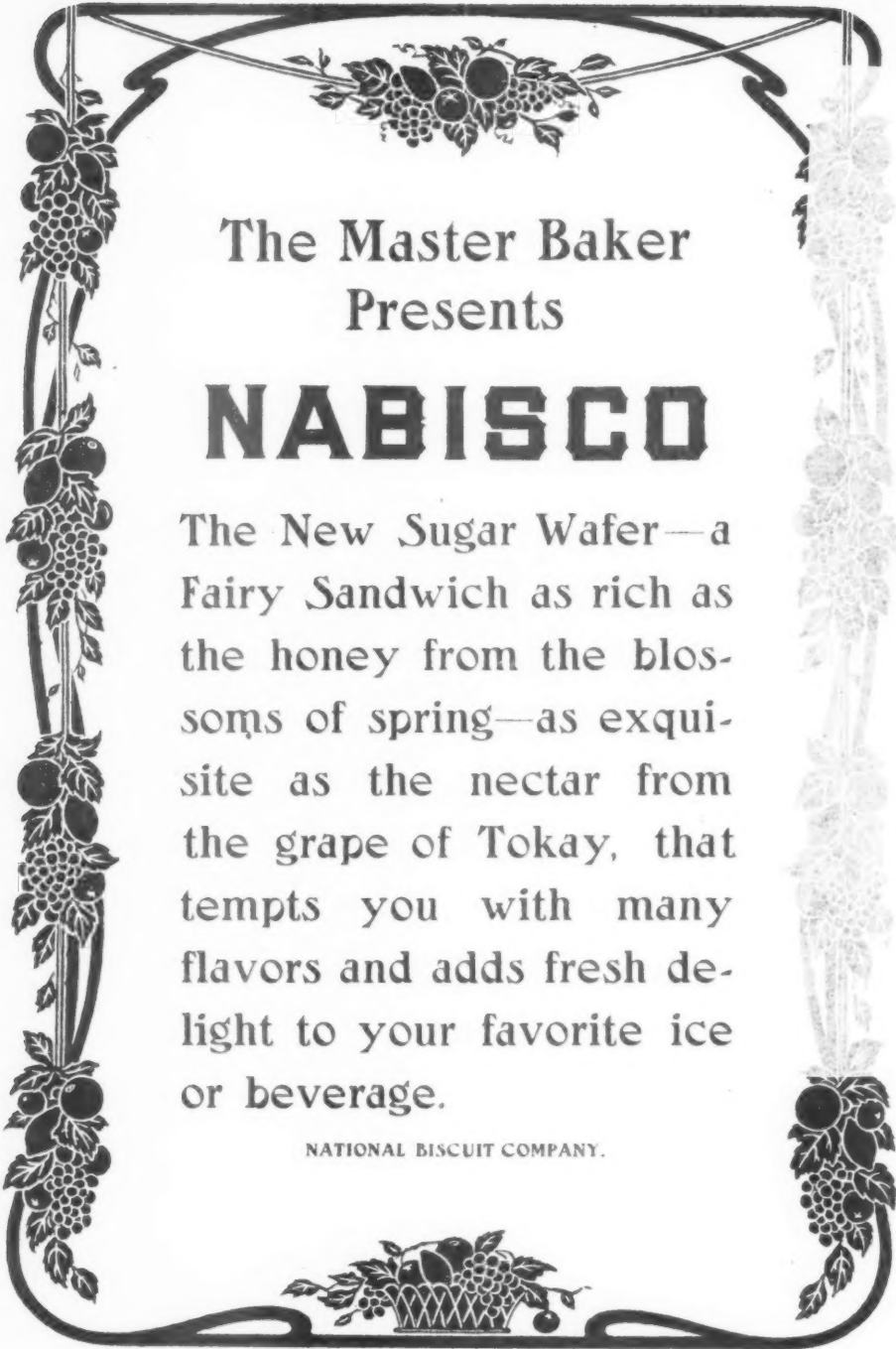
OUR book "Modern Bathrooms" will help you plan your new one. It shows many especially designed interiors, gives costs, suggestions for decoration and arrangement, and specific, practical information of interest and value. Free on application.



NABISCO



SUGAR WAFERS



The Master Baker
Presents

NABISCO

The New Sugar Wafer—a
Fairy Sandwich as rich as
the honey from the blossoms of spring—as exquisite as the nectar from the grape of Tokay, that tempts you with many flavors and adds fresh delight to your favorite ice or beverage.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

HOUSE FURNISHINGS 45

\$1.00 PER SECTION and upwards
(without doors) buys the

"Macey" SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

the only kind having absolutely "Non-binding, Self-disappearing doors." (Patented.)

ON APPROVAL—There is never any risk in buying genuine "Macey" goods—we ship every article "On Approval" subject to return at our expense if not found at our factory price 40 to 100 per cent. greater value than is obtainable anywhere at retail. We prepay freight to all points east of the Mississippi and north of Tennessee and North Carolina. (Freight equalized to points beyond.) Ask for Catalogue No. "J-1."

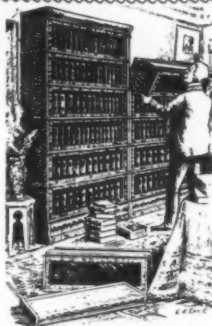
GOLD MEDAL—HIGHEST AWARD.

For superiority of design, material, construction, workmanship, finish and perfect operation of "Non-binding, Self-receding doors," the "Macey" Sectional Bookcase received the Gold Medal,—the highest award at the Pan-American Exposition.

CAUTION.—Do not be misled by the deceiving advertisements of imitators. No other sectional bookcase has a self-receding door that is absolutely non-binding and automatic. The basic patents completely covering these features are owned by this company exclusively and no other bookcase can embrace the same valuable features. In the law suit concerning which a competitor was maliciously advertised "Warning to the Public" the United States Circuit Court rendered a sweeping decision in our favor.

THE FRED MACKEY CO., LTD., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Branches: New York, 233-235 Broadway; Boston, 17 Federal St.; Philadelphia, N. E. Cor. 13th & Market Sts.; Chicago, N. Y. Life Bldg. Office and Library Furniture. **CHARLESTON EXPOSITION, Exhibit in Palace of Commerce.**



Murdock Hooded Grate
Most practical of any made.

FIREPLACES

and Everything for the Fireplace.

Tile and Mosaic Work of all descriptions.

If interested, address

Murdock Parlor Grate Co.
154 Boylston St., Boston.

If You Are Not Aware
Grand Rapids is Famous for Fine Furniture

BISHOP FURNITURE

Will Convince You.



No. 1105.
Morris Chair.

Made of quartered oak. Same as sells
finely finished in Golden, for \$17.00.

Flemish or Weathered.

Price, \$9.50

Retail Value, \$15.00.

We Prepay Freight

to all points east of Mississippi
river and north of Tennessee,
and allow freight that far to points beyond.

Large Catalogue, showing a great variety of all kinds
of Fine Furniture, free upon request.
Bishop Furniture Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

No. 1103
French Leg Dining
Chair.

PRICE,
Per Set of 6,
\$12.90



A THERMOSTATIC FIRE ALARM

For Your Dwelling

Which will remove all danger of being burned to death. It is attached to ceiling, and the heat from a slight fire will cause it to ring the alarm. If placed in stables or outbuildings, the alarm bell will ring in your house. It can be attached to your door-bell.

For Greenhouses

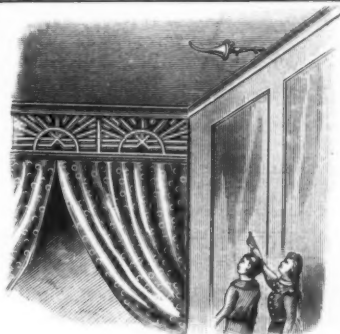
It can be reversed; will ring if temperature goes down to danger point.

For Ships

If placed in Holds, will ring the alarm if cargo is overheated.

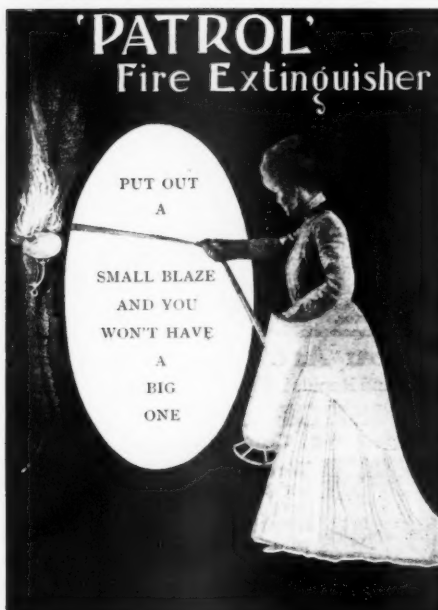
Manufactured by H. C. VIERKANT, Tarrytown, N. Y.

The alarm can be seen there in operation. For
sale by all leading electricians and bell-hangers.



Apr. 1902.

'PATROL' Fire Extinguisher



PUT OUT
A
SMALL BLAZE
AND YOU
WON'T HAVE
A
BIG
ONE

Have you never had a fire?

Look out, your turn may come to-night. Are you ready for it? How would you put it out? If you wait for the Fire Department the delay may be disastrous. The "PATROL" will put out *any fire* if taken in hand promptly.

A child can use it effectively

Turn it upside down and it starts

You don't have to pump or throw anything — simply direct the stream, which flows *instantly*, carrying 50 feet, and which is impregnated with a simple chemical giving it 40 times the effectiveness of ordinary water. It makes short work of fires upon which plain water has practically no effect, such as oil, naphtha, benzine, tar, varnish and similar inflammables. Always ready. Lasts forever. Costs \$15.

Send for our Handsome Book, Free

which gives full particulars, guarantee, etc. THE "PATROL" is handsomely designed in copper, is small in size, but all-powerful in work. Contains a simple chemical in solution and you can recharge it (in one minute) any number of times for a few pennies. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

Money back if desired after 5 days' trial. Fire departments use our extinguishers largely with wonderful results. Write for the book at once — one day's delay may cost you thousands of dollars.

Applications for additional agencies will be considered.

INTERNATIONAL FIRE ENGINE CO.

(Department C)

149 Broadway, New York

Hearing

By means of electric or Akouphone Sound-waves, defective hearing may be gradually improved in eighty-five to ninety cases out of every hundred. Deafness is no longer a hopeless affliction. THE AKOUPHONE, to enable the deaf to hear, can be used anywhere, at any time, in the home, on the street, in the office or in public places.

In addition to the AKOUPHONE, we have The AKOU-MASSAGE, for the treatment of Catarrhal deafness, and The AKOULALION, to instruct deaf mutes to hear and to speak.

The AKOU-Instruments are endorsed by the Medical profession and are now coming into general use. No more ear-trumpets or other Aids-to-hearing which make a distressing condition more distressing and hopeless.

We shall be pleased to demonstrate the possibilities of these Instruments to those who may be interested, or take up cases through physicians or aurists.

Correspondence invited.

Akouphone Manufacturing Co.

36 East 20th St.

New York

HIGGINS & SEITER

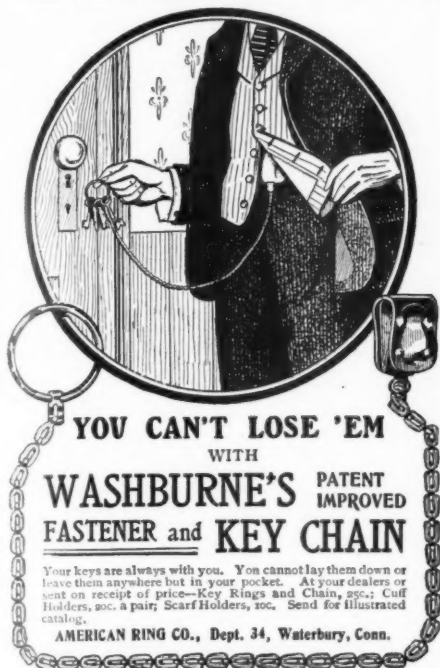


On request we will mail our large illustrated Catalogue No. 12 (B) showing China in exact color and shape and containing thousands of illustrations. Prices always averaging "¼" less than elsewhere.

Our new book, "Serving a Dinner," by "Oscar" of Waldorf-Astoria fame, is now ready, and a limited number will be mailed on request only.

51-55 W. 21st St. 50-54 W. 22d St.
New York

"BUY CHINA AND GLASS RIGHT"



YOU CAN'T LOSE 'EM

WITH

WASHBURNE'S PATENT
FASTENER and KEY CHAIN

Your keys are always with you. You cannot lay them down or leave them anywhere but in your pocket. At your dealers or sent on receipt of price—Key Rings and Chain, 25c.; Cuff Holders, 25c. a pair; Scarf Holders, 25c. Send for illustrated catalog.

AMERICAN RING CO., Dept. 34, Waterbury, Conn.

This Chair will fit
you. Write us.

Factory
Price



Rest
Your Bones.

Leather and Mahogany.
(Steel Frame.)

You can buy this chair or any design in our catalogue direct from our factory for one-third less than you would have to pay at retail for something not as good. We are the makers. **On approval**—We take the risk of pleasing you. Guarantee safe delivery and pay freight as per terms. Everything not satisfactory comes back at our expense.

Before buying, write for our catalogue of Fine
Leather Couches, Chairs and Davenport (free).

THE Harris Manufacturing Co.
74 E. Main Street, Springfield, O.

THE
EQUITABLE

"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"

J.W.ALEXANDER
PRESIDENT



J.H.HYDE
VICE PRESIDENT

According to the Bulletin issued by the Census Office
1,028,000 deaths occurred in the United States during 1906.

**ONE MILLION
PEOPLE!**

This is about the number
that will die this year in the
United States.

It is not *probable* that you'll
be one of them, but it's *possible*.

Had you not better provide
against the possibility?

Whilst doing so, you can pro-
vide for your own old age —

*By means of an
Endowment Policy.*

Send for Particulars.

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY, Dept. No. 2,
120 Broadway, New York.

Please send me information regarding
an Endowment for \$.....
if issued to a man..... years of age.

Name

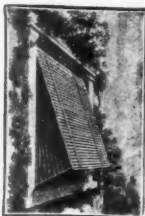
Address

ARCHITECTURE & ART DECORATIONS 48

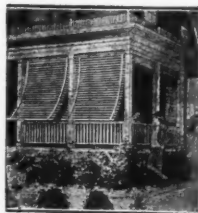
JAS. GODFREY WILSON, Patentee and Manufacturer,
5 West 29th St., New York.



Rolling Partitions
for Schools and Churches.



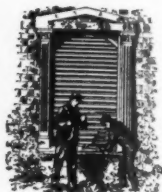
Outside Venetian
Blind and Awning.



Venetian Blinds
for Piazzas.



Inside
Venetian Blinds.



Rolling Steel Shutters for
Dwellings & Warehouses.

Also Wood Block Floors, Hygienic Wardrobes, etc.

Send for Catalogue No. 1.



Colonial Spirits

TRADE MARK

A pure, refined spirit for domestic use, sweet smelling and clear as crystal. The ideal fuel for spirit lamps, chafing dishes, tea and coffee urns, etc. Cleans and imparts a fresh lustre to cut glass.

A refreshing luxury for the bath and for massage purposes. Equal to Grain Alcohol for all purposes except internal use.

Put up for household use in neatly labeled sealed bottles.

Should your dealer not have Colonial Spirits in stock, send us 20 cents and we will send you a sample bottle by express, carriage paid. We will also include one of our pretty souvenirs if you will give us the name of your dealer.

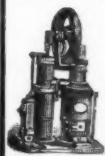
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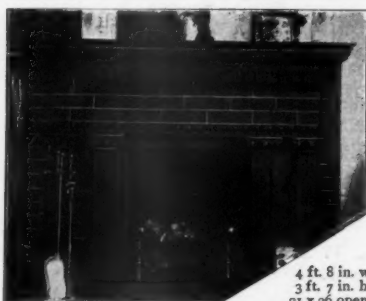
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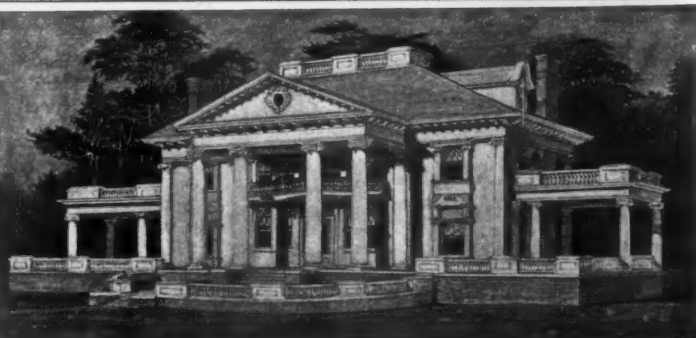
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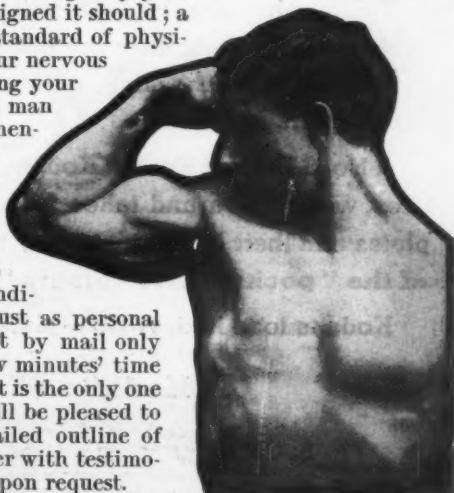
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Louisville, Ky., Jan. 22, 1901.

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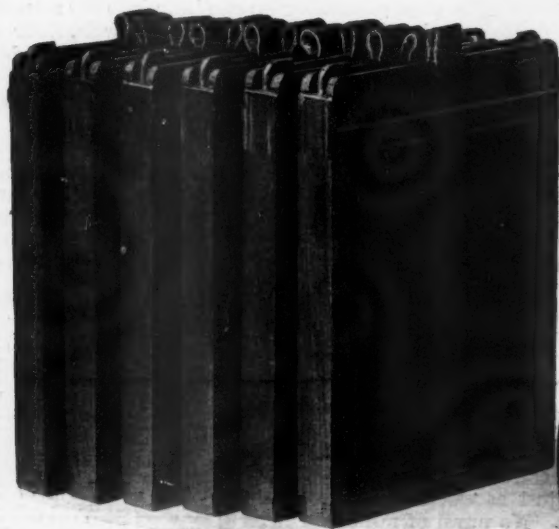
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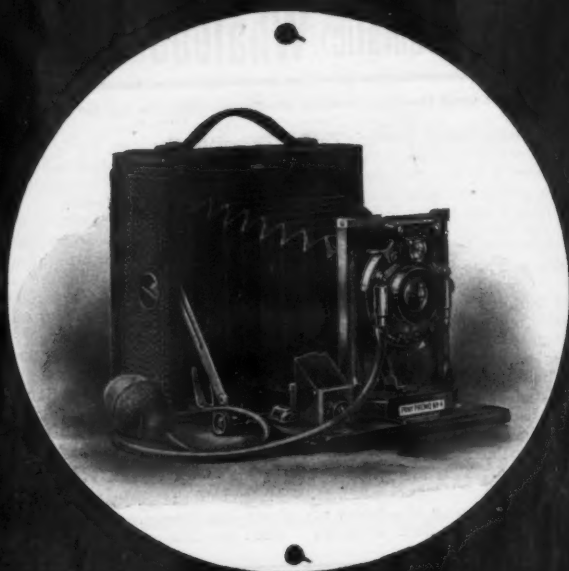
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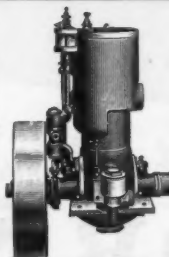
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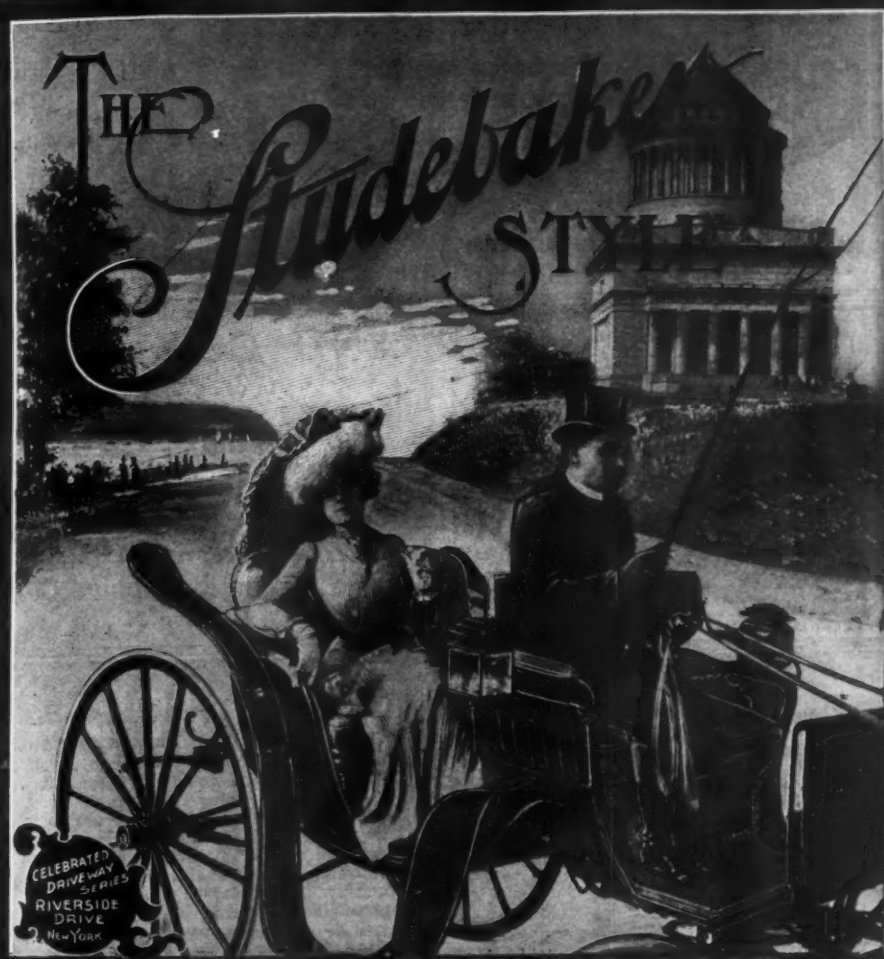
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MISCELLANEOUS 61

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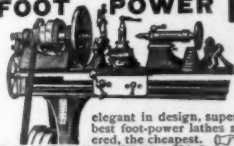
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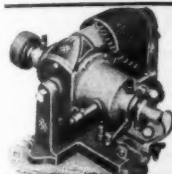
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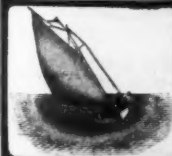
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No. 4324.

The Ralston Shoe, \$4

BLUCHER OXFORD, GORDON LAST, HEAVY SOLE, PATENT KID.

A very stylish shoe, and a special favorite with young men. Trust them to find out the makers of "proper" shapes!

The reason why all Ralston shoes, for men and women, are so comfortable and need no breaking in is found in the lasts—really anatomical, truly "foot-formed." The work and material are as good as any \$5 shoe, and no \$3.50 shoe is "in it" with them.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE telling all about the latest styles and how we FIT YOU BY MAIL, if none of our local agents are near you, and guarantee satisfaction.

Ralston Health Shoemakers, Campello, Mass.



Holds on
Tenaciously
in an
Embrace of
Comfort

Clasps lie
FLAT Against
the Leg,
and Cannot
Chafe or Rub

BRIGHTON Silk Garter

FOR MEN

Don't buy an inferior article. Look for the word **Brighton** on the clasps and on the box. Sold by dealers or by mail. Price, 25 cents.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philada.



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TRIAL BOTTLE
FREE.

Antiseptic and beautifying. Sweetens the breath. Purifies the mouth. Whitens and cleans the teeth. Hardens soft and bleeding gums. An aid to good health. A standard dentifrice. Endorsed by dentists. At druggists, 25c.

Graves' Tooth Powder Co., Chicago, Ill.

POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER

Beautifies Without Injury.

Made of purest materials. Contains no lead, arsenic, lime or anything else poisonous or injurious. The wooden box preserves the delicate perfume. Sold everywhere.

Full Size Box Sent on Receipt of 50c.

J. A. Pozzoni Co., Chicago, Ill.



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SPLENDID QUALITY

What has given distinct character to these beautiful linens is their handsome designs and fine finish—especially in table service

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JOHN S. BROWN & SONS, 21 & 23 White St.
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Standard of Excellence

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Porous
Only True
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FASHIONABLE CLOTHING

The Feckheimer-Fishel Co.
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THIS LABEL

Stands for the Highest-grade
Ready-to-wear Clothing.

Sold by the best dealers everywhere.

If you want to see what the new Spring
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beautifully illustrated booklet.

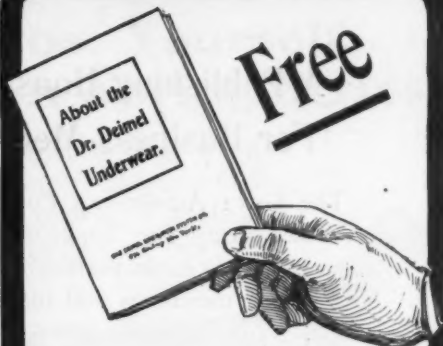
IT'S FREE.

THE FECKHEIMER-FISHEL CO.,

Makers of

"EFF-EFF" Fashionable Clothing,

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This little booklet will tell you
a number of things about under-
wear that you never heard of
before.

It tells how to secure an amount
of bodily comfort that is abso-
lutely unknown to wearers of
wool or cotton.

It tells how to be free from colds
—tells of an underwear that is
more cleanly, more comfortable,
and more healthful than any other
—the Dr. Deimel Underwear—
which is now worn by thousands
of intelligent people the year
round, who wonder how they

were ever satisfied
with the prickly,
irritating wool, or
the cold and clam-
my cotton. Write
for a copy. Free
for the asking.



All genuine Dr. Deimel gar-
ments bear this trade-mark

**The Deimel Linen-Mesh
System Co.**

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—728 15th St., N. W.
MONTREAL, CAN.—2202 St. Catherine St.
LONDON, E. C., ENG.—10-12 Bread St.

A Publishing House For Business Men

The Gove Advertising Company publishes many fine booklets, catalogues, mailing cards, posterettes, etc., for various merchants and manufacturers.

Its business is to serve those concerns who wish to tell their customers something about their goods and who wish it told well.

The organization maintained for this work consists of:

An Editorial Department to write the business story of the goods or the house, attractively and convincingly.

An Art Department to design the covers and the interior illustrations in brush or pen and ink.

An Engraving Department to make the half-tone plates and the line cuts.

A Printing Department to properly execute the typographical work.

We have on hand at present orders aggregating 2,750,000 pieces of printed matter — enough to give you some idea of the magnitude of our business.

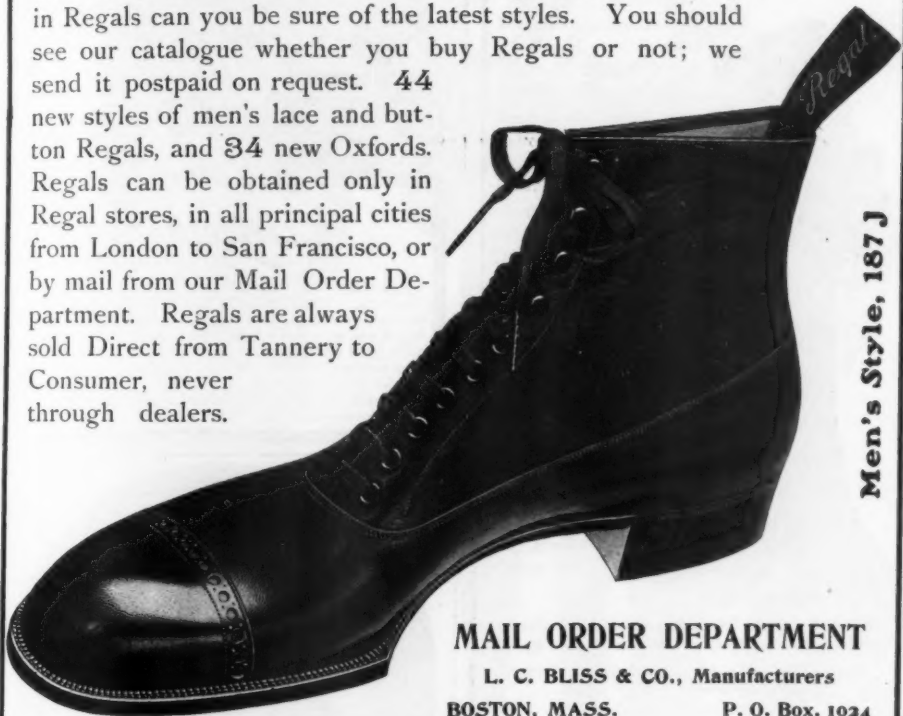
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Gove Advertising Company
41 Union Square New York



REGAL SHOES \$3.50 Post Yourself on Spring Styles

This shoe is one of the 78 new styles of Regals—for men and for women—listed in our Spring catalogue. Only in Regals can you be sure of the latest styles. You should see our catalogue whether you buy Regals or not; we send it postpaid on request. 44 new styles of men's lace and button Regals, and 34 new Oxfords. Regals can be obtained only in Regal stores, in all principal cities from London to San Francisco, or by mail from our Mail Order Department. Regals are always sold Direct from Tannery to Consumer, never through dealers.



Men's Style, 187 J

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

L. C. BLISS & CO., Manufacturers
BOSTON, MASS. P. O. Box, 1024

Delivered through our MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT, carriage charges prepaid, to any address in the United States, or Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaiian Islands, and Philippine Islands, also Germany, and within the limits of the Parcels Post System, on receipt of \$3.75 per pair (the extra 25 cents is for delivery). Samples of leather and any information desired will be gladly furnished on request.

MEN'S STORES

- | | | | |
|--|---|------------------------------------|---|
| Boston, 113 Summer St. | Washington, D. C., 1003 Penn. Ave. | Denver, 423 Sixteenth St. | Louisville, Ky., 352 Fourth Ave. |
| Providence, 220 Westminster St. | Pittsburg, 309 Fifth Ave. | Albany, N. Y., 34 Maiden Lane. | Minneapolis, 536 Nicollet Ave. |
| New York, 115 Nassau St., 1341 Broadway, 1211 Broadway, 291 Broadway, 125th St. & 7th Ave. | Buffalo, 362 Main St. | Atlanta, Ga., 6 Whitehall St. | San Francisco, cor. Geary and Stockton Sts. |
| Brooklyn, 357 Fulton St., 111 Broadway, 1001 Broadway. | Cincinnati, 429 Vine St. | Jersey City, N. J., 65 Newark Ave. | Los Angeles, Cal., 222 W. Third St. |
| Baltimore, 219 East Baltimore St. | St. Louis, 618 Olive St. | Newark, N. J., 841 Broad St. | Hartford, Conn., 65-67 Asylum St. |
| Philadelphia, 1215 Market St., 732 Chestnut, cor. 6th St. | Chicago, 103 Dearborn St., 215 Dearborn St. | Richmond, Va., 909 East Main St. | St. Paul, Minn., Wabash & 6th St. |
| | Detroit, 122 Woodward Ave. | Nashville, Tenn., 515 Church St. | London, Eng., 97 Chesapeake, cor. Lawrence. |
| | Cleveland, 17 Euclid Ave. | Rochester, N. Y., 40 East Main St. | |
| | | Milwaukee, Wis., 212 Grand Ave. | |

WOMEN'S STORES

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|--|
| Hoston, Mass., 100 Summer St. | Philadelphia, 1215 Market St. | New York City, 166 West 125th St., cor. 7th Ave.; 1339 Broadway. |
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- FACTORY: WHITMAN, MASS.

*We have no agents or branch stores.
All orders should be sent direct to us.*

New Styles in Summer Suits and Skirts



In the Spring a woman's fancy turns to thoughts of Summer garb. Turns to pretty, long-wearing, sensible garb, if she be a wise woman. In other words, turns to us.

Summer Dresses and Skirts for ordinary or extraordinary wear, pretty as pretty can be, stylish, shapely, lasting, and at the very least prices for which the best materials can be made up in the best styles. This is what you will find in our Catalogue—is it food for thought?

New Suits, well-tailored, showing many variations of the prevailing fashions, from Paris models, \$8 up.

Silk-lined Suits, in attractive designs, lined throughout with fine taffeta silk, \$15 up.

New Skirts, well-hanging skirts in Spring weight materials. Many styles and fabrics, \$4 up.

Rainy-day Skirts, made to stand bad weather and look well all the time, \$5 up.

Wash Skirts, models to prevail during the coming season, \$3 up.

Shirt-waist Suits and Wash Dresses, pretty, comfortable frocks for warm weather, for "every-day" or state occasions, \$3 up.

Raglans, Rain-proof Suits, Skirts and Coats, Riding Habits, etc.

WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES EVERYWHERE.

The Catalogue and Samples will tell you the rest—sent free upon request. Every garment you choose therefrom made to your measure and guaranteed to fit and please you. If it does not, send it back and we will refund your money. It's your good will we want most.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK COMPANY,

119 and 121 West 23d Street,

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Corticelli **SPOOL SEWING SILK**

How provoking it is to use silk that's constantly breaking. Use Corticelli Spool Silk and sewing will become a pleasure. For dressmaking and family sewing it has no equal. As Corticelli costs you no more than poor silk, why not ask for the best, and then see that you get it? Send for our latest Fashion Booklet, mailed free on request.

Corticelli Silk Mills, 63 Nonotuck St., Florence, Mass.
Also makers of Corticelli Filo Silk, Crochet Silk and Furze Twist.



It takes its cue from you—

**PRESIDENT
SUSPENDER**

Moves when you do. Adjusts itself to every bend of the body. Every pair guaranteed. Trimmings can not rust. Look for "President" on the buckles of the genuine. New model now ready for men of heavy work; also small size for boys. Price 50 cents everywhere. If not to be had at the dealers, will be sent by mail, postage paid. State whether you want them light or dark; wide or narrow.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 256, Shirley, Mass.

WEARING APPAREL 67



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& Marx

Wherever men of style and good taste gather, you are pretty sure to find Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. You can tell them at a glance: they are unmistakably perfect in design, fabrics, tailoring.

When you buy, the label's the thing — H S & M; a small thing to look for, a big thing to find. Write for Style Book "D."

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Kirschbaum

H A N D - M A D E



This is one of our
New Hand-made
Covert Coats,
\$12 to \$25

We have received thousands of letters of endorsement and congratulation since introducing our hand-made Suits and Overcoats. We publish a number of others in the leading magazines this month. Send for our book. It will give you some new ideas about dress.

No more delay in sending books. New edition ready. We were overwhelmed with inquiries for them last month. One thousand requests from readers of one publication in one day. Truly the time is ripe and men are waiting for our new and better sort of Clothes.

MESSRS. A. B. KIRSCHBAUM & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

I always felt some hesitation about wearing a ready-made suit until I saw the Kirschbaum hand-made clothes. I bought one of the first suits I tried on, and, while I am not a clothing expert, I do not believe any man lives who can tell my suit from the work of a first-class custom tailor.

Head Coach University of California.

ADDISON W. KELLY.

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A. B. KIRSCHBAUM & CO., Philadelphia

ASK YOUR DEALER



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FOR THE OFFICE



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LOOK TO
DIXON'S for
AMERICAN GRAPHITE Quality
PENCILS and Durability,
In fact, Perfection

The satisfaction of using a pencil that always does what is expected of it, sharpens to a fine point, and in which the lead doesn't break, either in sharpening or use, is not one of the least comforts to a busy person. Dixon's Leads don't break. Their grades never vary.

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Each one bearing our trade-mark the best of its kind.

If not sold by your dealer, mention this publication and send us 10c. for sample worth double.

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**THE CEM
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For Schools and Offices.

Sharpens both Lead and Slate Pencils.

F. H. COOK & CO., Manufacturers,
LEOMINSTER, MASS.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.



Baker-Vawter Systems help large and small

COMMONWEALTH TRUST COMPANY, Saint Louis,
January 15th, 1902.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois.

GENTLEMEN: Soon after the organization of this Company, and prior to opening for business, we called upon you to assist us in devising a system of accounting for all departments to be maintained, namely: Commercial Banking, Savings Accounts, Trust Department, Real Estate and Real Estate Loan Departments. We feel it not only our pleasure, but our duty, to certify that the system devised has proven more than satisfactory. It is simple, concise and expansive. As the demands of our business have grown, the work is done with the same ease as it was in the beginning. When I think of the amount of labor and trouble usually consumed in experiments when organizing the office of a large corporation, I feel a sense of satisfaction that we were relieved from so much unnecessary work through your intelligent effort and the devices furnished.

You are at liberty to use this letter. Yours very truly,

LAWRENCE B. FIERCE, Vice President.

A retail drug store was recently re-organized by Baker-Vawter methods, and its owner is enthusiastic. The systems we put in operation are especially designed for each individual case. Hence it is necessary for us to know your requirements before we can make intelligent suggestions. So we have prepared symptom blanks which you may have FREE for the asking.

To insure reply state nature of your business and your firm name in full.

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Accountants, Auditors,
Devisers of Business Systems,
Manufacturers.

Originators of the Loose Leaf Ledger and many other time saving office devices.

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EIGHT STORES

Largest and most complete stock of second-hand Typewriters of any house in the trade. Machines shipped, privilege of inspection. Title to every machine guaranteed.

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A GOOD TYPEWRITER
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Send for samples of writing, with prices, etc.

SOLD EVERY PEN
GUARANTEED
GOLD PERFECT

A PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN PROVED SO BY 10 YEARS USE
FRANKLIN \$2.00 WASHINGTON \$1.50 COLLEGE \$1.00
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SIMPLY PRESS THIS

"The Pen That Fills Itself."



You ought to write now for our interesting and instructive free book, with valuable suggestions for correcting common errors in hand writing; how to acquire vertical writing, model capitals, etc., fully describing the pen that has revolutionized the fountain pen business.

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No dropper, no unscrewing of joints, no pulling of plugs, no soiling of fingers, no taking apart to clean, no overflowing or dropping ink, no jarring to start flow; will not roll off a sloping desk. Costs no more than ordinary fountain pens of equal grade. Regular pen, \$3.00; large, \$4.00; extra large, \$5.00; prepaid anywhere; guaranteed. Use it 30 days; your money back if not perfectly satisfactory. We are sure to fit the most particular hand, so we can match in fineness and flexibility any steel pen you send us.

THE CONKLIN PEN CO., 610 Madison Street, TOLEDO, OHIO.
Apr. 1902.

WRITING MACHINES 79

THE NEW MODEL Ball Bearing, Light Running DENSMORE



Its Back Spacer Key, its Justifier
and its unique Paper Regulator
are new and invaluable features

Densmore Typewriter Co. 309 Broadway,
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The OLIVER

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Solidity apparent.
Durability unquestioned.
Record unequalled.
It writes in sight.
Investigation invited.
Art catalogue free.

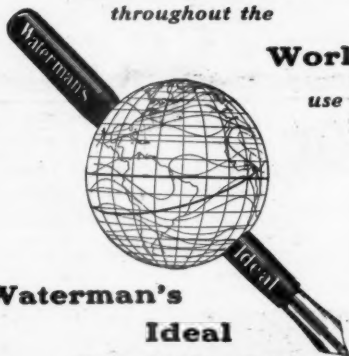
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106 Lake St., Chicago, U. S. A.
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Business Men

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**Waterman's
Ideal
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*The ever-ready friend of busy people.
The imprint of this name and globe insures
the genuine.*

All stationers and jewelers have it.

L. E. Waterman Co.
Broadway and Cortlandt Street
New York

Faded and Gone

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

"Washington, D. C., Nov. 21, 1901.

"The original copy of the Declaration of Independence is no more. The stirring text and the signatures of the members of the Continental Congress have faded away. This precious document is preserved in a cabinet in the State Department Library, but it is now practically nothing more than a large sheet of parchment. Part of the words, 'Declaration of Independence,' which were written in large letters with many ornamental flourishes, are decipherable, but not a signature is visible to the naked eye. One hardly discernible stroke of John Hancock's pen is all that remains of his bold and vigorous autograph, which he purposely made large, so as to show the British Government that he had no fear of being known."

New York Sun, Nov. 22, 1901.

If Higgins' Eternal Ink had been used in the writing of this great historic document, it would never have faded out. For sale by all dealers.

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Main Office, 271 Ninth Street, Brooklyn, New York.
Chicago, Fisher Bldg. London, 106 Charing Cross Road.
Sample, 10 cents, by U. S. Mail.

WRITING MACHINES 71

ELLIOTT BOOK TYPEWRITER

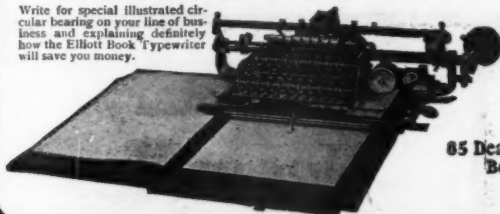
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Makes Book Entry, Bill, Order and any number of Duplicates at One Time

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The best Endorsement ever given a typewriter

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as a SATISFACTORY and STANDARD writing machine; and be it RESOLVED further that this Association recommend the adoption and purchase of **Underwood Typewriters** for instruction purposes in the schools composing this Association."

(Signed) **M. G. ROHRBOUGH,**
Secretary, Private Commercial School Managers' Ass'n.

St. Louis,
December 31, 1901.

WAGNER TYPEWRITER CO.,
220 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



The **REMINGTON** Typewriter is the universal saver.

It is a time saver, a labor saver, a trouble saver, an expense saver, and a business builder.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT
(Remington Typewriter Company)
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Here is the fastest duplicating machine ever made—the most convenient. Simply write one copy on the typewriter or by hand, and put it on the machine. A boy can print 60 copies per minute by hand power; with electric attachment, 100 per minute. No other is so rapid, so satisfactory, so cheap.



The Rotary Neostyle

duplicates whatever can be written, type-written or drawn. Makes all copies similar. Prints any number you want. Counts and discharges the sheets automatically, and

**Prints
60 per Minute**

A thousand circulars or letters run on the Neostyle costs less than one-tenth the cost of printing. And it does things at once. You can get out 500 circular letters on it within ten minutes after the copy is written. No man in business can afford to be without it. Please let us send you our book.

NEOSTYLE CO., 99 Church Street, New York
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ELECTRIC LIGHTED
MOST LUXURIOUS TRAIN IN THE WORLD**

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**TO
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**Every Day the Year
and Sundays, Too.**



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BUT THE ONLY.**

THE MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY COMPANY operates First Class Drawing Room Sleeping Cars between St. Louis and the City of Mexico without change either of cars or train attendants. Train leaves St. Louis daily and Sundays, too, at 8:32 P. M.

First day out it passes through the beautiful Indian Territory; the second morning it is at SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, the City of Missions. In the evening it crosses the Rio Grande at Eagle Pass (the Mexican Frontier). Thereafter the route is via the most picturesque portion of Old Mexico.

For a charming little book on this picturesque country, and a souvenir Mexican coin free, address

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OF HARTFORD, CONN.

What a Policy in The Travelers Means:

A plainly worded Life Insurance contract, with an absolutely safe Company on the most liberal terms, and at the very lowest rates at which such a Company can afford to do business.

Nothing indefinite; no uncertain "dividends;" "so much insurance for so much money," every cent of which is guaranteed and promptly paid when due.

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The most liberal form of policy written for a day or a year, as purchaser elects, in the largest Accident Insurance Company in the World.

*You want the BEST, of course
Why not be sure and get it?*

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Coronation of KING EDWARD VII.

The fares include All Traveling Expenses, upon a very liberal scale. Illustrated programmes, containing full particulars, from

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261 and 1185 Broadway, New York

BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO,
SAN FRANCISCO, ETC.
Established 1841.



Stallman's Dresser Trunk

Have you seen one? It is up-to-date. Think of it, everything within reach. No heavy trays, but light, smooth drawers. Holds as much and costs no more than a good box trunk. Hand riveted, almost indestructible. Once tried, always recommended. Sent C. O. D. privilege examination. 2c stamp for catalog.

F. A. STALLMAN, 95 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.



BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon & Healy's "Own Make" Instruments are now used by the greatest artists. Fine Catalog, 400 Illustrations, mailed free; it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands. Bargains in Instruments just reduced in price LYON & HEALY, 26 Adams St., Chicago.

DEPOTTER'S

FOREIGN TOURS

ESTABLISHED 23 YEARS

Several Summer Conducted Parties. Everything First Class.

COST FROM \$485

Tourist Guide, 100-page book, illustrated, with descriptive programmes, sent free.

A. DE POTTER, 45 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

"Accuse not nature;
She hath done her part:
Do thou but thine."

YELLOWSTONE PARK

open June 1-Sept. 15

Unique,
Inimitable,
Weird.

Send Six Cents for

"**WONDERLAND 1902.**"

TO CHAS. S. FEE, GEN. PASS. AGENT.
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Completely equipped, with ample capital, and long established connections in all the leading cities of the world, the

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THIS Company has been engaged in the several MINOR MISCELLANEOUS LINES of insurance for TWENTY-SIX YEARS, and has built up gradually and prudently the LARGEST CASUALTY INSURANCE BUSINESS IN THE WORLD. Its annual income from premiums is nearly FOUR MILLIONS of dollars. Its business is protected by assets of over FOUR AND A HALF MILLIONS, including an unearned premium reserve of ONE MILLION NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND dollars, and a special reserve against contingent claims of OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION. It has paid MORE THAN FOURTEEN MILLIONS to its policy-holders FOR LOSSES. Its constant effort is to give to its clients not only INSURANCE indemnity, but prompt and effective INSPECTION, and ADJUSTING SERVICES.

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There are plenty of people who don't understand the extent to which a good condition of roadbed and tracks contribute to the safety and comfort of travel.

They know simply that after a journey over some railways a something has made them tired and out of sorts.

It was the sag and lift of the train due to a poor roadbed; annoying side jolts from untrue gauging of the rails.

It takes time, money and plenty of good, hard work to make a good roadbed and tracks.

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The most perfect roadbed and finest track adjustment in America are found on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway.

This is a broad assertion, but one which actual conditions fully warrant.

A good preventative for that "tired feeling" in traveling is to use the Lake Shore between Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York, Boston and all other points east and west. "Book of Trains" for the asking.

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CLUB WOMEN CALIFORNIA

\$50.
ROUND TRIP
FROM
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The National Convention,
Federation of Women's Clubs,
meets at Los Angeles, May 1 to
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Round-trip tickets to Los Angeles and San Francisco from Chicago, \$50.00; St. Louis, \$47.50; Kansas City, \$45.00; Denver, \$40.00. On sale April 20 to 27, inclusive; return limit June 25. Open to everybody. Choice of routes returning. May is a delightful month in California—a season of blooming flowers, ripening fruits, singing birds, and soft, enchanting airs.

The journey thither, through New Mexico and Arizona, is a memorable one. En route see Grand Canyon of Arizona, world's greatest scenic wonder.

Tourists going earlier to escape inclement weather in East may buy tickets good nine months.

Special accommodation for club women and their friends on The California Limited, best train for best travelers, daily, Chicago to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco.

Apply to Agents, The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway System, for descriptive books—"A Book for Club Women," "To California and Back," "Golf in California," "A Climatic Miracle," sent for ten cents postage.

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MINERAL SPRINGS

80

In The Morning



Before rising,
or while dress-
ing, is the best
time to take—

Hunyadi János

THE BEST
NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
IT RELIEVES BILIOUS ATTACKS.

Torpidity of the Liver and Bilious Attacks yield to the use of **Hunyadi János**. Inactivity of the Liver often tends to overproduction of uric acid, which leads to gravel, sick-headache, acidity, gout and rheumatism, entailing pain and disability. For the prevention of these conditions and to keep the system in perfect order there is nothing like **Hunyadi János**, the celebrated Hungarian Aperient Water known the world over.

NOTICE.—When ordered, use the two words, **Hunyadi János** (not merely Hunyadi, or Hunyadi Water), thus preventing dealers from selling you compounds and injurious imitations. Do not be imposed upon.

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We have successfully treated all forms of

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Tumors and other new growths except those in the stomach, other abdominal organs and the Thoracic Cavity without the use of the knife. As a logical result of our success



THE BERKSHIRE HILLS Sanatorium

has, from a humble beginning, become the largest and most elegantly appointed private institution in the world for the treatment of a special class of diseases, and has no rivals. It is conducted by a graduate of standing in the Regular School of Medicine, and upon a strictly ethical and professional basis. Any physician who desires to investigate our method of treatment will be entertained as our guest. All physicians are cordially invited.

Upon receipt of a description of any case of Cancer or Tumor we will mail, prepaid and securely sealed, THE MOST VALUABLE AND COMPREHENSIVE TREATISE ever published on this special subject, and will give you an opinion as to what can be accomplished by our method of treatment, and will refer you to former patients.

DRS. W. E. BROWN & SON, North Adams, Mass.

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SHUSHINE

A PERFECT SHOE POLISH IN PASTE FORM.

When applied, a little rubbing with a dry cloth gives a beautiful polish. Keeps the leather soft and pliable. YOU CAN'T SPILL IT.

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A case of 3000-sheet rolls
of the finest Satin Tissue,
sufficient for the average
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Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
Unique booklet and sample of paper mailed free.

A. P. W. PAPER CO., 20 Colton St., Albany, N. Y.

MINERAL SPRINGS 81

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Registered by
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The Great Solvent
and Eliminator
of URIC ACID
and other POISONS

Its similarity to the Blood Serum
in Composition Accounts for the
"Peculiar Efficacy" of this Water
in Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout,
Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, etc.

The Water is Far Superior to the Lithia Tablets

JOHN V. SHOEMAKER, M. D., LL. D., *Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, in the New York Medical Journal, July 22, 1899.* "An additional advantage and extremely important reason

for the PECULIAR EFFICACY of the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** lies in the fact that its composition approximates that of the SERUM of the BLOOD; therefore it is admirably fitted for absorption into the blood current and immediate INCORPORATION with the watery portion of the NUTRIENT FLUID. It becomes at once identical with the BLOOD SERUM. These are qualities which far surpass those possessed by any extemporaneous solution of a single chemical preparation, as when a LITHIA TABLET, *e. g.*, is dissolved in water for immediate administration. When we speak of a dose, it is of a quantity altogether relative, and what the physician emphatically desires in a dose is THERAPEUTIC EFFICIENCY. THIS WE HAVE IN **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**

* * * * * "By SWEEPING URIC ACID rapidly out of the system it alleviates the miseries of gout. It is efficacious in RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES MELLITUS, and a number of NERVOUS AFFECTIONS.

"Unquestionably, although the speedy removal of URIC ACID and other products of faulty tissue change is of conspicuous benefit, yet to prevent their formation is a service still more important. This **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** when it corrects service is performed by the those digestive failures which are responsible for the production of deleterious materials."

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally.

Testimonials which defy all imputation or question, sent to any address.

Hotel at Springs opens June 15th.

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"April showers bring
May flowers."

And there is no more delightful season for a ramble through the meadow and apple orchard. The air is balmy, but the ground is damp and full of moisture. One's health demands a special shoe. Here it is, the "**damp-proof**" **SOROSIS**. By careful manufacture and tightness of seam it insures dry feet, and has also that attractive

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appearance
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peculiar to the
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Ask for it in
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In
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still
remains
\$3.50
per pair.



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KNOX'S GELATINE

is NOT the kind our grandmothers used.

Knox's Gelatine (spelled K-N-O-X) has upset old gelatine beliefs by its convenience and purity. Used almost exclusively by the *present generation* who want pure food. It is up-to-date.

FREE my book "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People" for your grocer's name. Or instead send a 5c. stamp. For 5c. in stamps, the book and full pint sample. For 15c. the book and full two-quart package (two for 25c.). Pink color for fancy desserts in every large package. A package of Knox's Gelatine will make two quarts— $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon—of jelly.

CHAS. B. KNOX, 10 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

"CRANKY-NESS"

in cooking apparatus.



Majestic No. 245.

Top cooking surface 36x29, oven 18x21x13, six 8-inch holes, with 15-gallon all copper adjustable reservoir.

Most ranges are **cranky**, as every housekeeper knows. Sometimes you don't know why, but the range simply refuses to work properly. Away goes the dinner, digestion, temper—and some money. *Has this ever occurred in your house?*

Majestic Ranges behave themselves in in every particular. They are **simple** and **strong** in construction, and **they cook**. Made of malleable iron and best open-hearth, cold-rolled steel,—ten to fifty per cent heavier than any other range,—they last a lifetime. The flues are lined with pure asbestos, the entire range riveted with the best Norway iron rivets. This makes it **air-tight, dust-tight** and **indestructible**. Cheapest, because it lasts longest, does the best cooking and uses the least fuel. The heat **goes in the oven**,—where it belongs, and not up the chimney or through a cracked "casting."

The subject bears investigation. Our **FREE BOOKLET**, "All About Ranges," will help you. Send a postal, or tell us the size of your family, what you want to pay, and let us prescribe for your needs. We'd like to show you **WHY Majestic Ranges are not cranky**.

Majestic Manufacturing Co., 2024 Morgan St., St. Louis
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IN THE SUMMER TIME

Home made mince meat will not "keep" in Summer. "**NONE SUCH**" Mince Meat is a year 'round delicacy—as good in Summer as in Winter, because it is packed to "keep" and does not spoil. By using the delicious

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT



Pie Time is **ALL** the Time. You make the crust—we do the rest. Ten cents a package—makes two large pies. Recipes for Fruit Pudding and Fruit Cake on every package. For sale by every good grocer. 20c. a package. *Valuable premium list of "1887 Rogers Bros." silverware enclosed.*

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HEINZ
INDIA RELISH

Adds just a pleasant dash of delightful spiciness to the meat, that is something very different from anything else you ever tasted.

All Heinz'

57
VARIETIES

are different from other things that are, according to some folks with axes to grind, "just as good"—and different in a good way.

H. J. HEINZ CO.,
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Sweethearts
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Have been wooed and won with

WHITMAN'S
Chocolates and Confections.

Sold everywhere.

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate
Made in a minute with boiling milk.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
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A Positive Relief
For
**PRICKLY HEAT,
CHAFING, and
SUNBURN,**
AND ALL AFFECTIONS
OF THE SKIN.

"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

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STYLES



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ALL DEALERS
OR ADDRESS. BLOOMSBURG, PA.


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IS REplete with Novel
Entertainments, Humorous bits for the Entertainer, Short Stories, and gives the best recipes for all kinds of cookery.

"Six Dinners"
—our booklet telling how to send out invitations, how to arrange and serve in proper form six dinners and luncheons, will be sent free, postage prepaid to all who send \$1.00 for a year's subscription to **What To Eat**.

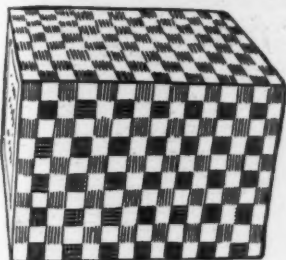
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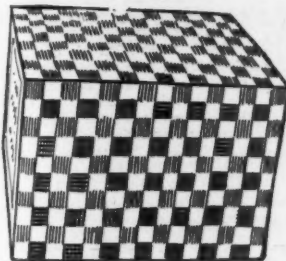
What To Eat
The Pierce Publishing Co.
Herald Building, Chicago.

COX'S "Checkerboard" Packet Gelatine

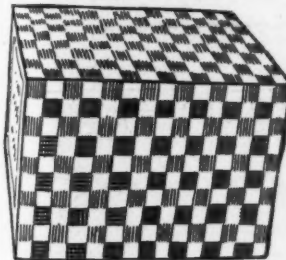
HAS BEEN FREQUENTLY IMITATED



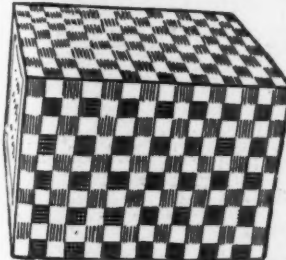
THE ORIGINAL.



THE ORIGINAL.



THE ORIGINAL.



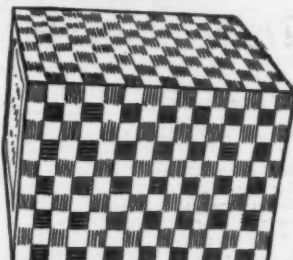
THE ORIGINAL.

DECREES
AGAINST
THE USE
OF THESE
IMITATIONS

WERE
ENTERED
IN THE
UNITED
STATES
COURTS

THE
"CHECKER-
BOARD"
PACKET
IS THE
EXCLUSIVE
PROPERTY

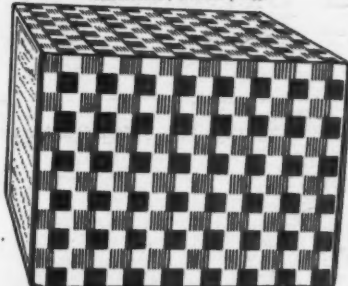
OF
J. G. COX, Ltd.
Established
1725.
GORGIE MILLS,
Edinburgh,
Scotland.



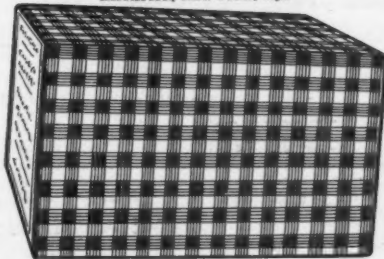
IMITATION, BOSTON, 1875.



IMITATION, BOSTON, 1899.



IMITATION, NEW-YORK, 1898.



IMITATION, NEW-YORK, 1899.

Messrs. J. & G. Cox, Ltd., request American Housewives who desire Cox's Gelatine to ask for the "Checkerboard" Packet, as many brands, such as "OX," "FOX," "REX," etc., have a similar sound. The "Checkerboard" Packet has been used by four generations of American Housewives. To avoid mistakes in delivery ask for COX'S "Checkerboard" Gelatine. Any child desiring to make a mold of jelly for a sick friend may obtain a package of COX'S Gelatine and "Desserts," a book of recipes by Oscar, of the Waldorf-Astoria, without charge, by addressing

JOHN M. CHAPMAN CO., Representatives of Messrs. J. & G. Cox, 105-107 Hudson St., N. Y.

Edinburgh, Scotland. Established 1725.

Cook's Flaked Rice

The most nourishing and easiest food to digest

A Mother's Experience

MR. COOK:

On account of sickness I was obliged to stop nursing my six-months-old baby, which was done in great fear, because the infant was very delicate.

After using various advertised foods for a certain time with no results, I thought of your Cook's Flaked Rice.

I must acknowledge it is a perfect substitute for mother's breast. My child is now one year old and is in the best of health.

Assuring you that I have since recommended your Cook's Flaked Rice to many of my friends who met with the same success, I remain,

Yours thankfully,

Mrs. Emelia Matzner,
2816 Leithgow Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.



Physicians Say : : : :

Cook's Flaked Rice is an excellent food and deserves to be highly recommended.

Carl Welland, M. D.,
Former Chief of Clinic at Jefferson
Medical College Hospital,
315 North Sixth Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Cook's Flaked Rice is certainly the cleanest and purest food product I ever saw. I can heartily recommend it as highly nutritious and easily digested. For children during the summer months there is no better food.

Chas. A. Hinks, M. D.,
Of the Board of Health,
Fall River, Mass.

To prepare for breakfast without cooking, see illustrations



Put in colander



Salt the water



Pour water through



Empty into dish

BABY'S BEST FOOD TOO...

Infants: One cup COOK'S FLAKED RICE, one quart water, boil ten minutes, add a pint of milk, pinch of salt, and a very little sugar, and strain.

Three-months-old child: Use double the quantity of COOK'S FLAKED RICE (two cups) and do not strain.

FOR SALE AT YOUR . . . GROCERS'

NATURAL FOOD

builds strong bodies and healthy minds.

Disorganized food causes weak bodies and weak minds. Logicians tell us that there can be no physical defect without a corresponding defect mentally. All criminal tendencies come from disorganized minds. Scientists of several nations declare that "what we eat, we are."

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

gives mental as well as physical health because it is a Naturally Organized Food; that is, Contains all the Properties in Correct Proportion necessary for the Complete Nutrition of the human body and mind. White flour is a disorganized food because properties that build strong bodies and minds have been removed from the wheat.

Sold by all grocers. "The Vital Question" (sent free) is a hand book of right living. Send for it.

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.



*"Deny me not my birthright,
I want to be a man,
My birthright includes Natural Foods."*



THE ONLY BOTTLE IMITATED! WHY? DURKEE'S SALAD DRESSING IMPROVES

all Salads, Sauces, Sandwiches, and dainty luncheon dishes, adding a most delicious and delicate flavor impossible to obtain with any other preparation.

TRIAL BOTTLE, TEN CENTS.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET ON
"SALADS:—HOW TO MAKE AND DRESS THEM,"
GIVING MANY VALUABLE AND NOVEL RECIPES.

E. R. DURKEE & CO.

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A Mellin's Food Little Girl

"Our baby bounded from a puny sickly child to one strong and healthy. We give Mellin's Food all the credit."

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY

Sample of Mellin's Food Free

BOSTON, MASS.



Best Thing in the World for Children

Best Cereal Food for anybody all the time. The Barley-malt in

MALT BREAKFAST FOOD

is what gives it its distinct flavor and its great digestibility. This food contains all the nutritive elements necessary for the sustenance of the human body. It is more quickly and thoroughly assimilated than any other. We are sure you will like it when you try it, and therefore, on receipt of six cents to pay postage, we will send free a half-pound sample package.

Your grocer sells it or can get it for you.

MALTED CEREALS CO., Burlington, Vt.



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CONCENTRATED Soups



Tomato, Chicken, Bouillon, Mock Turtle, Beef, Vegetable, Ox Tail, Consomme, Cream of Celery, Mullagatawny, Chicken Gumbo, Tomato Okra, Clam Chowder.

Like Home-Made *Without the Bother*

10 cents a can containing six portions. Sold at the grocers. Sample can and booklet sent postpaid for six cents in stamps.

VAN CAMP PACKING CO., 310 Kentucky Avenue
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



Makes not only the daintiest of breakfasts, but the most delicate and delicious desserts.

It is simple to cook, looks good, tastes good, *is* good. It appeals to the capricious or hearty appetite.

Sold everywhere and made by

Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Swift's Silver Leaf Lard

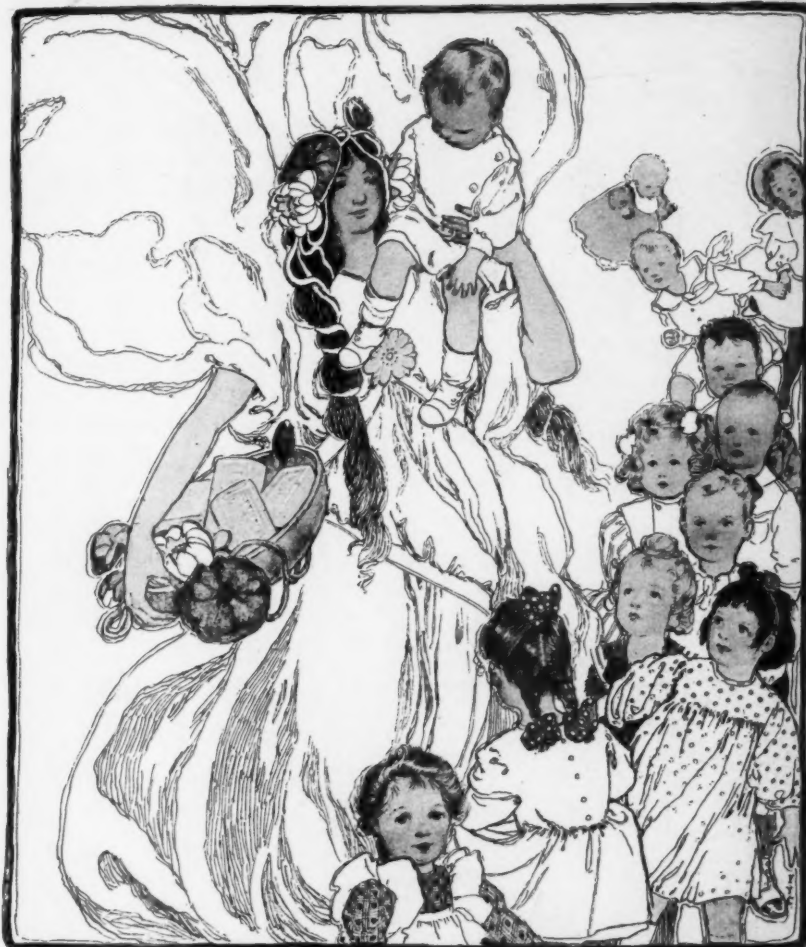
America's Standard

Chicago
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The drawing by Fanny Y. Cory, reproduced above, was awarded third prize of Three Hundred Dollars in a recent artists' competition conducted by The Procter & Gamble Co.

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NATURAL
FLAVOR

Food Products



Good Things to Eat
and among them all, none better or more appetizing than

Libby's Ox Tongues

in from 1½ to 3½ pound cans.

They are all selected, finest fresh tongues, trimmed, so you can get them without waste. Better than you can get from the ordinary market, and much cheaper, to say nothing of fuel and trouble in cooking.

Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products

are U. S. Government inspected. In convenient, key-opening cans. A little book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," is given away, and it tells about the endless variety we make, and how best to use them.

Libby's Atlas of the World mailed free for 10 cents postage.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

THE FINEST COCOA IN THE WORLD



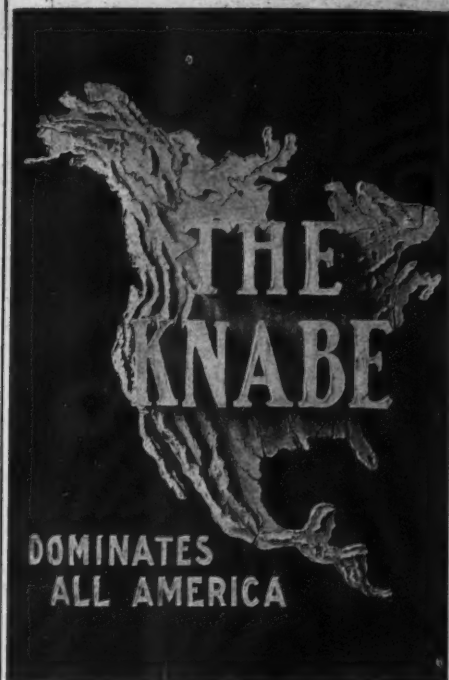
BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

has the largest sale in the United States, because it yields the most and best for the money

NOTE THE TRADE-MARK ON EVERY CAN

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.

ESTABLISHED 1760 INC. DORCHESTER, MASS.



Royal

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.



Coffee

Toppers.

It is almost as hard for an old coffee toper to quit the use of coffee as it is for a whiskey or tobacco fiend to break off, except that the coffee user can quit coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee without any feeling of a loss of the morning beverage, for when Postum is well boiled and served with cream, it is really better in point of flavor than most of the coffee served nowadays, and to the taste of the connoisseur it has the flavor of fine Java.

A great transformation takes place in the body within ten days or two weeks after coffee is left off and Postum Food Coffee used, for the reason that the poison to the nerves has been discontinued and in its place is taken a liquid that contains the most powerful elements of nourishment.

It is easy to make this test and prove these statements by changing from coffee to Postum Food Coffee.

